

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1922

THE NEW HEREDITY

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I HAVE a friend who goes in strongly for genealogy. He claims to have traced his ancestry back to Clovis — or is it only to Charlemagne? I forget; but it does n't matter. If my friend knew more about the actual characteristics of his famous but unknown ancestor, it would matter more.

The British Museum Library is infested by a lot of dry and dusty men, tracing genealogies for English and American — especially American — patrons. The Library assistants know them as 'searchers.' They are searching for names, and a few facts about the men and women who bore these names: the dates and places of their birth and death; the number and sex and names of their children; their occupations and positions and honors and titles — especially their honors and titles.

These searchers sometimes speak of their profession as the study of heredity. Their work, and that of a few physicians who interested themselves in a mild way in trying to trace the recurrences of some disease or malformation in a family stock, constituted much of the study of heredity as it existed before the days of Francis Galton, cousin of Charles Darwin, anthropologist, founder of the modern eugenics movement, and most scientific student of human heredity in the nineteenth century.

I

No biological subject seems to me more interesting or more important to the student of human life than heredity. Why are we like our parents? Why are we unlike them? Does heredity count for more, or for less, than environment and education in determining what we are and what we do? How can we distinguish the effects of heredity from the effects of environment and education?

It is said that fifty members, in five generations, of the Bach family were notable musicians. Anyway, if not fifty, there was an unusual lot of them. Was this because they taught each other music so well? Or because the capacity for being a good musician was inherited in this family strain? Among the 1200 known members of the notorious Jukes family there were 310 professional paupers, 440 physical wrecks from debauchery, 55 prostitutes, 60 habitual thieves, 7 murderers, and 130 other convicted criminals. Was this because of poverty, lack of education, and continuously bad environment, or was there an inherited mental defectiveness, weakness of will, and trait of bestiality in the strain? The environmentalists accept one answer, the hereditarians the other. The truth is that one cannot answer certainly these questions about the

Bach and Jukes families without a careful collection and analysis of many facts. And we have not all these facts just now before us.

But we can find clearer cases. I once — no, not once but several times, as behooves the careful student — divided into three lots of one hundred each the three hundred silkworms hatched from a single clutch of eggs. To one lot of these brother and sister worms I gave, from the first meal of mulberry leaf after hatching to the last one before pupation, all the food that each worm could eat; to the second, I gave to each worm exactly half this ration; and to each member of the third lot, exactly one fourth of the optimum ration. When the cocoons were spun, I had three lots of cocoons of three different sizes (amount of silk produced). The lot of big cocoons came from the best-fed worms, the middle-sized cocoons from the worms on half-ration, and the little cocoons from the ones on quarter-ration. Some of the latter died during the experiment; their food allowance was hardly a living ration. I used to remember my silkworms sometimes during the Belgian relief work.

Finally, when the moths came from the cocoons, they also could be readily grouped into three lots, one of big moths, one of middle-sized moths, and one of dwarf moths. These lots corresponded with the different rations the worms had had.

Now, no one would hesitate to declare that these differences among cocoons and moths were produced by the varying environment — that is, food supply — to which the silkworms had been exposed.

But I tried another experiment. I took a number of silkworms from each of several just-hatching clutches of eggs laid by different moth-mothers, and reared all of these worms as one lot, each member of which got just as much

food, and at just the same time, carefully weighed out from the same gathering of mulberry leaves, as every other member. Also, all these worms lived under exactly the same other conditions, as temperature, light, atmospheric humidity, and everything else that constitutes silkworm environment.

But when the cocoons were spun, and when the moths issued from the cocoons, neither cocoons nor moths were of the same size. There was no cocoon or moth so little as those that were produced by the nearly starved worms of the first experiment; but there were some plainly smaller than the average, and some plainly larger than the average. Yet all had come from worms reared under as nearly identical environment as possible. But they had come from different mothers and fathers. These parent moths had varied among themselves, some larger, some smaller. And their offspring also varied in size, despite an identical upbringing. It seems safe to attribute these differences to heredity.

In still another experiment, I selected just-hatched worms from ten different lots of eggs laid by silkworm moths, all of the same species but of ten different artificially developed races, the worms of each race producing cocoons characterized by special size or shape or color of silk (white, pale yellow, golden, salmon, greenish). I reared all these worms under identical conditions of food supply and temperature and light and atmosphere. But each worm produced a cocoon of shape, size, and color characteristic of its race. This again is heredity in its familiar wider manifestation of racial persistence, or kind producing kind.

II

But let us get back to human beings. Observing this more complex animal, can we find cases where the respective

influences of heredity and environment can be distinguished as clearly as among our silkworms?

There is a well-attested record that of 480 direct descendants, in five generations, derived from the mating of a normal father and a feeble-minded mother, 143 were known to be feeble-minded, while a considerable number of others had a doubtful mental status. Of 496 direct descendants, in five generations, however, from the same normal father mated with a normal mother, all but one were of normal mentality.

Now I should say that it is quite certain that the feeble-minded mother had handed on feeble-mindedness to many of her posterity directly by heredity. One does not become feeble-minded by environment, even though a person of normal mentality may become outranked in mental achievement by others of similar mentality but of better education.

Goddard's careful detailed studies of the genealogical history of 327 families represented by inmates in the Vineland (New Jersey) Training School for Feeble-minded, and numerous other similar studies by other careful investigators, prove conclusively the heritability of feeble-mindedness. Similarly, the studies of Galton, Pearson, and others, on English men of genius and high-ranking Oxford students, equally prove the heritability of unusual mental ability. But the proved differences in mental achievement, associated with presence or absence of education on the part of different persons of apparently similar native mental endowment, show that achievement — that is, what we do — varies not only with inherited capacity, but also with opportunity (environment) for this capacity to be most effectively exercised.

The Maoris of New Zealand, a Polynesian race, have added little to human knowledge during their history, and,

since their contact with Caucasians, have mostly died. But some of the remaining ones have taken advantage of the opportunities for education offered them by the English occupation of their islands, and have become very capable individuals, comparing favorably with the Caucasian colonials.

This is a good example of the influence of environment and education in determining what we can do. But it does not prove that this influence is all-powerful. The black race of Africa has certainly not contributed much to human civilization, even when brought into contact with a highly developed education. The race seems to have an inherited incapacity, as a race, for high mental achievement. I recognize of course the brilliant, although infrequent, individual exceptions.

But inherited differences in mental capacity are by no means limited to differences of race. Go into any school in this country. Pay attention only to those pupils of similar race. Not only is there an equal opportunity for education before them, but the teachers are trying to compel every pupil to accept the opportunity. Some obstinately refuse to do so. But most of them, through inclination or coercion, try to learn their lessons. But do all do equally well? Conspicuously not. What are the reasons for this variance? One will be admitted by all teachers to be the principal one. It is the different inherent capacity of the pupils. Some try and can; some try and cannot. They are naturally different in mental capacity and character; born that way; that way by heredity.

What, then, is this mysterious, ever-present, powerful influence that plays so large a rôle in determining what we can do and cannot do? This powerful influence in human life that spells happiness and pride, or dismay and grief, to parents? This potent life-factor,

so important to us as individuals and, from a larger point of view, even more important to us as members of a community, nation, or race? This influence that may spell greatness or littleness to a whole people? What has science to tell us, us laymen fathers and mothers of children in whose achievement and happiness — and happiness comes chiefly from achievement — we are even more interested than in our own, and to us laymen members of a nation for whose development and future we have a great concern? What has science to tell us of the why and how of heredity? Can it tell us enough, so that in the light of such knowledge we may hope to make the best use of our control of environment to encourage and reinforce favoring heredity and to restrain and offset unfavorable heredity, to the end of strengthening the nation and advancing human progress?

Well, the answer to the last question is certainly yes, even though the answer to the first question, that is, What is heredity? may not be any more enlightening than the answers scientific men give us to the questions, What is gravitation? What is electricity? We do not know, satisfyingly, what electricity is, but we know enough about what it does to enable us to manage it, that is, make good use of it, and avoid letting it do us much harm. That is about what we know of gravitation — and of heredity.

Heredity affects not only our mental capacity but our physical make-up, including the color of our hair and eyes, the normality or abnormality of our bodies, our bodily strength and weakness and resistance or nonresistance to disease and poisons. And it equally affects all the characters of all our domestic animals and plants. By virtue of our selective control of the mating and reproduction among these plants and animals, we have, if we exercise this control under the guidance

of our present-day knowledge of heredity, a powerful instrument in our hands to make them contribute ever more enormously to our comfort and advantage. And we can similarly use this knowledge to assure a greater happiness and progress among our own kind. We can discourage such matings as are practically certain to produce children doomed to unhappiness and suffering, or to be serious burdens on society.

III

But you may not care to accept these assertions without some explanation and illustration of the definiteness of our present-day knowledge of heredity, its mechanism, methods, and power. It is certain that we have gained more of a scientific knowledge of heredity in the latter third of the last century, and in this past fifth of the present century, than had been gained in all time before. Is this new knowledge really sufficient and sufficiently definite to be useful?

We need not concern ourselves here with the history of our growing understanding — with some misunderstanding — through the centuries of the mechanism and methods of inheritance. Heredity has always been recognized as one of the major factors in organic evolution; hence it has always been a subject of special interest to evolution students. But we may give our first attention to the sudden and important increase of our knowledge of heredity in the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century. For it was then that the 'new heredity' began.

It began with the work and writings of that Francis Galton to whom I have already referred — an excellent example of the personal advantage which comes through being derived from a family stock in which unusual mental capacity has been a conspicuous hereditary feature.

Galton opened a new field in heredity study by paying attention to the inheritance of mental traits. Observation of inheritance, before Galton, had chiefly concerned itself with physical characters. Galton studied the inheritance of mental ability in Oxford students and distinguished English families. From these studies he formulated a general law of ancestral inheritance, to the effect that an individual derives on the average one half of his inheritance from his two parents, one fourth coming from each; one fourth of his inheritance from his four grandparents; one eighth from his eight great-grandparents; and so on, by diminishing fractions, until the sum of this infinite series reaches 1, or the total inheritance of the individual.

He also formulated a second generalization, which he called the law of filial regression. This may be expressed by saying that the children of parents who vary from the mean of the population vary similarly, but to less extent than the parents. 'The stature of adult offspring must on the whole,' he says, 'be more mediocre than the stature of their parents; that is to say, more near to the mean or mid-type of the general population.'

Galton treated heredity statistically. He determined averages, and his laws indicate general, or average, results.

These generalizations, or laws, of Galton, based on the examination and statistical treatment of many data, mark a distinct step forward in the study of heredity. But they give us little information — and that little is somewhat discredited by the more recent revelations of the heredity students — about the probabilities of the inheritance of specific characters, and the hereditary make-up of specific individuals. They do not indicate just what special traits we may expect to derive, or may not expect to derive, from the parents, or the grandparents, or great-

grandparents. Nor do they tell us what will be the hereditary fate of a given individual with a given ancestry. And it is precisely that kind of information that we most desire. If one of the parents is feeble-minded and the other normal, or if both parents are normal but a grandparent is feeble-minded, or if both parents are feeble-minded but all four of the grandparents are normal-minded, will the child or children be feeble-minded, or not?

IV

In the eighteen-fifties and -sixties, an Augustinian monk, Gregor Mendel, living in a cloister in Brünn, Austria, made a series of experiments in hybridizing various races of garden peas in the cloister garden. He published the results of his experiments, together with a theoretical explanation of them, in the obscure journal of the local natural history society of Brünn. Here they lay, practically unobserved, certainly unappreciated, until 1900 when three famous European botanists, one in Holland, one in Germany, and one in Austria, all working independently along lines tending to lead them to conclusions similar to Mendel's, all independently, and practically simultaneously discovered Mendel's work and made it known to the world. For thirty years an epoch-making discovery in science had lain hidden! Now Mendel, Mendelism, and Mendelian inheritance are names as familiar to biologists as Darwin, Darwinism, and Darwinian selection. And in time they will be as familiar to laymen.

Mendel made the beginning of the more important part of the 'new heredity.' Many followers have developed this new heredity into a fascinating and imposing special science. It is already in the way of answering precisely those questions about inheritance that we most want answered. It

deals with the inheritance behavior of specific traits of plants, animals, and man, and with the inheritance of specific individuals. And it reveals much of the actual physical mechanism of heredity.

Mendel, in his own work, crossed different races of peas—he worked also with some other plants—which differed plainly and characteristically in such specific and immediately contrasted details as height of stem, character of seed coat, form of the pods, and so forth. He crossed a race with tall stem and one of low stem, a race with wrinkled seeds and one of smoothly round seeds, and so on, and noted the outcome in every one of the offspring produced by each cross-mating. He then mated these hybrids among themselves and similarly recorded the results for all of the second-generation offspring. He followed in detail the inheritance of his various pairs of contrasting characters through several generations, always noting the results in all of the individuals produced by each mating.

Mendel arrived at several definite and surprising and important results—results not limited to garden peas but holding for other plants, for animals and for man. One of these results is that, given a definite knowledge of the presence or absence in the germ cells of given parents of some physical or chemical determiner of a certain trait or traits,—and this can be determined from a knowledge of two or three ancestral generations,—definite prophecy can be made as to the outcome of the children of these parents with regard to this trait, either when the two parents are alike, or when they differ in regard to the possession of this trait.

Another result is the clearing-up of the old mystery concerning the passing-on of a trait by parents not possessing it, that is, in bodily or mental mani-

festation. The explanation of this depends upon the fact, also first clearly indicated by Mendel's work, that the possession of the determiner of a trait in the germ cells does not necessarily assure the bodily development of the trait in the person producing, or produced from, such germ cells. For example, a normal-minded mother and father of a certain germinal character and history can produce feeble-minded children; and a feeble-minded mother of a certain germinal character and history can produce normal-minded children. The germinal and bodily possessions of an individual may differ; and it is the germinal rather than the bodily character and history of a given individual that is of prime importance in understanding and prophesying the hereditary possibilities of that individual and his offspring.

Let me show this by an experiment that I have made repeatedly.

If we make a cross-mating between two silkworm moths of different artificially developed races, one of these races producing exclusively golden silk (cocoons) and the other white silk, we shall get a family of about three hundred brother and sister silkworms which, when cocooning time comes, will spin not pale yellow (color-blend) cocoons, nor yellow and white blotched (color mosaic) cocoons, nor some golden cocoons and some white cocoons, but all of them will spin golden cocoons like the cocoons of the golden-silk-spinning race to which one of the parents belonged. And it makes no difference whether this parent was the male or the female parent. It is the hereditary trait, golden silk-spinning, that dominates over the hereditary trait, white silk-spinning, not one parent over the other. The dominance seems complete, and, as regards physical or bodily manifestation, it is. But let us carry the experiment a step further.

If we mate two of these golden-cocooning offspring of the golden $\times$ white cross we shall get a family of silkworms which will *not* all spin golden cocoons, as both their parents did, but three fourths of the young will spin golden cocoons and one fourth white cocoons, and this proportion will be nearly exact. If now, two of these white spinners, which are the offspring of two golden-spinning parents, are mated together, all the offspring produced by them will spin white cocoons, while the offspring of two of the golden-spinning children of the golden-spinning parents will again divide in the proportion of three golden spinners to one white spinner.

That is, although the golden-spinning trait is dominant, in bodily manifestation, over the white-spinning trait, when a pure golden race is crossed with a pure white race the germ cells of the offspring produced by this crossing will still carry the white-spinning trait, which is able again to manifest itself under certain conditions.

Mendel, whose results in crossing his races of garden peas differing in various contrasted traits, such as tall and dwarf stem, smooth and wrinkled seed-coat, and so forth, were just like these silkworm results, offered a theoretical explanation of this behavior which indicates what the conditions are which make the recessive trait appear again after its apparent extinguishing by the dominant trait. And this explanation so well accounts for the happenings that it may be accepted as the true one.

It assumes that hereditary traits are represented in the germ cells by specific physico-chemical determiners, which are brought together in the fertilized egg cell produced by any mating, pure or cross, and handed on in the male and female sex cells produced by the offspring of the cross, without destroying or materially influencing each other;

although, when two kinds of determiners representing contrasting traits, such as yellow-and-white-silk spinning or high-and-dwarf stem of pea plant, are in the egg cells, one of these contrasting characters is dominant over the other as regards actual bodily manifestation.

Now, applying this explanation to the pea and silkworm experiments, let us see how it accounts for the results.

When a moth of the pure white-silk race is crossed with a moth of the pure golden-silk race, the offspring will all spin golden cocoons, because golden is dominant over white in the struggle for manifestation; but half of the germ cells of these hybrid golden-silk spinners will carry the determiner for golden, and half the determiner for white. When these golden-spinning hybrids are mated together, the differing sex cells should meet, by the law of probabilities, in the following proportions: male cell carrying golden with a female cell carrying golden in one fourth of the cases; male carrying golden with female carrying white, or female carrying golden with male carrying white, in one half of the cases; and male carrying white with female carrying white in one fourth of the cases. Now the results of these junctures in the fertilized egg cells from which the young develop should be that, in all the cases where golden meets golden, the developing young should spin only golden cocoons and produce sex cells containing only golden determiners; in all the cases where white meets white, the young should spin only white cocoons and produce sex cells containing only white determiners; but in all the cases where golden meets white, the young should spin only golden cocoons (because golden dominates white in bodily manifestation where the two traits meet), but these young should produce sex cells, one half carrying golden and one half carrying white determiners.

That is, although all of the young produced by mating a moth of the pure golden race with a moth of the pure white race should spin golden cocoons, only three fourths of the young produced by a mating of these hybrids should spin golden cocoons, while one fourth should spin white, and these whites mated together should produce young spinning only white; but the goldens mated together should produce again a certain proportion of whites, because only one third of these goldens are germinally pure, the other two thirds possessing both germ cells representing white and germ cells representing golden. Which is just what happens.

This is only the beginning of the new-heredity story, which has been worked out by much careful experiment on plants and animals, and much painstaking observation and ancestry-tracing of human beings, by the students of Mendelian inheritance. In some cases, the first hybridization produces a blend between the crossed characters, because neither character is actually dominant over the other; but crossings of the blend-generation result in a breaking-up among the offspring into some (actually one fourth) showing one of the original traits, some (another one fourth) showing the other, and the rest (one half) showing the blend again. The one fourth showing one of the original traits are germinally pure for that trait, and, mated together, produce offspring showing only that trait; and similarly with the one fourth showing the other original trait. But the blends are germinally impure, that is, they produce in equal numbers sex cells carrying one trait and sex cells carrying the other, and, when mated together, they produce offspring, one fourth manifesting only one trait and germinally pure for that trait, one fourth manifesting only the other trait and also germinally pure for

it, and one half showing blends and germinally impure.

But it would take too long, and carry us into too much detail for this general paper, to go on with the story. It is sufficient to affirm that the facts of Mendelian inheritance and their explanation have carried us a long way in our attempts to reach the goal of being able to prophesy, with a high degree of confidence, what will be the specific hereditary outcomes of matings of plants and animals and men in which contrasting specific traits are involved. The principles and the mechanism of Mendelian inheritance are well determined. But the behavior of each trait has to be worked out for each species of plant or animal, or for man. Golden color may be dominant over white in the silk of silkworms; but because we know this, we cannot say that golden is dominant over white in flower petals. It may be in one kind of flower, and the reverse may be the case in another.

The actual determinations can be fairly easily worked out in plants, and in those animals susceptible to experiment. In the case of man, however, planned and controlled experimentation is impossible. Here advantage must be taken of unplanned experiment (miscellaneous matings), and of family (genealogical) records which have paid more attention to physical and mental characteristics than to names, dates of interesting happenings, and honors and titles. There must be a new kind of genealogical searching.

Much has already been done in this way. The hereditary behavior of a number of human pathological conditions, like six-fingeredness, web-fingeredness, dwarfism, color-blindness, night-blindness, and the like; and a number of diseases, and especially disease diatheses, as diabetes and Huntington's chorea; and some less important but interesting physical characteristics, as

eye-color and hair-form; and finally, and very importantly, several mental traits, as feeble-mindedness and epilepsy have been pretty clearly worked out. But only a beginning has been made. And, despite the sweeping claims of the Mendelians, there is undoubtedly much heredity that is not Mendelian in character.

V

Fortunately, our fate as regards both personal and social achievement and happiness is not all determined by heredity. I say fortunately, for despite the good fortune of the individual who finds himself naturally endowed with a sound body and unusual mental capacity and despite the good fortune of a race or nation or any social group which includes in its ranks a large number of such naturally endowed individuals, it would be a calamity beyond reckoning if heredity were to be the sole arbiter of our fate. Such a condition would rob millions of hope. It would, too, absolve all of us of personal responsibility for our own outcome and that of the race. Or it would at least restrict this personal responsibility to the simple brutal one of preventing any individuals except those of a certain standard of physical and mental fitness from participating in racial increase.

But heredity, despite all the claims for it made by the convinced hereditarians, is by no means the only factor, although it is a very important one, in the determination of human achievement and, hence, happiness. There is nurture as well as nature to be taken into account: that is, environment and education as well as inheritance. But it does behoove any nation ambitious for national achievement and solicitous for the individual health and happiness of its people to pay serious attention to all possibilities of having its succeeding generations well-born. As a matter of

determined fact, most civilized nations are not now having their succeeding generations well-born. The birth rate of these nations is a selective birth rate, and it is not one based on good selection. Karl Pearson pointed out some years ago that one fourth of England's population was producing each year one half of the new births, and that this ultra-prolific fourth was exactly that part of the total population least well-endowed by heredity and social heritage.

The analysis of our own annual birth rate also indicates an unfortunate and menacing disproportion between the ill-born and the well-born. It is not merely the decline in birth rate, which we show in company with the nations of Western Europe, that is so disturbing; but it is the fact that this decline is selective, and is most marked in those classes or parts of the population which we can least well afford to have reduced. Holmes paints a gloomy picture of this in his recent book, *The Trend of the Race*. 'We are losing the elements of our population that belong to native American stock,' he declares. 'We are losing the elements of our population that have achieved success financially, socially, and in the field of intellectual achievement. The elements of the population that are of subnormal mentality exhibit at present the highest degree of fecundity.'

With regard, in particular, to this matter of inherent, that is, inherited, low mental capacity, the revelations of the application of the ingenious tests for intelligence, devised with much care and after much preliminary experimentation by competent psychologists, to 1,700,000 drafted American soldiers, show us amazing facts. Certain persons in discussion of these data have tried to make them show more than they really do show. These drafted men may be taken as a fair sample of our people: they represent all social

classes, all degrees of education, and all kinds of professional, business, industrial, and agricultural activities. The tests of the mental capacity of these drafted soldiers showed that 4.5 per cent of the examined men could be rated as of 'very superior intelligence,' 9 per cent as of 'superior intelligence,' 16.5 per cent as of 'high average intelligence,' 25 per cent as of 'average intelligence,' 20 per cent as of 'low average intelligence,' 15 per cent as of 'inferior intelligence,' and 10 per cent as of 'very inferior intelligence.'

In a democracy like ours, such a representation of mental levels within the population gives one food for serious thought. What of the future of the republic? What of the future of the evolution of the race if this evolution is to continue to be determined, as it now is chiefly being determined, by the further accumulation and use of knowledge and the passing-on of this knowledge by social heritage to succeeding generations? Are we going to be capable, mentally capable, of making the most of the opportunities for racial progress which social evolution puts into our hands? The facts set out, and the implications of these facts indicated in such a book as Goddard's *Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence* should have a hearing by every man or woman of responsibility in this country — not simply that we may enjoy, as some naturally do enjoy, a certain anxiety and pessimism, but that we may be informed, and hence well oriented, in facing our great task of making the best of the situation; our task of exerting, wisely and along the lines most promising of useful results, our efforts to use the environmental and educational means that are really in our hands to give ourselves more power of achievement, and hence more happiness, and to assure a continuing human progress.

However conflicting may be the definitions of human progress, we do have a sort of racial consciousness of what we hope human kind may attain to. In this hope for the highest humaneness, and in the expression of our goal to be reached, we may be idealist in the highest degree; but in the actual striving to reach the goal and realize the hope, we must be sternly realist. There are definite physical and biological preconditions to be achieved. This realist struggle can only be successful if carried on in the light, and with the guidance, of scientific knowledge. That is why we must know the worst and the best about the power of heredity, and at the same time, the worst and the best about the limitations and the possibilities of environment and education.

I received recently an advertisement from a gentleman of impressive head, — he had his picture on his advertising circular, — that asked the interesting question, Should I like to be another Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci. It suggested that, if I should, the gentleman would explain how I could have my wish — probably for a certain consideration. He gives lectures to aspiring audiences on how to make yourself about anything you would like to be.

Now this gentleman is an ardent environmentalist. He believes, I imagine, that the principal thing about being born is the mere matter of being brought alive into the world, and thus made an object to be moulded into any wonderful shape by environment and education. Any child can become anything any other child can, provided a similar advantage of an identical environment. There are many people — educators, prison reformers, mystics — who believe this, and preach and practise feverishly on the basis of this belief. Heredity is negligible in their scheme of things. There is even a school of

scientific anthropologists in this country, and represented in most other countries in which scientific anthropologists occur, who go nearly as far. If they do not quite say that any man can be or do what any other can do or be, provided an identical environment and education, they do believe that any living human race, or considerable group, can reach the status — evolutionary status, we may call it — of any other group, if it can have a similar environment; and they declare that the differences among races as we note them to-day are chiefly owing to differences in environment and the controlling influence of this varying environment.

It is certainly true that one cannot be at all sure, without some experimental evidence, that a so-called backward race is backward because of inherent (hereditary) incapacity, or because of lack of opportunity to use a possessed capacity. I have already referred to the Maoris of New Zealand, who have not added much to human progress, but who, when the Caucasian colonials set up schools which they could attend, fell little behind the representatives of a highly civilized race in their school work.

But it is not with races that we are now especially interested: it is with ourselves. How much can we do in determining the fate of our children by submitting them to carefully chosen environment and education? How much influence does inevitable variation in environment have in determining the final fate of our children? The answers are, I firmly believe, and with all appreciation of the significance of our modern knowledge of heredity, that environment has a large influence in determining the outcome of any given person, and that we can do much to help determine the fate of our children by controlling their environment in the mother-body, in the cradle, in the school

and playground, and, indeed, through all their life.

There need be no doubt about this, despite all our new understanding of the great rôle that heredity plays in human fate. In fact, this very new understanding assures us of the great rôle that environment and education also play in human and animal and plant fate. There is, indeed, no heredity or, better, no result of heredity without environment. The fertilized egg cell, with its inheritance determiners, can come to nothing without a certain necessary environment for itself and for the embryo and the adolescent into which it is to develop. There can be heredity only when there can be environment, and specific environment at that. The two are inseparable: they inevitably coöperate. One without the other is nothing.

There can never be two identical heredities, or two identical environments. There is always some slight physical or (and) chemical variation in the inheritance determiners; and there is always some variation in the conditions that constitute environment. This is because the physicochemical conditions in the world are constantly changing with time, and time does not repeat itself. Hence there is always some variation even in the brother and sister plants and animals and men which come from the fertilized eggs produced by any single pair of parents; and more variation in the young from eggs which come from various parents of the same species. All the worker bees in a hive come from eggs produced by a single female, the queen. These bees are reared under conditions as nearly alike for all as it is possible to find in nature. The temperature and humidity and food conditions are, as nearly as they can be, alike for all the young bees developing at the same time in a given time — and there may be thousands.

Yet I have never failed, in repeated trials, to find marked, measurable variations, and other easily definable structural variations, in the fully developed bees issuing from their birth cells at the same time. And with these structural variations, there were undoubtedly physiological and psychological variations which, because I do not know bees well enough, I could not readily detect. Some of these variations were due to differences, slight but inevitable, in the physicochemical inheritance determiners; more of them were due to environmental variation, such as slight differences in the cell-shape, the food provided by the nurses, and so on.

But if the bees differ from each other because inevitable differences of environment have their influence in determining the outcome of personal development, how much more must human beings differ from each other, among whom the environmental differences attending development are, comparatively, enormous. Fortunately we can, in some measure, control and determine this environment. Therefore it is for us to find out what results any given environmental conditions produce, and then to eliminate as far as possible the bad conditions and seek earnestly to establish the good ones. Personal and social effort can do much for the unborn embryo, and more for the babes and child and adolescent.

Over the surface of the cerebral hemispheres of the human brain there is spread a thin superficial layer of nerve cells, blood vessels, and supporting tissue called the cerebral cortex. It varies from one and a half to five millimetres in thickness, and the total number of nerve or brain cells in it is about nine millions. But, taken all together, these nerve cells weigh only about thirteen grammes, and make only about a cubic inch of matter. Yet, in a just-born child, this thin layer of gray brain-mat-

ter, this trivially small part of the whole body is the clean surface on which is to be painted, slowly, in enduring pigments, the influencing picture of nature and human life which the new individual is to carry till death. This picture will largely determine its behavior as child, adolescent, and adult. To the formation of this picture all the sense organs will contribute; also, all the inferences based on the observations made by the senses. The whole social heritage of the human race will add to the making of this picture, in a degree determined by parents, playmates, teachers, and books.

The substance of this surface on which the picture is painted, and hence an important element in determining the character of the picture itself, is the physical basis of intelligence and memory: this substance, and the picture painted on and into it, is the very seat of human personality. The blood and lymph and the hormones (gland secretions) will affect this substance; every reaction of the rest of the body will be registered on it. Up to the inherent (inherited) limits of its possibilities, it will be influenced by any and all of the elements of the environment which may, by chance or deliberate determination, be brought to bear on the individual from beginning to end of his life.

What better chance could we ask, to build the kind of man or woman we want out of the child under our control. Just one, perhaps. This is, that that qualifying clause, 'up to the inherent (inherited) limits of its possibilities,' should be wiped out. But the word 'limits,' which sounds discouraging, has, after all, its encouragement. Limits can be broad as well as narrow, high as well as low. And if the child is born with large possibilities, these large possibilities can be realized if the proper environment and education are given it. If the possibilities are more

limited, there is still necessity for a suitable environment and education to permit the child's development up to the very verge of these limits, and in the special way which these limits impose.

Perhaps the principal fault with our present system of education is that it takes too little into account these inherited differences in individual capacity: it is too blind to the fixed levels of mental capacity which characterize the various groups in school and college classes. And hence it is wasteful and inefficient in its attempts to offer the needed environmental (educational) conditions necessary to the fullest development of our youth. When the use of mental tests among school children had revealed clearly that some children were inherently less intelligent than others, — this had, of course, been revealed before, even if less exactly, by simple observation, — it was realized that it would be advantageous to establish 'backward' classes; and this was gradually done in most schools. But now we know that it is no less advantageous to provide special opportunities for 'forward' pupils — to establish 'forward' as well as 'backward' classes.

This has been criticized as undemocratic, as favoring the smart at the expense of the stupid. But it is not at the expense of the stupid. It is as much to their advantage as to the advantage of the smart, for it relieves them of trying to do the impossible, and hence of becoming hopeless because of failure to achieve it. And it gives them opportunity to make the very most of their possibilities. It is democratic in the highest degree to give to every child the opportunity to make the most and best of himself. It is undemocratic, unfair to the child and harmful to the nation, to limit the child of superior intelligence to the pace of the child of average intelligence, to say nothing of

the pace of the child of inferior intelligence. And our present school-system does just that. Equal opportunities for all children to make the utmost out of their varying inherent mental-capacity, through suitable environment and education, is real democracy in education.

And everything I have just said applies as well to college and university students as to school children. We see to-day, in our great institutions of higher learning, the efforts and time of administrators and professors, and the money and equipment of the institutions, devoted largely to attempts to hold backward and average and forward students to the same work and standards. The backward are lifted and pushed, and the forward restrained, to make all conform to the average. The result is discouragement and bitterness among the backward, and deadening of interest and idleness among the forward. These seek relief in athletics and extraneous student activities, where all forwardness is recognized and rewarded.

Fortunately, the colleges are awakening to the situation. The problem of the gifted student is being recognized, and first attempts to solve it are being made. But both secondary and college education need a vigorous shaking out of their ruts. They must cut with tradition and join hands with modern knowledge. They must appeal to present-day scientific psychology and present-day knowledge of heredity for a new orientation and grounding. Education is environment. It should be good environment, helpful not harmful environment, if the race is to make the most of itself. This is simply a biological truism. That it may be good environment, educators must have personal knowledge of science, or personal faith in it, and personal resolution to make their practice conform to their knowledge and faith. We are incredibly wasting money, effort,

and time, and sacrificing individuals and society by our present-day educational methods, because these methods were established before the days of the new knowledge of heredity, and because we have had a wrong conception of democracy in education.

The time has come to do better. But it will take a mighty effort to do it. If the professional educators will not do it of their own free will, — and, as one of them and knowing the breed pretty well, I am fearful of them, — then they must be made to. The biologist stands

aghast at what he sees happening. He knows what the consequences of flouting Nature are. The fate of plants, animals, and men is determined by heredity and environment. It takes the best of both to assure the best fate. Shall man, who has some power over his heredity and much power over his environment, not use this knowledge and this power to give himself the best fate possible? If he does not, he is worse than foolish; he is criminally responsible to his children and his children's children.

A CHINESE JOURNEY. I

BY SEAL THOMPSON

SHANGHAI, CHINA

MY DEAR —,

I assume thee's on tiptoe for news of me. But I should be writing anyhow: it's the only activity that saves me from the crushing realization that I now belong to the illiterates — nay, the defectives. Not a word can I read, write, or speak! And only to-day have I learned to respond to my Chinese name. A Chinese name, thee knows, one *must* have, and one comes by it on this fashion: the mandarin teacher who is attached to every foreign household looks out the nearest phonetic equivalent in Chinese to one's English name. When found, to be sure, those sounds have many meanings; but the honorable teacher selects for you the one that has the gracious connotation. Mine might mean several things, but the gentleman of the old school elects that it shall mean *Honorable Teacher*

of *Beautiful Ceremonies*. And I, a Friend, who knows naught of ceremonies, English or Chinese!

Thus am I christened to the tasks of Oriental life. To him that overcometh, say I to myself, there shall be given a new name; and then, as if by magic, comes also the 'white stone' — a tiny piece of white jade which I shall bring thee for a present. And by that token thee will know that the Angel of Beauty hath broken the last seal. Through a bit of jade the Westerner may glimpse down a byway of beauty where I fear he will never walk. Hard by the Jade Fountain are the pure delights of *touch*. The Westerner, through his art, *hears* and *sees*; but it has not been given to him to *feel* his way, with finger-tips purposely trained, along cool smooth surfaces from which he gets definite response. Perhaps the subtlety will always restrict the pleasure to a few.

Dr. Fergusson is bold enough to claim that 'this artistic appreciation of a sensitive touch is peculiar to the Chinese race, and even among them it has been confined in its expression to this one medium of jade.' As to that, 'this deponent sayeth not.' I know I have seen Chinese gentlemen turning over tiny balls as they chat; and my gentle tutor tells me it is a pastime with a purpose — to keep the tips of the fingers *live*. Recently I had tea with L— H— C—, who has a few priceless pieces of jade. The shapes and variations in color, which so appealed to me, he never mentioned; but as his finger slipped along the delicate surfaces, his face lighted, and I knew him for a homesteader in a realm where I am only a vagrant.

At another point the foreign lady feels a bit *gauche*. She covets ownership. My Chinese friends love their art, but few are obsessed (it is that, is it not?) with desire for ownership. Many a time, in a bit of a shop in Honan Road which is one of my daily haunts, I see a group of Chinese gentlemen saunter in, spend 'time, times and half a time' delicately fingering a few jades, — *realizing* them, as it were, — and then on to their tea. They go to the jade shops as we go to the symphony.

There's something extraordinarily nice about this impersonal appreciation, but, alas, it has a fatal consequence: despite the boycott, the best things are going, as fast as they can travel, to private collections in Japan. For some weeks back I have had the tail of my larboard eye on a brave little altar screen — a little Ming thing of translucent marble, painted in blues that sing and reds that swear. That happy alliance was not adulterous to the Ming (Bright) dynasty. Every week, on a Friday, which is my 'free' day, I fare forth to parley with the 'master.' Yesterday, when I reached the shop,

the darling space was vacant — the little screen was gone. I assure thee I felt as if the baby were dead. The 'master' shared my grief, but, — he bows apologetically, — 'Japanese man pay first price.'

'But *spiritually* it belonged to me,' I say lamely.

'So! So!' he mourns, 'but — first — price.'

I know it is futile to hurl myself against Capitalism, but I remember that a flea did once attack Zeus. So I fling back with malice, 'A Chinaman cares for naught but his chow and his coppers.'

'An' his child's,' he adds, with a smile that restores friendly relations, 'most for the child's.' And that is true, and because of it, I'm thinking, these deliberate folk some day are going to have the last word. Because of that — and other things — they've a cosmic insurance against failure. But I go no more to the little shop: it has ceased to be a shop, this necropolis of my hopes.

I must not revert to the subject of jade or I shall be lost in subtleties which are not for an humble follower of George Fox — drat him! — with the heavy toll he levies on my conscience after these two hundred years. Otherwise I should return with a barge laden like that of M. Polo. Just one more item — the tiny jade links which one sees everywhere are tokens of lasting friendship; so thee will be knowing that my wee gift is more than just a piece of jade.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

MY DEAR —,

I'm interned to-day. Perhaps thee thinks I'm ill. No, I'm indecently well. Nor is it bad weather. It's a bright, cold day — like a November morning on the Common. Moreover, it's my 'free' day, and such an orgy as was written in the stars for this seventh day of the tenth month. It was to be a ride

down Foochow Road among the heartless little Sing-Song girls, in their gay silks as brilliant as Brazilian June-bugs — far less moral, I dare say, though my acquaintance with the latter is simply a museum affair. Then there was to be tea in one of the homes of a friendly courtyard, and a visit to the wondrous silk shops in Nanking Road (China's Bond Street). There tea awaits the stranger, and cigarettes, if one will, and pleasant greetings and parley — also a charge account, if one even so much as hints that way, without reference or collateral. Each shining roll of priceless silk is encased in its spotless paper cylinder, from which hangs a cryptic tag done in the decorative Chinese script. Purchase is a ritual — but of that later.

Thee must be wondering why my rose-colored day suddenly faded to dull drab. It was this way: every evening I tell my ricksha boy at what hour to come in the morning. 'To-morrow at nine,' said I last evening. He loitered, his face full of pleading, his fine brown body glistening after his run in the heat of the day. Then with gentle firmness, 'Morrow Ah Nee no come. 'Morrow Ah Nee stay homeside. 'Morrow Ah Nee have gues'ses.' This from one whose fealty I have come to regard as inviolate. I am distraught, and summon the little Chinese student who is our go-between. She hears him out and then says courteously: 'Ah Nee is right; to-morrow he must not come, to-morrow he entertains guests.' He is only a coolie boy, but I know I must not remonstrate, and we part with mutual respect.

But those *guests* — I *am* curious! My little friend explains. 'To-morrow,' she says, 'his family worship their ancestors.' Their spirit world is not ours, but theirs is nearer than ours. I shall tell thee more of this boy later. He had never heard of the Great War — fancy

that for a street-runner in a treaty port! Does thee wonder China is inarticulate? He tells my little friend that he likes to run for the foreign lady — she is unbelievably light, she stops strange foreigners in the big street, she talks so oddly; but, most important I gather, she pays him one-and-forty more than the last beneficer, who was of the Celestials.

SHANGHAI, CHINA

My dear, this *is* the strangest world! Despite all I knew to the contrary, I know now that what I expected was the China of the returned student. But there are 399,500,000 others (this is a hypothetical percentage of a supposed population). And it is those others, after all, who make up China. With them I do not yet feel quite at home. I hope I shall soon be more conscious of the fundamental likenesses between us. I recall that one of our Oxford professors (Gilbert Murray, I think) once unconsciously withered me by noting that the scholar's mind discerns *first* fundamental likenesses. If that is true, I fear I 'm an outcast, for I am acutely conscious right now of the differences. The externals of life are all so different. It is curious to be in a world where the men wear silk skirts and the women trousers; where little boys jump rope and little girls play marbles; where one gets on bravely with no fires or sanitation, and with never a proper bath; where industry, for the most part, is still in homes; where not machines but bare brown human backs are requisitioned for the burdens of the highway; where one gets used to a whole new scale of prices — thirty cents a hundred for strictly fresh eggs; gorgeous, wicked, voluptuous poinsettias at two-for-five, and just a bit more for chrysanthemums, of the imperial yellow, if you please, and as big as — well, the only things that come to mind are the puffs on the 'cauliflower' tree in our

St. Francis print. It is true, there is soap, which is treble what is asked at home; and for stationery I pay a ruinous sum. In fact, one feels like Alice — always growing very, very little or very, very tall, in order to fit one's environment.

But by far the strangest thing of all is to live among folk who have little knowledge of secondary causes. Last night, while we were at dinner, came the greatest uproar from the street: the ubiquitous firecracker (when the Chinaman wishes to register extreme emotion, joy or sorrow or fear, the firecracker is the medium) was supplemented by rockets, by drums, by tom-toms, by wails. Our own servants, in lieu of anything more rhetorical, had seized the kitchen pans and chopsticks, and were doing their 'bit' to augment the frenzy. Altogether Shanghai seemed given over suddenly to the weirdest and most pervasive noises a populace could produce.

I fled to the roof, accompanied by one of our Chinese students. She noticed at once that the moon was under a slight eclipse and said, 'Oh, it is that: they are terrified. The demon dogs are gnawing the moon; if that is consumed we shall all fall a prey to the demons.' The eclipse spread rapidly, but could not keep pace with the noise. By every sound known to man were the demons appeased. 'Apparently it was a hard task to pull Mlle. Diana through; but Shanghai sat up with the lady and rendered enthusiastic aid until the danger point was passed.' A recently organized Fire Department nervously awaited summons, for it seemed as if whole sections of the city were ablaze. At 11.30 the eclipse passed, and there was an immediate lull; there was a final lavish expenditure of gunpowder, a grand flutter of gongs, much burning of joss paper, and at last, quiet. Again the demons were conquered.

Think of that for a port city! When

science has done her perfect work, will all our 'dangers' be known as shadows? I wonder.

19, HSI TANG TZU HUTUNG
PEKING, Good Friday

MY DEAR —,

While I am waiting for the late member of our party, — thee knows there must always be a late member, — I have just time to start my little week-end record to thee. All our belongings — bedding, personal linen, cameras, typewriters, tins of food, et cetera, — are packed either in duffel-bags that lock, or waterproof sheets that 'rope.' They are being tumbled into a tiny cart, drawn by a toy white donkey beside whom the driver looks heroic. Everything but ourselves has gone into the cart. I, on second thought, reserve Hermes¹ for safety. The donkey has brayed, the driver has argued, the servants have harangued, the amah has blessed, we have commanded, but at last, for one brief moment, all are inarticulate, and we are off, looking like an invading army. We move off with quite an air because we go, not, as usual, by cart or donkey or ricksha, but, for part of the way at least, by motor — the last word in luxury, available because of an opportune 'check from father,' just received by one member of our party. We are going to the Western Hills!

The evening of the same day
Wo Fo Ssu

(The Temple of the Sleeping Buddha)

MY DEAR —,

I can scarcely believe that the morning and the evening are the same day. The busy city, with its intrigue and plague and refugees and malevolent dust, is left behind, and we are in the silent hills. To-night I am the guest of a long-dead Manchu Emperor. I am living in his tiny guest-palace, built on one of the 'high places' in this old Temple

¹ My Corona.

of the Sleeping Buddha. Perhaps thee will need, as I did, to rearrange thy ideas of a temple. It is not a building, but an enclosure. Within is 'a series of rectangular courts running from north to south, with the principal edifice in the centre, and the lesser buildings' nestled in the evergreens of the surrounding hills. There are sunny courtyards, open pavilions, long avenues of cypress, jade ponds for goldfish, pilgrims' houses, where, for a bit of tea-money, the weary may rest though the wicked do not guarantee to cease from troubling. A central temple contains the awesome Buddha — fifty feet long, and sound asleep in his clay robes. If the Mongol who placed him there left word, as did Little Boy Blue, 'Now don't you go till I come,' he may be rising any day now, for Mongol drums are heard not afar off; the great Mongol war lord, Chang Tso Lin, is to-day in Tientsin; and a delegation of Mongolian priests from the Hutukhtu, or Living Buddha, are said to be on their way to Peking for a *conference*, which is a Mongolian euphemism for *invasion*.

The little guest-palace where I am put up is the most ravishing abode one can imagine. The roof is of tiles, gold and pale blue — the shade of Fra Angelico angels. I begin with the roof, because, in Chinese buildings, large and small, sacred and secular, the roof is *the* feature. The architecture, as thee perhaps knows, follows the old tent model — inviting one to take one's soul on a pilgrimage. Only, instead of sagging canvas, here are convex shingles of brilliant tile. The sag of the canvas from the high centre-pole finds a counterpart in the downward curve of the tiling; and the slope of the canvas upward again, to catch the outer tent-poles, is repeated in the upward tilt of the tiles. The old nomad weighted his canvas with stray stones. In the evolution of detail, the stones have been supplanted

by golden finials, creatures from the animal world — not the fearsome gargoyles of Notre Dame, but friendly little beasties, despite their glazed exterior: Ming editions of collie pups. Instead of tent-poles there are uprights and beams of fine, old hard wood, all lacquered in the ever-recurring design, golden dragons contending for the pearl — an age-old game, apparently, in China, played always on the same daring background of orange, green, and blue. We are enclosed on only three sides, with walls of Pompeian-colored plaster. Wonder-stuff, in the way of a carved grille, gives us two 'apartments,' and presently, when the moon rises (it is due in a minute!) I expect a phoenix to rise from one and a dragon from the other. I hope so, for, though I scorn to be afraid, the Mongolian war lord does seem unpleasantly near to-night.

The next morning

These hills are filled with temples — the Buddhists knew the sacred spaces. We took donkeys this morning, and picked our way across a barren, rocky valley to Pei Yun Ssu, Temple of the Green Jade Clouds — not the oldest in the hills, but reputed to be the most beautiful. The temples are much alike in general arrangement, but each boasts some special feature. This one has a Hall of Five Hundred Buddhas. Some are sardonic, some are benevolent, some are lean, some are obese, some are Chinese, some hint at Semitic, some are Mongolian — all are potent and must be placated.

A beautiful Chinese lad comes in while we are here. I follow him. He will worship, I think from his sensitive profile, before the Buddha of Beauty. No, we pass that. Then it will be the Buddha of Happy Ancestors — he looks such a dutiful lad. No, we pass that without turning a hair. Then it will be the Buddha of the Bright Heart

— I know from the lad's mouth, with corners finished just right, that he is pure in heart. No, we pass that. I hesitate to tell thee that presently, with the preliminary fee to the priest, and with three bundles of joss-sticks ablaze, he drops, three times, prone, before the Buddha of Big Business. And now he goes back, calm and confident, to his little shop.

There are dramatic friezes here, too, of Heaven and the Eighteen Traditional Hells (think of only eighteen!). Like the Italians, the Chinese have 'done' their purgatories with much more power than their beatitudes. Virtue did not capture their imagination, however it may have excited effort. The 'hell' before which I lingered, because it had suffered least from occupancy and hence decay, was like Signorelli's in this — it consisted of every conceivable physical torture. Many of the unrighteous are famine-stricken, some are overcome by flood — two bits of realism always before the Chinese of the north.

I am hoping my camera will yield good representations of some of the balustrades and spires from Pei Yun Ssu. The symmetry and grace and the bas-relief all bear testimony to the master-builder. Though I am dying to try, I shall refrain from vilifying them by vocabulary, but hope, later, to send thee prints.

The ride back to Wo Fo Ssu was unpleasantly dusty, with a strong wind full of fine sand that is blinding. I hate to admit it but these heavy dust storms, when the Gobi Desert literally drops in for the day, make one excessively nervous.

Sunday

I wish thee were here to keep First Day with us. This evening we climbed to a high spot, going up the old rift between the hills, over what was once the river bed. We spread our rugs on a tiny

plateau overlooking the summer home of a Chinese gentleman — so different from an American home! The grounds were terraced, and scattered between flowering almonds and peach-trees and persimmon bushes were the low, single-story houses, each with its own courtyard. There must be a house for the master, and one for No. 1 wife, another for No. 2 wife, another for the manservants, another for the amahs, one of course for guests. This time there was still another, wee as a playhouse, with two beautifully carved doors and bravely lacquered. That is the home of two slim-legged, stately herons, which are pirouetting about their tiny court, their plumage iridescent even in the late afternoon light. From the bough of a cypress a dashing blue parrot (the primeval Blue Bird?) sways in a hoop of bamboo — a good foil for a drab monkey playing with some blue-clad kiddies on the flagstones under the wall. Down the valleys come the coolies, clad, if at all, in the blue smocks which are the feature of every landscape here. In the stillness I was startled by a low, quivering bleat. It was the little coolie boy, gently, in their own language, persuading his flock to the great adventure of return to the fold. No wonder they responded, though the trail was steep and the tiny ones had not yet got their 'mountain legs.' Shepherds, like mothers, have a way with them!

Later

Out across the plain, as far as the eye can reach, are placed rectangular towers. Why at irregular intervals? I trace an imaginary line between them and find it sinuous, making curious convolutions. Why are *watch* towers so capriciously placed? The Lady from Shansi tells me they are more than watch towers, they are to hold down the tail of the Dragon. In Italy it was the campanile, in Ireland the Round

Tower, in England and France the Gothic spire. What in America? The modern little New Yorker at my elbow murmurs, with unconscious irony, 'The skyscraper.' 'Oh yes, of course,' I reply, because I'm rather afraid of the issue. Do they typify our aspirations?

Monday morning

The Chinese coolie gangs chant as they work. Moreover, they chant antiphonally. Sometimes it is an old, weird, and inexpressibly beautiful folk-song; sometimes a narrative of the 'passing show.' For instance, as I come round the corner, the foreman will break into a low chant: 'Here comes a foreigner! Here comes a foreigner!' The men will chant in return: 'What does she wear to-day? What does she wear to-day?'

Or sometimes it is a wedding, or a funeral procession. We had a gorgeous one recently in Peking. One of the last concubines of the imperial family died. She was escorted to her Manchú tomb by a train of camels, each in the imperial trappings of yellow embroidered satin. I assure you more than the coolies broke into song when that stately procession moved slowly to the city gate.

I'm wondering how often they'll be singing — these coolies — when China moves into the mechanical stage. Now they lift the heaviest burdens, and pull the heaviest loads, to rhythm. This morning I heard their voices and followed the sound, until I came up with the group on one of the slopes of the temple enclosure. There I found an engine from Corry, Pennsylvania, with twenty sweating coolies trying to 'chant it' up the steep slope. But Corry failed to respond to Oriental symphony, and I fear the pauses were not all registered in the original score. When the foreign foreman came along, I learned what it was all about. The drills were close behind the engine, and both were there for

the purpose of driving an artesian well. If this is successful, they are to go from here to the famine area over in Shansi, where recent investigation has pointed to a possible subterranean lake. The foreigner's face shone as he told me his dream — a hundred artesian wells and a district interlaced with irrigating streams, and the end of this age-old scourge. That, of course, would be the real famine relief. (And by the way China has awakened to a new dream — famine prevention.)

While we were chatting, the coolies fetched some logs from the nearby wood and constructed a rough corduroy road, and Corry was again 'on the job,' moving steadily uphill to the tune of an old Tartar field song. 'Why did you not tell them to do that an hour ago?' I queried of my engineer. His answer was the slogan of the Orient: 'They would have lost face.' Having got their promise, 'Can do,' he must not interfere: otherwise, to-morrow no men. He told me with pride that this was the first American engine in the field, and that it would drill a well several thousand feet deep in three weeks — as against a four months' job by the Chinese method. I bade my glowing countryman good-bye, feeling that I had been in the presence of a real missionary, one who was willing to endure as seeing that which is as yet invisible.

When I came by late in the afternoon, neither engine nor coolies were in sight. On the other side of the summit I could hear their voices and an initial puff from Corry. They had gone 'over the top' to make a conquest of No Man's Land. The priests are still droning their sutras, and the Buddha sleeps.

Later

I like to think of the enthusiastic young foreigner, but I fear it is rather a flash in the pan for Corry. I am told that there is plenty of iron, coal, cotton,

and wool up in the famine area, and that that district should be evacuated by the 'farmers of forty centuries' and given over to diversified industries.

FOOCHOW, FUKIEN PROVINCE, CHINA

MY DEAR —,

I am of that small minority who have entered Paradise — being one of seventeen foreigners within the walls of this wonderful old city, which still shelters more than six hundred thousand inhabitants, though Amoy, with the honey-sweet fruit and the bitter morals, is fast stealing the trade. And I came, as the Fathers would prefer, via purgatory, — the China Merchants Line, there being no other way. The Big Liner, who 's a lady, goes direct to Hongkong, with never so much as a peep at the Chinese ports; and as there is no railway, one must leave one's maps and charts in port, and literally roll down on an evil-smelling little craft, with a population that rivals the states (and the jungle) for diversity.

We reached the mouth of the Ming River in the dark o' the moon, and had to wait until dawn to be piloted in. There are dreadful stories of the orgies of the river god, and of his mad displeasure if a craft enters without the escort of his emissary. How does thee think the pilots came aboard? They came out in a sampan, with women at the oars: when within a few feet of us, they 'tackled' our deck-rails with hooks embedded in long bamboo poles, skillfully kicked themselves clear of the sampan, and clambered up the poles to our deck, dropping the poles back into the water where they were rescued by the women rowers.

We came upstream in a primitive type of houseboat. The river life is dangerous and social and gay. All the boats are of wood, of the half-moon design, with ribbed sails of mahogany-colored pulp. One detail they all have

— a discerning black-and-white eye painted on the bow. *Warum?* The coolie boy murmurs, '*No have eye — no can see.*' Nothing could be more simple or satisfactory or rational — or Chinese. All the way up the river the coolies are crooning and yelling and screaming and banging their bamboo poles about, each one demanding the channel. Bamboo is the staple of life. Give us this day our daily bamboo is the river man's prayer. He punts with his bamboo pole, he sleeps under his bamboo hood, he gets his chow in a bamboo basket, he ties the vagrant baby with a bamboo cord, his *petit déjeuner* is of boiled bamboo sprouts, and on the rare occasions when he goes ashore, he smokes his bamboo pipe under a bamboo that sheds feathery shade.

Later

MY DEAR —,

The paradise was worth winning. I am high up above the city wall, beyond which a real moat glistens: out toward the sunrise are fields of golden mustard, toward the sunset gleam the rice paddies. Within reach are all the poinsettias, violets, roses, heliotrope, iris, begonia, and China lilies one could wish for. On the streets are good-looking women, with elaborate headdresses of blood-red silk, and chased silver ornaments, dagger-shape, from ten to fourteen inches long — the survival of one mediæval day when the women of the field were coerced and allowed this one weapon for defense. As far as I can see are purple hills. G — Y —, the Chinese friend who shares my sleeping-porch, says that last night I sat bolt upright and laughed aloud in my sleep. I do recall that I was trying to decide whether this was mediæval Brittany or the New Jerusalem, and that I picked the former because of the absence of the 'four-and-twenty elders.' Does thee wonder I was chortling?

To-morrow we go a-lacquering and I

shall have a bit in my locker when I return. This is the place for the No. 1 lacquer, which is done on silk and which sheds sunlight on the dourest day. It takes as much as eight months to make one of the little golden boxes, and the secret is a family affair, handed down, now, for generations.

Then there are dashing red-leather boxes, decorated in the most bizarre fashion. The burning question is, Will thee have dragons or storks? Think of that exquisite choice! Apparently, if one waits long enough, *all* the fairy stories do come true. Personally, I am all for the dragons, as gratifying a hidden instinct which generations of pacifism have failed to eradicate. Perhaps, too, I feel the irony of storks as a decorative element in a spinster equipment. Thee can take thy choice, but be influenced by the fact that the dragons offer an inexpensive way of seeing life. Recently we had the great privilege of seeing, late at night, the old dragon ceremony, given, in all its grandeur, in the Chinese courtyard of the Confucian chief here. I shall write thee later of that.

First Day evening

MY DEAR —,

We climbed this evening to our nearest 'high place' and said farewell to this quiet day from the old altar there. Steps thereto are cut from the solid rock; the altar itself is of the Stonehenge type — a rough post-and-lintel design; behind it is a huge bronze basin from which the sweet savor rose to the infinite. The earlier folk came to the 'friend behind phenomena' in their own way. The little temple beside the shrine is of the Confucian Order — plainer than a Friends' Meeting; just

an enclosed space, with a platform at one end on which stand the stately tablets of the law. Think of a temple furnished *only* with wisdom!

Pray that life may keep us simple
So that God may make us wise.

I shall go again to that high place — but not at sunset. Sunset and evening star, in a strange land, and the altar to the unknown god are not a bracing combination for folk who would be 'homeside.'

To remember a little Argive Street
Is torture to the bone.

Does thee remember?

Later

Thee 'll be interested in a detail of my landscape — a village of lake-dwellers exactly like the pictures of prehistoric days. These are for defense in the dreadful spring days, when the wicked little Ming rushes deliriously about over the plain.

I am one hundred and fifty feet above the street. The coolie is winding his way up my high hill, with the ever-present bamboo pole over his shoulder; from each end is suspended a five-gallon bucket of water. Every drop of water we use must be carried. We have one boy who does only that. Up and down, up and down, up and down he goes with his endless buckets. It's a 'pitiful doing,' and him still young; and even now unsightly welts of misplaced flesh warp each shoulder; and they will harden there before he knows another way. The potential deformity of all the workers is one of the tragedies. The worst of all is their quiet acceptance of it. Oh, not idolatry, not that, O Lord, not that, but the 'lethargic mind' is the hideous evil!

CHRIST IN OBERAMMERGAU

BY FERDINAND REYHER

I

THERE is a profound rationalism in man's former acceptance of miracles. In 1634, when the plague held heyday in Bavaria, Oberammergau quarantined itself against the world, armed watchmen guarding road and path. On Christmas Eve a villager, who had been employed outside, eluded the sentries and crept back to his family, bringing the plague. The village was almost depopulated. Those who remained, prayed. They pledged themselves to Almighty Intercession to give a performance of the Passion Play every ten years, if the plague were checked. From that moment none died, and every ten years, with a few unavoidable omissions, Oberammergau kept its word.

My trip to Oberammergau for Christmas began, properly speaking, in the cavernous waiting-room at Hanau. I arrived there at half past nine at night; the Munich express did not come through until half past twelve. I wrote a letter, and listened to the wind twining about the net of sheds outside. After a time I stopped writing and talked to the waiter. He had come on duty at five o'clock that morning, and would go off duty at one. He was given to philosophy, and had developed the thesis that the strain of his position was due to the collective nervousness of travelers focusing itself upon him.

When the waiter went away the other traveler called to me over his newspaper, from the second plush settee along the wall: —

'You travel cheaply here these days, eh?'

It was neither unceremonious nor abrupt, but the national greeting to foreigners, as casual as 'Good-evening,' as stereotyped as a doll's squeak, and more wearisome. First used when the mark fell to four cents, it was substituted for comments on the weather when the *Valuta* crashed to three hundred marks for one dollar. After an eliminating bad guess that I was English seemed to inform him that I was American, he set himself to serious discussion.

'France will never be satisfied until Germany is destroyed,' he told me.

After the San Francisco earthquake, a New Yorker might conceivably have turned to a stranger in the subway and said, 'Was n't it awful?' His loquacity would have been mysterious but not his meaning. National catastrophes, with a sentimental race like the German, become national obsessions. The new hate of all Germany for France was packed into those words. A polemic was sent at me between rustlings of newspapers, gulps of beer, and mouthfuls of sandwich. Presently I understood why I was journeying to the Bavarian Alps, and entrusting myself to an out-of-season train-service. Previously I had considered only that this summer, for the first time in twelve years, the famous Passion Play was to be given, and I was curious about the preparations. Now I wanted to speak

with one man in Europe who would be free of hate, unconcerned with the *Valuta*, and given to no sarcasm over the Conference in Washington: Anton Lang, the potter Christus of the Passion Play. I would spend Christmas with Christ in Oberammergau.

The appropriateness of the season pleased every literary instinct in me. Yet there was, too, — born out of my weariness with the disastrous political fumbblings, the inchoate political talk, and the moral as well as mental stupidity of Europe advancing its ostensible programme of reconstruction in front of augmented batteries of hate and increasingly reckless antagonisms, — a wistful desire to come again in contact with the Christian legend. The qualities of it had escaped me through fourteen years of assiduous Sunday-School attendance, only to reveal themselves, I remember, during the most materialistic period of college, through the authority of the art of the New Testament.

II

The incline to the Alps begins shortly after leaving Munich. The cool winter lights on the lakes that began to appear on both sides were a relief after the grayness of Berlin. Our traveling companions were a young man affable with industrial statistics; a Japanese student from the Inns o' Court for Parthenkirche, without a word of German, to see the winter sports; two ladies from Hamburg, also holidaying in the Tyrol; and a Bavarian in black-and-white breeches. His expansive local pride in the cheapness of the cost of living in Bavaria compared to northern Germany was ironic, his system of the quickest way of dealing with political dissenters sardonic, and his opinion of the Ebert Ministry a tribute to the toughness of Teutonic imperialism. He was bitterly occupied with what

the outer world must socially think of a nation which made a fat harness-maker its president.

The little electric train which swingingly climbs the steep stretch from Murnau to Oberammergau brought us in after dark. We climbed off, and went through the station gates.

It is not always easy to determine whether one's impressions are determined by what one wishes to see or the converse.

The first thing to attract one's gaze, even before one catches a glimpse of the village, attracting the eyes upward, is a thing of mighty symbolical import. One of the peaks, detached as it were, and isolated from the rest, rises up, narrowing at the summit to receive, as its crown, a lofty simple cross.

Unfortunately the great gilded cross of the Kofel was not visible in the dark; and the first thing that attracted my gaze was a smallish dog, harnessed to a much larger cart which was being filled with suitcases and packages.

It was the first time I had seen a dog harnessed to a cart since I had been in Holland or Havre, and it affected me with the discomfort of inappropriateness. I am not here concerned with any moral or humanitarian attitude; merely the artistic. On the way to the hotel, I tried to recall from either of the Testaments a word on the treatment of animals.

In the Gasthof Alte Post we saw the first important actor of the Passion Play, Peter, seated at the earthly bar of the hotel quaffing Munich beer.

Next door to the Alte Post, but set somewhat back, is Hafnertoni, the house of Anton Lang. Like almost every dwelling in Oberammergau, it is a boarding-house. Shortly after eight o'clock we knocked at the door. The family had just finished the evening meal. I had a glimpse of two sturdy children, and a youth with arrestingly

tender features and beautiful long hair. The pleasant Bavarian greeting of God, 'Grüss Gott!' passed, and we were left alone with the Christ of the Passion Play.

The peculiar state of anticipation in which I had come to Oberammergau after more than a year of Europe, all that I had heard of the Passion Play and of him, gave me a moment in which I was conscious only of what an excellent working copy he was of Da Vinci's Christ of The Last Supper. Pictorially he satisfied my expectations. I saw him rather as a composite of my own emotional projections than as himself. Gradually he emerged into personal distinctness.

A loose-jointed man, with an appearance of frailty, which is, however, a sort of sensitive flexibility. He might, indeed, be strong. Quick, knuckly hands — the soiled hands of a potter, with the potter's necessarily cunning fingers. He wore a blue jumper, flappy trousers. His natural long hair and beard were untinged with gray, despite his forty-six years and the exigencies of probably the most strenuous rôle in drama. Wrinkles creased his rounded, tight forehead. His nose was wonderfully finely shaped.

We began speaking of the things about which my friend, the correspondent of the world's greatest newspaper, had come to ask Christ.

'Our frame of mind toward the Passion Play this year is very different from what it once was,' he said. 'The sufferings of the war and its results have brought in a new seriousness. There is none of the old joy in making ready. The joy has gone out of the play. The war has made the players spiritual.'

He paused here, and I had my first twinge of disappointment. It was too glib. War in itself is generally idealism gone wrong; and psychologically its

back fire is materialism. And there was something not right in the implied necessity of conflict between joy and spirituality.

'From the new seriousness and sorrow of the war, however, the art of the Passion Play will gain.'

He rose with a swift, stooping grace, and from an orderly writing table brought us a prospectus of the Passion Play performances.

'The Passion Play is neither Catholic nor Protestant, but Christian, and this year it has a special mission. It will act as a means of bringing the world together again and bringing back the lost brotherhood of man. We want more foreigners to come than ever before, and we shall be able to take care of them despite —'

At this moment Frau Lang reëntered the room.

A rotund, compact, rosy woman with the gift of imparting the impression of being good at figures. Without shock, yet instantly, the conversation became mundane. As he finished explaining the plan of the Government to establish food depots, from which supplies for the expected quarter of a million visitors to the Passion Play can be drawn without draining the immediate district, Frau Lang said:—

'We ourselves really do not know how to make ends meet. We live from hand to mouth. There is really no more middle class; we all belong to the poor. Oberammergau itself is already one and a half million marks in debt.'

She laid her hands, with the sewing between them, on the table, and eagerly continued. I waited for the fatal, 'You travel cheaply here now, *nicht?*'

She spared us. Prettily appreciative of the help sent the village by German Americans and the Quakers, she swung the conversation over to the *Valuta*, however. I know that the economic state of Germany is ominous; that

there is doleful cause for the *Valuta* being the supreme mania of Germany. But the high Biblical place given to charity may be due to its facile tendency to exhaustion. A foreigner's sympathies for German wretchedness are apt to be congealed into indifference by months of comparatively polite attention to everyone's ideas on the rate of exchange as the source of all ills, internal and external. One experiences something like a goose-flesh creeping of one's sensibilities when the word is mentioned. Europe, despite its traditions of culture, has not learned that there is a vulgarity of poverty as well as a vulgarity of riches.

One meets here, daily, gentlemen and gentlewomen who have alternately frozen and baked in financial infernos; and one of the most dejecting experiences human sympathy can subject itself to is to note the little engraved scratchings on the steely polish of character after a bout with the furies of insolvency, or inadequacy to meet the demands of their positions, which must be held to because what these people still have they have from these positions. This is the problem of the fixed-salary intellectuals of Germany.

Suddenly like a clap of cannon fire I heard the potter say: 'France will not be satisfied until she has crushed us altogether.'

I turned and almost involuntarily asked him: 'Do you expect any French to come to Oberammergau this summer?'

'Well —,' he smiled deplorably — 'we hope not. If they come, we must take care of them; but we hope no French will come. There is too much hate against France. The stories our people have told us of prison camps and other things make me hope no French will come to Oberammergau.'

My purpose in being there seemed to break in the middle with a clean ring.

'The Passion Play of Oberammergau has a special mission this year . . . to bring the world together. . . . But we hope no French will come to Oberammergau —'

The moilings and coilings of men's mentalities find in Europe to-day neither obstacle nor humor in paradox. A chilly cynicism came over me — almost derisiveness. I could properly honor his manliness of outspoken hate, infinitely preferring it to cant; but how well had he learned his rôle, after all?

My eyes abruptly clear, I looked at him carefully, listening rather to the intonation of his voice for *nuances* of sincerity and insincerity, and the accents, rather than the matter, of wisdom. His voice was modulated with something that seemed to me now a combination of religious habit and professional training; it was sonorously pitched, and his German, in a district where speech is a coarse dialect, correct. His loose-jointedness, his silky hirsuteness, his voice, all tended to reproduce that endearing gentleness which still somehow shines through nineteen hundred years of adamantine bigotry, theological prowling, and institutional stalking of doctrines, recruxifixions innumerable and gargoylian Gothic dogma.

But his apparent humility and forbearance stopped short of itself, somehow. Perhaps at his eyes. There was something in his cool blue and entirely un-Jewish and mystical blue eyes that was distinctly un-Christlike. They were not calculating eyes. It was, perhaps, that that amazing intelligence of Christ which, granted the premises claimed, makes His career undebatably logical to its end, was missing. It might be that the hardness of his cool Northern gaze was due to a youthfully imitated mysticism, hardened into a mysticism, still foreign to him, become habitual. As near as he was to Da Vinci's Christ

in the flesh, I suspected him of a temperament compounded of the spiritual and outward obeisances he must make to this sort of mysticism; an astute worldly perspective, which he unconsciously inhibited; and sizable histrionic vanity. He was, first and foremost, the thrice-elected Christ of the most famous Passion Play in the world — an honor no one not of Oberammergau itself can appraise fully, — and as such, assured of immortality in the general records of art and the very particular chronicles of his village; secondly, a Bavarian and monarchist; thirdly, a German and reluctant Republican.

For Frau Lang made a point of elucidating the gossip about the recent election of the principal character of the play.

‘They say that Herr Lang had only a majority of one, but that is not true.’

He shifted in his chair.

‘The important thing,’ he said, ‘is, not by how many votes one is elected, but that one is elected.’

I believe that his majority was two votes in the last contest between youth and age for the highest honors Oberammergau can give. Against the disadvantage of his forty-six years was the advantage of the publicity which his fame and influence would give the Passion Play in America, which in these times would be a deciding factor in his election, aside from his experience and previous success with the rôle.

Two comments upon the political situation revealed him the Bavarian and royalist first, and German last.

‘The revolution was worse than the war.’

‘Germany must hold together. Bavaria is too small and exposed to be a separate nation. Prussia is the sour apple that must be bitten into.’

The French aim of Bavarian separation stumbled on a religious block perhaps as much as on any other. Bavaria,

officially and socially Roman Catholic, and pre-Reformation Catholic, would hardly go with France, officially atheistic. He smiled his smile of strangely mingled gentleness and shrewdness when he spoke of the Washington Conference and disarmament.

‘We have read so much in the papers,’ he protested with charming wariness, ‘that we believe sparingly.’

He had arrived at that common distrust of the newspapers of the opposition, which prepares so thoroughly for credence in those of one’s own views. The cool, radical, objective sagacity of the Christ of the twelfth chapter of Matthew was again lacking. I could feel the strain of ennui settling on him. He has been much interviewed in his life. But he rose with naïve new interest, to bring us a letter from America inviting him there to play Christ at any salary he would name; and told us the story of the American motion-picture producer, who recently arrived in Oberammergau with a check-book potent enough to obliterate the German indemnity, but not to buy the film rights of the Passion Play. Frau Lang described it as ‘a real temptation at this time’; and, as we discovered next day, the whole village was inordinately proud to have had the strength to request Satan to get behind it.

She related other stories of professional offers, and her husband’s refusal to look upon the cities of the world. But the point missed in the American motion-picture producer’s rebuff is precisely his lack of cash. That Oberammergau regarded the proposal as a transaction involving thirty pieces of silver is plausible enough. The fact remains, however, that, the rights not being the property of any particular generation, after a minimum calculation of the generations which are still to build their lives and fame about the play, — still to receive their meagre

three or four hundred dollars for each of the leading rôles, involving, as they may, years of preparation, months of rehearsal, and the renunciation of yet other temptations, — it is impossible to estimate the adequate compensation for depriving them of their monopoly. Brought up in a constantly revitalized tradition, which has given them a unique property and honor in the world, and a regularly accruing revenue to their village, they know the cash value of immortality, and it would require a village of Judases to sign a contract of sale.

The last thing of which we spoke, after he had patiently consented to being photographed the next day, was the company of Freiburg Players, who give performances of a Passion Play and advertise themselves as Oberammergauers. As I went back to the hotel, I was able to consider a new paradox of the forgiving spirit, which assumes a mission to reintroduce peace and fraternity in a world without Frenchmen, but insists upon curtailing the propaganda for good-will among men to a severely accurate observance of its own trade-name.

As I lay in bed upstairs in the Gasthof Alte Post, next door to the house of Christus, I went over my hour with him, and three sentences always came back with new force: —

‘The revolution was worse than the war.’

‘All the world, only not France.’

‘The war has made our actors more spiritual.’

III

The atmosphere of the village is theatrical. In the thin winter sunshine, with its elaborately frescoed houses, its surrounding snow-capped hills, the minaret steeple of its church, and its glittering Cross of the Kofel, from which a visible beam streamed toward

the opposite peak, as if a celestial lime-light were thrown on it from behind, Oberammergau was like a perfectly struck *mise-en-scène*. The long-haired Pre-Raphaelite boys and youths gave the impression of growing up to *be* Christ, rather than like him. They were nearly all comely. Through some freak of ethnological derivation, these people are said to have a Celtic origin; but they give an impression of un-Celtic commercial acumen. They have had a thorough training in trade, inheriting a tradition of barter older than Christendom; for their village was a station on the Roman road from Verona to Augsburg, and their ancestors flourished when the great caravan route from Central Germany across the Alps to Italy went by their doors.

Again I was struck with the diversity of impressions the same objects can create in a variety of witnesses. There is an alarming consensus of opinion, however, that Oberammergauers are ‘simple mountaineers,’ sociologically idyllic peasants, with ‘three acres and a cow.’

Immediately one is transplanted to another world, a simpler, saner, freer, more natural and wholesome outlook, where the lies of a false civilization do not exist, where the beauties of nature are not sneered at, and the ugly strenuousness of modern life forced in upon one as a virtue.

For myself, I discovered the shopkeepers to possess a remarkably practical knowledge of the *Valuta* and foreign accents; and the bookseller, confronted with the fact that a book he had sold us for eighty marks as a rarity could be plentifully had round the corner for fifty marks, evolved a political theory of salesmanship which would have done credit to a Berlin merchant.

But, chary as one may be of the literal value of even unanimous reports of human perfection, Oberammergau presents at least the possibility of life

lived with maximum wiseness, happiness, and intensity. Remember that this is a highly sophisticated, tourist-haunted community, with an innate wariness in business, craftsmanship, religion, and art. Its inhabitants have the spacious duality of both passive and active participation in the pageantry of things. It is an amazing arrangement, whereby a potter can hold the centre of a stage illuminated by every newspaper and journal in the Occident, and Peter divide his talents between the bars of heaven and the *Alte Post*, and play *skat* until the cock crows thrice.

Bear in mind, too, which is the great tribute one must pay Oberammergau, that they take their religion humanely, not vindictively nor frivolously; that they are genially reverent, and have the pleasant heritage of that mountaineer peasant humor which keeps sacrilege more surely at arm's length than the sour aspect of any savage bigotry has ever yet managed to do. It is a community where a man may be humble, and yet have news of the day; where the respect of one's fellows is immortality; where immortality should come to every family, for no other reason than that it is born there, and its ancestral right to fame is assured by every law of chance and offspring as certainly as its ancestral rights include free pasturage on the Alps for its cattle.

In the house of Georg Lang, sculptor and stage manager of the Passion Play, the famous Christmas Group of Oberammergau was on exhibition. It is a bewitching example of wood-carving and miniature costuming, representing, by scores of figures and Düreresque properties, the Annunciation and entire prelude to the Passion. It was cut by Oberammergau craftsmen a hundred years ago; but it has the forthright effectiveness of fourteenth-century wood-carving. It was an eloquent wit-

ness of this community's coöperation in the production of art.

The stage manager, Lang, was a big, raw-boned man, with close-cropped skull, high cheek-bones, and magnificent huge hands, the fingers spatulate and bulky-knuckled. Unobtrusively he imparted the impression of an intelligence and earnestness beyond those of anyone else we met here. The man was completely an artist. He alone had a constructive and mobile attitude toward the Passion Play itself. He was sensitive to the streams of artistic tendencies, and the lure of the primitive, which is one of the main currents of modern art, evinced itself in his intention to bring the play nearer to its former simplicity of speech, its brighter warmth of naïve yet more significant costuming, and its broader adoration. One had the feeling that he looked at the Christmas Group, beside which we were standing, when he was alone, or sought out authentic art elsewhere, and learned from it. That he was far beyond his village contemporaries, because he was really so much closer to their best traditions. I first felt concretely through him the vitality of Oberammergau tradition.

Balzac, whose scientific, political, philosophical, and religious generalities can usually be only graciously regarded as fantastic, said wisely, however:—

‘I do not share the belief in indefinite progress for society as a whole; I believe in man's improvement in himself.’

This is Christianity down to its least common multiple; and because art is interested primarily not in communities, but in individuals, I suddenly felt that this Passion Play, with its community concentration upon the greatest protagonist in western history, and particularly upon the *acting* of His part, must have broken away from the

severe restrictions of community proprietorship, and be an artistic thing after all, not a revival of mere religious pageantry.

There is just as much mankind in some communities as in others, and perhaps more. The Passion Play is not acted by untrained, self-conscious citizens. They prepare for their rôles in pieces sacred and profane, with a diligence beyond the belief of even our own amateur theatrical societies; in secret declamations, at which the rocks in remote glens hereabouts must often have groaned; in secret pantomimic rehearsals of gestures; in daily mental performances; in technical scrutiny of the best actors in the large cities. There are families here with traditions of the stage which the last of the Booths might envy.

There is no art without passion, and man must know passion, suffer under it, or attain it imaginatively, to put it into art. There must be passion to spare in Oberammergau—a quiet, deep undercurrent of it running through the entire life of any likely candidate for a principal rôle. Not only passion, but tragedy, culminates in each decade's election. It is decorously held in hand by the respect for tradition and by the continental reverence for elders assembled in committee. Each election is not only a clash between youth and age: the years between signify that a favored candidate for the rôle of Christus, who has approached the age of thirty, missing election, misses every chance to play the part; for at the next voting, he is opposed not only by his own former defeat, but, in his turn, by youth. I had an inkling of the devastating disappointment of such defeat when I met the wood-carver, Aloysius Lang, the understudy to Anton Lang and his most formidable rival. He is twenty-six, athletic, and almost the handsomest man I have ever seen.

He will play the rôle of Nicodemus, and, barring accident, never that of Christus.

Behind the performance of the Passion Play there is all-pervading preparatory passion to spare. Men and women have gone insane over their rôles; only 'unblemished women' being permitted to act, girls have deferred their marriage for years, on the hint that they might be chosen for one of the Marys; and at least one Judas sought to hang himself.

IV

Long after I had left Oberammergau, and left the still delicious city of Munich; left Frankfurt, and arrived in a little Hessian village whose perfectly preserved towers, moat, battlements, resident castle, and red sandstone gates date from the Crusades, I was still wondering. I can never get over an astonishment at the silliness of human hatred for anything but its own stupidity. If hatred were not so dangerous, we could laugh it away. But it is the chronic insanity of the world, and one may come to believe that even the perfect hatred of the Psalmist was ill considered.

It is only that impossibility for the average person to maintain a great hate or a great love—the essential lukewarmness of humanity—which keeps back ruin. It is not our high feelings and spasmodic nobilities which save us, but the absence of them. While Europe still rings, not so truculently in this quarter as once, with non-committal grandiloquence, humanity goes more or less about its business of inelastic egotism. The thing which truly effects, which continues to goad, is the personal thing, despite the daily nationalistic diatribes of the incendiary press.

What did I want of the Christus of the Passion Play?

I recall nothing that could have confirmed me in a philosophy of cynicism more than his statement that, while he hoped the Passion Play would be the instrument for promoting fraternity to the world, he hoped that no Frenchman would come to Oberammergau. France to-day is mad; but this is madder. Reaction, though trending backward, somehow does not lead any of us, not even impersonators of the central symbol of Christianity, to Christ, or even to a Roman Emperor, who said, 'It is thy duty to leave another man's wrongful act there where it is.'

The man who must drag a hollow cross, weighing nevertheless much over one hundred pounds, for twenty minutes, about the stage in Oberammergau, through next May and June and July and August and September, will always remain in my mind as the symbol of the hopeless, the unending and passionate blindness of mankind.

What did I want of him, after all? I do not know, exactly. I knew he was only a man of a certain religious sect, who looked like Da Vinci's Christ in what photographs I had seen of the Passion Play. I knew, also, that he would not have been chosen for the part originally, and certainly not twice subsequently, if his acting had not been equal to the exacting traditions of the Passion Play.

Consequently, I understood perfectly well that neither his ethic nor political philosophy, except in so far as a genially observant community might regulate the public side of his private life and convictions accordingly, would affect his performance. And in that dark forest which is the heart of man there might well be things which, making him less the better man, might make him the better artist. Those of us who are preordained

spectators learn that the value of the spectacle is precisely in proportion to the fund of passion the actors can draw upon to endow their parts with humanity. He disappointed me for humanity, but he heartened me for art. Were he a wiser man, I might never go to see the Passion Play.

Yet I knew that he was a father of sons. I presume that I expected Anton Lang to say something like this:—

'I have sons, and I am teaching them to permit themselves to be crucified before they will permit themselves to take up arms against other men.'

The trouble with me was, I discovered as I was leaving Oberammergau, that I had come to the wrong place in search of the wrong thing. I had come to an artistic and shopkeeping community in search of an ethic philosopher, or an apostle—in search of Christ Himself, indeed. And I did not find Him.

Common humanity has a gift of sometimes pointing the irony of high expectations. I returned from Oberammergau, where the tradition of the Man Who preached forgiveness has been kept vividly alive for three hundred years, and over a supper-table I heard a fat little German veteran of four years' service, Vimy Ridge, and the Somme say:—

'Sure, I'd eat with a Frenchman at my table in my own house, if he was a decent chap. I'm for a decent Frenchman over a scurvy German every time!'

Over the dry potatoes and tough sausage of that lower middle-class Hessian meal, I might have missed the significance of that, if I had not gone to Oberammergau. The spirit of the Emperor of the Chinese proverb, if not his sacred person, may, after all, sometimes be found in a common tea-house.

THE SILVER CUP

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

I WAS down at Banga in July, for a health-change. Rhoda Rivers was there. You remember, she came out with me more than a year ago; she has been at Banga ever since. The Mission put her there because the Wards would be sure to be kind to her, and there is no one better than Mrs. Ward for training the novice. You 've got to take account of these things when you set a girl as young as Rhoda — I'm sure she cannot be more than twenty-five — in a circumstance so violent in its difference from what she knows or what she can have imagined.

I noticed the change in Rhoda as soon as she came in, and it was more than the change we look to see in the first year. It was n't just Africa — she had n't gone off so much in her color as in her temperament. She was as pretty as I remember her to have been on the steamer, but not so gay: I missed that glint of herself beneath the bloom of her surface. I can't say I missed all this at first. I got in about three o'clock; came in from Ajap that day, — on my wheel of course, — and that was pretty good going, as you will agree, in the rainy season and on that clay road, with the sun like a flame about your body all morning. Anyway, I got in before the rain fell; the thunder of it was about the house ten minutes after I arrived.

They put me in Rhoda's room. I had a bath in her rubber tub, and was all dry in some of her good smelling clothes

before she came in. Funny how she can keep her belongings sweet in the rainy season — and in that little old hut of the Wards, where the rain drives through the slits in the bark every day. I was lying on her cot — her bed was side-tracked up the coast somewhere, poor kid — when she came in. Wet to the skin, her helmet a pulp. She was glad enough to see me to devour me. She put her arms around me and laid her cold wet cheek against mine, and I could feel the warm tears run out of her eyes.

I remembered my own first year in this forest, before I could speak the language, or was so crazy about the work as I am now, or knew the forest women. Many a lonely night I have looked out of the window in that old clearing that used to be in the elbow of the Mboto River — it has gone back to forest now, but it was the pioneer station then; and I used to look out into the rain or the moonlight, wondering to see the lonely place it was — and myself in it. It's one thing, is n't it, to read about Livingstone, and quite another to look out of a little cabin in a little clearing in an African forest and to think — well, here I am, an African missionary!

I suppose that Rhoda had had similar shocks, and she had n't yet got the hang of her job or the taste for her profession. I met her mother before we sailed, and I was her cabin-mate coming down the coast, so I was as near a

friend as she had in the Dark Continent, and the only one who called her by her first name. But you know all these things, and how you seem, in your first year, to have no first name or other personal identification; and you'll believe that Rhoda was glad to see me.

She bathed and dressed, talking to me all the time. She wanted to know how long I would stay, and could n't I come back for Christmas, and did I think her hair had grown darker. She shook out that hair of hers — the color of barley sugar candy — into its cloud of sparkle, and peered at it in the glass. The dark of the rain was in the room, and she lit a lamp.

A black woman came in, her skin all wet with rain — at least, her legs and thighs were wet; her body was covered with a khaki coat. Those Pala women pick up all sorts of things to wear when they are paid at the beach for the rubber they carry down.

I was awfully interested to see how Rhoda would handle the woman; you know how we must always speculate about new missionaries and how they will take hold; and I must say that Rhoda had never given me a sense that she had a vocation. But I liked the way she seemed to know the woman and to like to have her there, talking to her in a halting Pala that was n't half bad for a first-year baby missionary. I understand that dialect from the time I worked with the Pala to the south. The Pala woman sat on the floor, — new planks since you were at that station, — and began to love Rhoda with her eyes; which I was glad to see: there is no better sign. Rhoda spread her hair; the woman slapped her thighs and cried out her admiration of that beauty: 'My mother, if you could see this beauty!' You know how they do. And Rhoda, like the rest of us when we were new, rose to that. The

lamp that shines behind her face was lit for a moment; she looked at herself in the glass and her sweet upper lip smiled. It gave me a pang to see so pretty a girl so sensitive to such praise.

Rhoda lives in the east room of that little house, and the Wards in the west; they eat in the middle room. Will Arden eats with them; but he has put up a bit of a cabin for himself. I had n't seen him since he came back from furlough. He and I were at the same station in the south three years ago, so we had a lot to talk about. And three of my schoolgirls have been married off to Pala men; so Mrs. Ward and I had a lot to talk about. We always do have. I like that woman.

The talk was quick around the table that night, and of the usual exciting sort that we drop into when we have been long enough in the work: about marriages, and epidemics, and poisonings, and personalities, and who has a baby, and who has stolen a woman, and who has distinguished himself as a villain or a Christian. Items of murder, items of hunting, items of government control — all the sort of thing that seems exciting when you really know a neighborhood.

We were going along like this, marrying and baptizing and killing people off, when I happened to look at Rhoda. There was her little face under her candy-colored hair, like an unlighted lamp under a bright shade. What did she care for Town Topics south of the So River? She was thinking thoughts of far away, or perhaps not thinking at all. That young spirit was drowsing away the dull hour till there should be a knock at the door. I remembered how, on the steamer, she had been a perceptible radiance, and how young fellows from the trading-posts all along the Coast had turned dazzled faces toward that light. Poor lads, — lost now in what isolated clearings, — drowsing

away dull hours, as lonely and lonelier than she. Their last look from the surf-boat had been for her, when we dropped them off as we came south. Sitting in the jumble of their luggage between the rowers, they had kept off their helmets longer than was wise, turning their diminishing white faces up to where she leaned over the rail. I suppose that many a one of them has a quite adequate image of her in his heart to this day, and takes occasion to wonder, in the most unlikely places, is that lovely Rivers girl married yet?

Of course, when she was sent in to Pala and Will Arden was at Pala too, there was a thought in the Mission mind that here is where Arden 'meets,' as the Pala people say of a day of reckoning. But I did n't see anything to revive that thought in my mind, where it had died. After I came out of my enchantment of — well, you know the enchantment of fresh and friendly talk after long isolations — and took note of Rhoda sitting there like a shadow under the eaves on a moonlit night, I took note as well of my confederates. What were they thinking of that eclipse? And they were not thinking. Perhaps they did not know it was an eclipse. You know how at a station there is a kind of blindness — it is the blindness of custom. I watched to see if Mrs. Ward liked her, and she did.

I thought Will Arden was a little harsh with her: he told her he had seen her with her helmet off, and how could she be so unwise? There is no doctor at Banga, so I suppose they all felt responsible for her. And she resented it — that was plain. Of course the Wards clamored when they heard that she had been without her helmet, and she said — well, that it had been no more than a minute. Some carriers had begged to see her hair. You can think how they all jumped on her for that, and told her the old tale of how Mrs. Carson lost

her helmet out of a canoe, and had a sunstroke before the crew could get her ashore. I judged that Rhoda had heard this horror before. Anyway, there she sat, looking very bored by the misadventures of Mrs. Carson, and there sat Will Arden, looking at her with those bright eyes he gets when he is crossed. And I was thinking: too bad to see such brightness dimmed. And I thought: I suppose we all went through it. And then I wondered: but did we? None of us was so lovely to start with, except perhaps Mary Allen; and there is Bob Allen, to feed that flame of beauty.

I could have chatted with the Wards all night, — I certainly do like that woman, — but I went to bed early on Rhoda's account. I thought she would be longing to talk to me, that being the familiar hunger of the first year. Her cot and my cot were under the same mosquito-net in her little room, which was as full of moonlight as a cup may be of water; and I thought she would murmur to me for hours — I meant she should. But I could n't keep awake. I had been on the road since dawn, and this for three mornings. I dropped asleep before she began to be intimate.

I woke with the call of the guinea-fowl, like the good traveler I have learned to be; and when I lit the lamp, Rhoda was still asleep, pale in her bright hair. Mrs. Ward had my breakfast ready by lamp-light, — bless her! — and I was going to be off with the first pallor of day. Will Arden came over to look at my wheel; I held the lantern while he pumped it up. So far as I know, the wheel had been under the house all night, but there it was anyway — punctured. And when he looked at my supplies, he said I had better keep them; we were short at that time in the Mission, and Blake, he said, would be willing to part with some of his.

This was the first word ever I heard of Blake, but I knew he must be the trader over at the Clark and Hatson factory across the river. Someone had said there was a white man at that post. Will Arden shouted to his boy, who answered at his elbow, — as of course he would do when there was a wheel in repair, — and he was ordered to go to Mr. Blake with a note, which Arden began to write on one knee where he knelt beside the wheel. Rhoda stood then in the lighted doorway and said it was useless — that Mr. Blake was away taking stock of his black traders to the north. Since when? Mr. Arden wanted to know; and Rhoda knew that too. As for me, I knew that the day was growing, and my journey all to do.

I had to pull out on my old tire, patched up by Will Arden; the sun was rising when I slid out of the clearing into the government road. You know how everything goes wrong once you start late, and I was less than an hour from the station when I had a blow-out. I was on my knees before my kit of tools when Blake came up — in that stealing way a bicycle has, giving me no warning until I heard him say good-morning. When I looked up, he had dismounted beside me; his helmet was in his hand.

Well, he was terribly disappointed when he saw who I was, and taken aback. Anti-climax is the word, and I cannot pretend that this lightning change from illumination to eclipse commended Mr. Blake. It is because I am not young, I thought, or because I am an American. But I know now that he took me for Rhoda, not knowing what other white woman would be abroad in that wilderness, and on a wheel.

I am bound to record that Mr. Blake did all that could be done for my mechanical infirmities. And I must still

remember with some complacency that we parted without any comment from him on the futility of my profession. You know how they suffer until they have told us how mad we are. Well, I left him still burdened with that repressed desire; I thought he could work it off on Will Arden — as doubtless he had done and would do. More I cannot tell you of Mr. Blake, but I have never been one to wonder how Rhoda could have done as she did. I must always remember the face he showed me when he thought that I was she, and before he withdrew and slammed the door. I suppose that even Bottom must have had some secret for Titania that Shakespeare himself did not guess; and Mr. Blake, at worst, was very far from being an ass — yes, and from a villain. He was a very presentable and well-mannered young man. This I say at worst; and at best — who knows so well as Rhoda what he may have been at best?

The rest of what I can tell you I got from Rhoda when the Banga people came down at Easter for the conference. She told me all she could one night, then, and I patched it up out of what she said, and what she did n't say, and of what I know as a rolling stone knows moss.

II

It began, it seems, when Rhoda had been three months at Banga. She imagines that it began with loneliness, but I'm for vanity. A new dress figured in the prologue: she had put on a new dress from her little reserve store, and there was no comment. When she presented herself, — like a nosegay, I suppose, in that little bark cabin, — no one said, How sweet you look! Mr. Arden, when he looked at her, looked away. He was always doing that, Rhoda said; or nagging her about her helmet — not at all in the voice he used to anyone

else. Even Mrs. Ward did not look at her — and this I don't believe.

But it seems that, on this fatal day and at the noon meal, there was talk of the most impersonal and boring things. A company of rustics had come in that morning from Kumba, fifty miles away; they had brought children for the school, and sick for the hospital, and all their poor thrilling questions about the Things of God. They had devoured all the human interest of the Wards and Will Arden, who came to the table still vibrating with those contacts. As a matter of fact, that little expedition was the initial gesture from the people of the Ngela tribe, and an historic event. There is this to be remembered of Rhoda — she did not yet know the language, and there was not yet any little trail of friendly intercourse from the door of her own heart to the humble hearts about her. And on this day, so full of excitement to her seniors, she let the tide of comment pass her; she sulked, with tears in her turquoise eyes.

I do assure you that such hours are remembered by all of us: we wake from a warm dream when home seemed near, to find ourselves lost and forsaken in such a dark forest as we had not imagined. It is like Dante on the verge of his gloomy wood, and high time for Virgil to come to the rescue. Can't you see old Minkoe Ntem cast for Virgil? I give you my word I have seen her in that rôle: that old black woman took me by the hand and led me out of the wilderness into the open clearing of my career. And so did someone, black or white, do for one and the other of us, coming along in the nick of time.

Well, as I take it, here was Rhoda at midnight, and all the rest of them engaging themselves at high noon with the personal affairs of the scum of Kumba. There is this difference in clocks when your heart's in the High-

lands, and your heart is not here. Obviously her only friend was herself — otherwise the world was strange. She cried before she went out that day. And that was the day she made friends with Mr. Blake.

She was on the path that runs east from Banga, — in those days she was going about in the villages learning the language and the people, — and he was coming back from one of his inland trips. He got off his wheel and walked with her a bit. He said that she had on a pretty frock; that it did a chap's heart good to see the like in this forlorn country. He told her how lonely he was, and that this was his first term out, and, so help him, his last. Quite different it was, he said, to what a man would think before he had seen it for himself. He was one of five sons; the Old Chap was a doctor in the suburbs of Manchester. His mother was keen on missions, he said, but that was not his line. Missions were all right, he supposed, for middle-aged people who were done with the pleasures of life; but he just could n't feel it right that a person like herself should be buried in this last ditch.

They spoke of home and of home-going: he was to go home in six months. Well, never again for him!

'And for me,' she said, 'always again forever!' A missionary was like that, she told him; they always came back.

Was it a vow, he wanted to know; and she told him — not exactly a vow, and that they seemed to like it.

'Good Lord!' he said.

This was their first meeting, and she went home with that lighted face that I remember from the steamer.

After this they met often. For her sake he used to come to the Wards' cabin of an evening, when they all sat together about the lamp on the table, and the many moths of the lowlands fell on the white cloth. The centre room

was not screened in those days, and there was good hunting for Will Arden, who was an amateur of moths. Neither Blake nor Rhoda had much comfort of these visits — the Wards were friendly enough, but Blake did not like them. I suppose he thought there must be something morbid in people who came out to the West Coast on such an errand. Better times were meetings by the way, when they could speak of — well, there is no very accurate record of those conversations; we don't need it. She liked him, and she missed him when he would be off hunting ivories under the bamboo beds of the inland villages. She knew to a day when he would return from these expeditions. For him she dressed her prettiest and brushed her bright hair — as she would have done for the Wards or for Will Arden, had they been any sort of reflectors. But no, it seems that they were not reflectors. It was just as if, said Rhoda, he hated me when I looked a little nice. More than than at any time, but always a little.

Will Arden and she were in the school together; he sat at one end of the shadow under that great thatch and she was busy at the other. There they were, day after day, the two white people among those three or four hundred young brown bodies. Everyone there thought her a wonder except Will Arden! I suppose she looked at him twenty times for his once; and when she did meet his eye, there was a shadow on him. And he had a way about him when he helped her — it seems he often helped her — that just took the joy out of life.

At this point I said to Rhoda, murmuring beside me on her cot, that I thought this strange; Will Arden had seemed to me, when I worked with him in my time, to be a very genial and responsive sort of person.

That was another thing, she told

me, that had — well, had grieved her, had made her feel lonely: that night in July, when I had slept at the station, Will Arden had been so friendly with me, using all the time his nicest voice that he never used for her, no matter how hard she tried to please him. She could n't forgive him for his harshness; she thought about it all the next day; and when she thought, she cried. She was crying on the path when Mr. Blake met her — came up behind her on his wheel in his classic fashion, and caught her, I suppose, just as he had caught me. And that was the time he kissed her.

I ask myself, with Rhoda in mind, if there was not cause. From her rather slim account of this event, I gather that there was comfort in it. It was the Kiss Consoling. I make out, without too much help from Rhoda, that he gave that poor dejected child the comfort of a restrained and tender devotion. She does not pause at this point to give him credit; she may never do so, for she speeds up just here to the presentation of her apologia. That kindness against which she leaned in her afternoon hour of bitterness and self-pity has gone down the river, as the Pala people say.

He had this to offer — that she must go home with him when he should go; that the Coast was no place for a soft little girl like herself; that his mother would be glad of such a darling as she was — and a missionary, too! And how easy it would be — they could be married at the beach and that would be easy, would n't it?

Easy! It is evident that our young Blake had never been married in the Colony, and neither had Rhoda. However, these were not the difficulties that presented themselves to Rhoda, who said she could n't think of such a thing. Missionaries never did such things, she told him. They would all reproach her.

In her imagination, the reproaches of Will Arden were frightfully real, and made her cry again. Well, Mr. Blake could not fathom these missionary reproaches — for him they were without form and void. A girl, he said, had a right to marry whom she pleased; and while he knew only too well how far from good enough he was, surely she would be better off at home with him than ever she could be, living with saints in the jungle.

Well, she would n't hear to it.

You can think if this was the end of his urging. Every time they met after that there was the same palaver. Rhoda's memory is full of her misery at this time; but I seem to see that pale man waiting in the green gloom of one and another forest trail, until that young creature should join him to discuss the things of love and of loneliness — and to withdraw.

He could n't bear to go home when the time came; but there were his duties to his chief at the beach factory, and a man was being sent up to take his place. So they said good-bye, he begging to the last and making her kiss him because it was good-bye, and telling her that he would be back in six months. She would be ready for him then, he knew. It rained on them or they would be saying good-bye still, I suppose.

III

This would have been the end of it, says Rhoda, if it had not been for Will Arden. He looked at her that night with cold eyes, asking her did she feel feverish, and when had she last taken her quinine. Because she told him that she did better without her quinine, and would never be taking it again, — I hope you get the full flavor of this outrageous sauce, — he excused himself from the table. Yes — actually — one as bad as the other. I suppose she must

have needed her quinine dreadfully, for she lay awake all night, brooding. Not so much about poor Blake, — who was eating his heart out in his little hut across the river, — but about Will Arden, his harshness and other vices. And by morning she was ready for action. You know the stored dynamics that result from such a night.

It seems that she had a habit of going east to Tyanga, where she would spend a night or two among the women of that neighborhood. Mrs. Ward supposed that she was going that way, and there was no one else to ask her a question. She just made up two loads, gave them to two boys, ordered them off to Tyanga, and started west on her wheel. She was so full of the pleasure of not saying good-bye to Will Arden, that she never gave a thought to the Wards. And when I think of Mrs. Ward, I can't forgive her.

She knew where Blake was to camp that night; she had to push to make it, for he had three hours' start of her. Don't ask me what she was thinking all that day; riding like that, I suppose she did not think at all. It was very hot and then it rained — the brother of yesterday's rain, as the Pala people say. The Mboto River rose; there was no one at the bank to ferry her across, but the raft was there. She put her wheel aboard that crazy old log-craft, and pulled herself across by the rattan cable. She must have been pretty well frightened when she came to the mad middle of the river; and once across, there was no question of going back — if indeed the thought of return came to mind. When she passed through the villages, women ran out to greet her; but she did not stop for that, or to eat her lunch, or at all, until afternoon was going down. So she says. I suppose that she could not face the inner question, so she just kept moving.

When she came to the foot of the

Bitandi hills, Blake met her. He was strolling on that lovely bit of trail between Bitandi village and the town of Malinga. He had had his swim and his chop, and was out for a saunter, there being nothing else to do after the journey and in such villages. And there she was!

She was too faint, she says, to speak. He made her lie beside the path on his jacket, while he ran back to his tent in the village for bread and tea. He fed her. Rhoda says that he was very sweet to her. There was nothing in that hour to trouble her remembrance in the telling.

He took her to the village of Bitandi, where his tent was pitched. He had his cot brought out into the last daylight, and she lay there, looking up at the early-pricking stars, while he oversaw the evening meal. The fire was laid in the clearing; the good odor of wood-smoke and of bacon was abroad; the infinite quiet of the wilderness fell upon them like dew.

Rhoda relaxed: she melted to the delicious calm of an appeased fatigue. Presently they ate together, sitting cross-legged on a grass mat beside the lantern. Rhoda reiterates that he was very happy. This is her only coherent comment on that hour. I wonder what was the complexion of his happiness — was he full of jests, as some happy people are, or was he tender? or did he rave about their future? How did he express that new man she had released when she appeared, ever so still, on the trail? But no, she will not say, and I am never to know. And I suppose she sat there, pale and weary, for his solicitude and his love to play about. I suppose, if he jested, she smiled ever so little; and if he was tender, she was ever so little withdrawn; and if he spoke of their future, she warned him by a shadow, ever so faint, in those confiding eyes.

The villagers sat about on the rim

of the light of the lantern — be sure of that. There was a flashing of bright eyes and the white teeth of laughter in a ring about them, and the inevitable comment on the white woman's hair, and the beauty and the wealth of white people. No question marred this approval — he was known and she was known, and their companionship was a custom of their tribe. 'White people, they do so. It is the trader and the Mission girl. She has come to tell us the word of God. Presently she will do so, it is her custom. We visited her in her village, begging her to visit us in our village, and she agreed, saying that when the season was dry, she would visit us. And tell us the word of God.'

Blake told her that he would sleep in Malinga's village, turning that oldascal out of his palaver house. He was all for going early to bed. Rhoda, I infer, wanted anything but to be alone. Consider how impeccable must have been the conduct that so comforted her in his presence. She went with him to the shadow where the trail slipped out of the clearing. At the door of the forest, he kissed her, making many promises.

Rhoda is evasive at this point; her memories make her restive. I think he was then at his best, and that she gave him a happy moment.

She went back to his tent and sat in his camp-chair before it. His lantern on the ground made its unwavering ring of white man's light. From the huddle of lost huts about her came the odor of wood-fires. She thought that she was now to be alone, and she felt the first lapping of the tide of self-knowledge. How can we know what she felt when she sensed the incoming of that tide. And then the women began to gather about her, bringing their little stools and their bits of firewood to sit on. They looked at her with their glancing eyes, bright above the brightness of their brass collars. Their brown

bodies and their beaded head-dresses gave off the odor of smoke. They began to speak to her in their gentlest voices, and some, because she was to them so young and so tender, spoke to her in the accent they reserve for children.

They begged her — you know how women do — for five words of the word of God. And she, because she has a real flair for her profession, gave them what they asked. 'I always did love,' says Rhoda, 'to talk with the women.' And there they were talking about these things, when there came in to the clearing a little group of travelers. These were beach-people on a journey. They stopped of course to see the white woman, and they stood at ease regarding her. They spoke to her in the beach English that was strange to Rhoda's ear — not pleasant. One of them had a child asleep in a sling at her side; this was a pretty woman, Rhoda says, looking very fine in her bright cloth that was tightened under her arms. She wore a handkerchief about her head. She looked at Rhoda with a laughing curiosity, and asked the customary questions in beach English.

'Where you man live? He live for bush? Where you pickanniny live? You never born proper pickaninny? You wait, I fit for show you proper pickaninny, — fine too much!'

She gave the baby a little hitch with her shoulder, which brought the sleeping head into the light. It was a beautiful half-white child. Rhoda observed this with a pang. She was not accustomed to half-white children; there were none in this part of the forest. She looked hard at the baby, and the mother looked hard at Rhoda. It was a white man's child, she told her, with that pride you know; and she lifted the baby out of the deer-skin sling; she held the little golden body out to Rhoda.

Rhoda drew back. White babies she knew, and black babies she knew; but poor Rhoda, she was afraid of that little yellow baby. There he hung between his mother's hands, and drew up his sweet little knees, beating the light from his eyes with his fists.

'It is the child of the trader that is at Banga now; I was with him before he went inland.'

Rhoda, telling me of this, trembled on her cot beside me; I felt her body tremble with the memory of this moment.

IV

Well, there you are. You must imagine it for yourself. It is to be remembered of Rhoda that she was young. The thoughts that swept her poured out of the narrow gorge of a girl's experience; they were forced by that narrowness into a raging torrent. What did Rhoda know to temper that fury of shame? There she sat in the canvas chair before the tent, with the baby hanging like a yellow fruit from those brown outstretched arms. Not for long, surely. Presently the women were gone. She sat alone by the lantern. She does not know what time it was. I want you to know that this was a perfectly endless night. The moon rose, and there she was in the clearing between the two rows of huts, and the lantern golden on the ground. And all this time she was cold and she was frightened. Poor Rhoda — she was afraid of that man who had kissed her so tenderly, ages ago, where the little path goes out into the forest darkness. She sat forever, suffering fear, and shame.

When the moon rose and she saw herself sitting there in that moonlit clearing, her fears took a sudden body. She watched the outlet of the forest trail with a cruel apprehension — suppose he were to appear there — suppose that!

She saw him emerge — a stranger. A wicked stranger.

This is what I make of her account of that deadly fear: he would come to her, and he would not come in the guise of the man who had fed her and happed her and sent her to bed; she could not think how he would come, but surely as a stranger, and wicked. So she sat and faced the east and the mounting moon, trembling.

Presently, within, a bell struck the hour to move. She knew that she must move — get out of that — get home. And by home she was meaning the little cabin where she lived with the Wards.

It should now be the middle of the night; not a soul was abroad in that little clearing. She took the lantern from the ground, and she put her helmet on her head. There could be no question of her wheel in the dark. When she moved, she had to check her wish to run until she felt the dark of the trail about her; and then she knew she must pass through Malinga's village, where Blake was sleeping, and she was afraid to do this. She trembled at the opening of that clearing for a long time, wishing that she knew the secret ways behind the cluster of bark huts. One hut was open to the night — that would be the place where Blake was sleeping. And was he sleeping? How to pass that open door! She could not stand forever there in the shadow; she must take her heart in her hands, and her chance. Softly in her little canvas shoes she ventured into the moonlight; neither man nor dog stirred; in that little hamlet this one creature stirred, stealing ever so gently, her lantern at her knee, until she had passed Blake's door — and then she fled.

Once in the forest again, she was quite calm. She leaned against a tree, quieting her heart with deep breaths. She was not at all afraid of snakes or

leopards or elephants or gorillas or any of those likely things — she never gave them a thought. She was just utterly at home and safe in the forest.

She moved on at the heart of her globe of light — the incredible green of the forest revealed in diameter about her. In her heart she embraced what she saw. The forest was for that hour her element; tears of easement fell with as little strain as the forest dew. The little trail, and the deeps above it, were kind to her. When she came to the embers of a fire by the way, she sat down on a bit of the firewood, drawing the logs together and warming her hands at that flame. She thought just nothing at all of the makers of that fire — who they might have been, or were they near or far. She was wishing for a bite to eat — even a stick of cassava bread, she was thinking, half-asleep over her fire.

And then she saw the lantern. There was of course only one white man in the world for that poor child, and whether he came from east or west, he would be Blake — ten lanterns shining in the dark of that forest would just have been ten Blakes, and she a hunted hare at the heart of the circumference. With her shaken light in hand, she broke off into the bush.

I cannot think she ran about in that tangle for long — how could she have? With her lantern to betray her! But she bit the immemorial mould of the forest more than once, and more than once was caught by her hair, before Arden, his lantern in pursuit of hers, closed upon her. He did not speak; he was horrorstruck by her horror of him. She beat him off, but he held her till she sank against him and her lids slid over the terror of her eyes. There were the two of them, lantern by lantern, the golden glow shattered by the close forest-shadows.

He got her back to the path where

her little fire was, and her helmet fallen beside it. He was very sweet to her, smoothing her bright scattered hair, drawing the leaves and the moss out of it. He was like a mother, Rhoda says, and that was what Rhoda needed. She cried and cried, telling him everything she knew or had felt of loneliness. And about Blake — hiding nothing of her agonies of shame. You could never believe, Rhoda says of Arden, how different he was from what he had been. And all he said to her then was right.

They sat a long time like this, he saying always the right thing in the pauses of her tale. He had come to find her he said, when he heard that her carriers had gone east while she had gone west. They spoke presently of lesser things; she began to be drowsy. A pallor came among the trees, and that was the dawn. Arden said that he must see Blake; Rhoda says that he seemed to feel that she should see him, too. Arden said, 'Surely he loves you.' But Rhoda could n't bear that — she was agitated again, I suppose, and cried until Arden let her off. He left her there by the fire and his lantern, that was paler in the dawn; Blake's lantern he took with him.

She slept on Arden's coat. Don't ask me about driver-ants, or snakes, or any

of the common menaces that should have kept her awake.

She did not wake until Arden spoke to her again. He was kneeling there beside her with a cup of coffee, and it was day; the cup was Blake's, and the coffee was hot from Blake's thermos bottle. She remembers that it was good, and that there was a rain of sunlight through the green leaves, and a butterfly, ever so burnished, near and nearer.

Arden said they might go home — that he had said good-bye to Blake. So they went home, says Rhoda. She slept most of that day in a village west of the Mboto River, on a bed of leaves in the hut of a Christian woman. There was good food there, out of the kettles of that village — wonderful mushroom soup. And Arden was quite too wonderful; you see here the début of the quite-too-wonderful Arden whom Rhoda has married.

Well, there it is, as much as she knows of it. I don't know how much Mrs. Ward knew of it, or knows; trust her to be dumb. Arden, I should think, knows as much as man can know.

And Rhoda still uses Blake's thermos bottle. You have seen her carry a little silver cup with a wooden rim: that was his.

‘RIVERS UNKNOWN TO SONG’

James Thomson

BY ALICE MEYNELL

WIDE waters in the waste; or, out of reach,
 Rough Alpine falls where late a glacier hung;
Or rivers groping for an alien beach,
 Through continents, unsung.

Nay, not these nameless, these remote, alone;
 But all the streams from all the watersheds —
Peneus, Danube, Nile — are the unknown,
 Young in their ancient beds.

Man has no tale for them. Oh! travelers swift
 From secrets to oblivion! Waters wild
That pass in act to bend a flower or lift
 The bright limbs of a child!

For they are new, they are fresh; there 's no surprise
 Like theirs on earth. Oh, strange forevermore!
This moment's Tiber with his shining eyes
 Never saw Rome before.

Man has no word for their eternity —
 Rhine, Avon, Arno, younglings, youth uncrowned!
Ignorant, innocent, instantaneous, free,
 Unwelcomed, unrenowned.

THE POINT OF VIEW IN AMERICAN CRITICISM

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

ACCORDING to all the critics, domestic and foreign, who have prophesied against America during the last hundred years, the great and ever-present danger of a democratic society lies in its tendency to destroy high standards of excellence and to accept the average man as a satisfactory measure of all things. Instead of saying, like Antigone in the drama of Sophocles, 'I know I please the souls I ought to please,' democracy, we are told, is prone to dismiss the question whether she has any high religious obligation, and to murmur complacently, 'I know I please the souls of average men.' I propose to examine a little the origins of this belief, and then to inquire whether it is justified by the present condition of our civilization, as reflected in our current literature. In the course of the inquiry I shall at least raise the question whether the average man is as easy to please as he is ordinarily supposed to be.

I

At the very foundation of the Republic, the menace of the average man was felt by a distinguished group of our own superior men, including Washington, John Adams, Hamilton, and many other able and prosperous country gentlemen. To them the voice of the people was not the voice of God, but the clamor of a hydra-headed monster, requiring to be checked and bridled. Thus, at the outset of our civilization, they established a point of view and they instituted a criticism, which were

unfriendly to the average man and his aspirations and to all his misguided friends. They possessed, for example, certain standards of character and manners, which they applied with some austerity to what they regarded as the vulgar Jacobinism of Thomas Paine, to the disintegrating demagoguery of Jefferson, to the cosmopolitan laxity of Franklin, and to all the tendencies of French radicalism toward leveling by law the inequalities created by law and by nature.

Edmund Burke explained England's relative immunity to the equalitarian speculations of the French by this fact: 'We continue,' he said, 'as in the last two ages, to read more generally, than, I believe, is now done on the Continent, the authors of sound antiquity. These occupy our minds. They give us another taste and turn, and will not suffer us to be more than transiently amused with paradoxical morality.' Now, it is insufficiently recognized that, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, America, like England, was at the height of her classical period — I mean the period when statesmen, poets, and painters most deliberately and successfully imitated the example of the ancients. The public characters of Washington and his friends, like those of Burke and his friends, were in the grand style, were in a style more or less consciously moulded upon that of the great republicans of England, Rome, and Athens. From Cromwell and Milton, and, above all, from the heroes of Plutarch, the friends of Wash-

ington inherited the ardor and the elevation of their public spirit, and, at the same time, their lofty disdain for the vulgar herd and a conviction that the salvation of the people depended upon the perpetuation of their own superiorities.

At its best, near the source, and on its positive side, there is something very august and inspiring in the utterances of this old Roman or aristocratic republicanism. It is not far from its best in the letters of Abigail Adams.

Glory, my son [she writes to John Quincy Adams], in a country which has given birth to characters, both in the civil and military departments, which may vie with the wisdom and valor of antiquity. As an immediate descendant of one of these characters, may you be led to an imitation of that disinterested patriotism and that noble love of country, which will teach you to despise wealth, titles, pomp, and equipage, as mere external advantages, which cannot add to the excellence of your mind, or compensate for the want of integrity or virtue.

It is not difficult to despise 'wealth, pomp, and equipage,' when one is adequately supplied with them; John Quincy Adams, accordingly, found his occasion for pride in the excellence of his mind and in his integrity and virtue. And, true to his breeding, he maintained, like Coriolanus, a kind of passionate and scornful opposition to the vulgar mob. In 1795, he writes to his mother that France will remain without the means to form a Constitution till she has exploded the doctrine of submission to and veneration for public opinion. A little later, he admits to his father that 'the struggle against a popular clamor is not without its charms in my mind.'

There he sounds the rallying cry of our great conservative tradition. I shall not ask here whether the creative ardor of the aristocratic spirit which we observed in the mother is not already

beginning to be transformed in the son to a certain ardor of repression. Nor am I concerned here to trace the evolution of this Roman-American pride from its pure high source, down through the ages, till it reappears in aristocratic republicans of our own times, who still find a charm in opposing the popular clamor. I am thinking of the railway magnate, author of the celebrated phrase, 'The public be damned'; and I am thinking of our most aggressive literary critic, a professed Federalist, who remarked the other day in language savoring a bit, perhaps, of the Roman decadence: 'I don't care a damn what happens to the Republic after I am dead.'

We must pause here, however, long enough to recall that the classical models of society, which the more conservative of our forefathers kept in their minds' eye, rested upon a slave population, and that the government which they actually set up countenanced, in opposition to the plebeian taste of Paine and the demagoguery of Jefferson, a slave population. It is a question of more than academic interest to-day, whether or not the government which they set up necessarily implies the continued existence of an illiterate peasantry.

Those who believe that the salvation of the people depends upon the perpetuation of their own superiorities are likely, in the long run, to make the end subservient to the means, to grow rather careless about the salvation of the people and rather over-careful about the preservation of their own superiorities. They incline, also, to a belief that these superiorities can best be perpetuated through their own offspring — a belief which, so far as I can learn, is inadequately supported by statistics. On this assumption, however, they endeavor to make a kind of closed corporation of their own class,

and seek to monopolize for it the administration of government, the possession of property, the enjoyment of higher education and culture, and the literary production of the country.

These tendencies, as we know, appeared very early in the history of the Republic. John Adams nearly ruined himself in 1787 by his frank declaration that wealth and birth should be qualifications for the Senate. Hamilton, at the same time, put forth his proposals for restraining the vulgar herd by perpetuating wealth and the leadership of established families in the nearest possible American imitation of the British monarchical and aristocratic system.

The irrepressible conflict provoked by such attempts to check the rich fecundity and the unpredictable powers of our colonial 'populace' is ordinarily presented to us as a contention over political principles. In its most comprehensive aspect, it may profitably be regarded as rather a conflict of religions. The short interval between the adoption of the Constitution and the end of the eighteenth century is the period of antique Republicanism triumphant, dominated by the religion of the superior man. In 1800, this religion received a blow in the election of Jefferson, the St. Paul of the religion of the populace, who preached faith, hope, and charity for the masses. In 1828, the religion of the superior man received a still more ominous blow, when the fiery, pistoling rough-rider from Tennessee, Andrew Jackson, defeated John Quincy Adams. At this reverse to the sons of light, John Quincy Adams lost his faith in God, the God of superior men.

II

We have recently had, from the fourth generation of the Adams family, Brooks, Charles Francis, and Henry, a voluminous commentary upon the

effort of 'the heirs of Washington' to stand against the popular clamor and uphold their great tradition. On the whole, if we may trust their testimony, it has been a tragically unavailing effort. In Boston and Cambridge and in a few tributary villages, in old New York and Washington, on a few great plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas, the civilization which the superior men contemplated obtained a struggling foothold before the Civil War. And this civilization achieved some literary expression in the classical oratory of Webster, in the fine old English gentility of Irving's prose, and in the pale provincial flowering of our New England poetry. Sanguine observers saw in this literary renaissance promise that the intrenched intelligence and culture of the settled, civilized East was to take and hold the mastery in the national life.

But for Henry Adams, at least, that hope ended with his return from England in 1868. He discovered, when he went to Washington to offer his services in carrying on the great tradition — he discovered that the great tradition was broken. There had taken place, not merely a Civil War, but a far more fundamental revolution. He and his kind, bred on the classics, and versed in law and European diplomacy, were anachronisms, survivors out of the classical eighteenth century, belated revelers in the Capitol. A multitude of unknown or ignored forces had developed in his absence, and had combined to antiquate him, to extrude him from the current of national life, and to incapacitate him for a place in the public councils. This singular new nation was no respecter of grandfathers. It took its superior men wherever it found them. It picked its chief statesman out of a log cabin in Illinois, its chief military hero out of an Ohio tannery, its most eminent poet from a carpenter's

shop, and its leading man of letters from a pilot-house on the Mississippi. Such standards! Henry spent a lifetime elaborating his grand principle of the degradation of energy, to explain to himself why the three grandsons of two presidents of the United States all ended miserably: one as President of the Kansas City Stock Yards; one as a member of the Massachusetts Bar; while one had sunk to the level of a Professor of History at Harvard.

III

From the point of view of these antique republicans, the period from the Civil War to the end of the nineteenth century proves the truth of all the prophecies against the average man. This is the period of triumphant democracy — meaning, of course, the triumph, not of the political party, but of the religious principle. In this epoch, the gates of opportunity open as never before to the populace, to the new men. What are the results? Throughout the period, the steadily waning influence of Eastern intelligence and culture in the national life, steadily increasing immigration from the peasant stocks of Europe, expansion of the population into new western territory, prosperity of industrial pioneers, rise of the railway magnate, the iron-master, the organizer of large-scale production of material commodities — immense rewards and glory for supplying the average man what the average man, at that particular moment, wanted and had to have.

Midway in this epoch, one of its heroes, Andrew Carnegie, wrote a book which he called *Triumphant Democracy* — a work which exults and rejoices in the goodness and greatness of American life. It was an industrial captain's reply to the foreign critics who had flitted across the country year after year,

like ravens, boding disaster. It was a reply from the point of view of a Scotch radical, a self-made man, who could compare the poor little Scotch town of Dunfermline, where the revolution in machinery had ruined his father, to the booming city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the same revolution had made him one of the masters of his generation.

Carnegie's point of view was inadequate. He offered no effective answer to the savage criticism which Dickens had made of our civilization forty years earlier, when he pictured the democracy as brutal, boisterous, boastful, ignorant, and hypocritical. He made no effective reply to Carlyle, who had cried twenty-two years later than Dickens, 'My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. . . . They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest *bored* ever seen in this world before — that hitherto is their feat in history.'

Matthew Arnold, a critical friend of ours, far more friendly to our political institutions and to our social organization than Carlyle, dropped in upon us at about the time that Carnegie published his book. 'The trouble with Carnegie and his friends,' said Arnold, 'is that they have no conception of the chief defect of American life; namely, that it is so dreadfully uninteresting.' This dullness, he explained, was due to the average man's quite inadequate conception of the good life, which did not go beyond being diligent in business and serving the Lord — making money and observing a narrow code of morality.

The particularly hopeless aspect of our case, Arnold thought, was that we,

as a people, seemed quite unconscious of our deficiencies on the human side of our civilization. We displayed a self-satisfaction which is 'vulgarizing and retarding.' Nationally we were boosters, or, as we say nowadays, 'boosters.' 'The worst of it is,' he continues, 'that this tall talk and self-glorification meets with hardly any rebuke from sane criticism over there.' He cites some examples; and then he adds that, 'the new West promises to beat in the game of brag even the stout champions I have been quoting.'

IV

Now, no Englishman will ever fathom the mystery of Uncle Sam's boasting. No outsider can ever know, as we all know, how often, out of the depths of self-distrust and self-contempt and cutting self-criticism, he has whistled to keep his courage up in the dark, and has smiled reassuringly while his heart was breaking. Still, if you look into the literature of the period, you find that there is much warrant for Arnold's strictures, though not always precisely where he found it. The little boasts of men like Lowell and Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Brander Matthews are only Yankee whistling, the turning of the trodden worm, a decent pride in the presence of 'a certain condescension in foreigners.' Lowell knew a man, he says, who thought Cambridge the best spot on the habitable globe. 'Doubtless God could have made a better, but doubtless He never did.' I myself am fond of declaring that the campus of the University of Illinois is finer than the meadows of Christ Church College, Oxford. But no one in America thinks anything a whit the finer for what an academic person has said in its favor. Nor, on the other hand, does anyone, outside academic circles, think anything in America a whit the worse for what a

foreign critic has said against it. The Chicago journalists, for example, with true Jacksonian hilarity, ridiculed Arnold and, after his departure, stigmatized him as a 'cur.'

The only criticism which ever, as we say, 'gets across' to the Jacksonian democracy is that which comes from one of their own number. The really significant aspects of our self-complacency in Carnegie's time were reflected in the popular literature of the period by writers sprung from the new democracy, self-made authors, who flattered the average man into satisfaction with his present state and his average achievement. I am thinking of Western writers, like Joaquin Miller and Riley and Carleton and Bret Harte and Mark Twain. I am thinking of the romantic glamour which these men contrived to spread over the hard rough life and the rougher characters of the middle-borderers, the Argonauts, and the Forty-Niners.

You recall the method. First, they admit certain facts — for picturesque effect. For example, these settlers of the Golden West, they say, included a few decent men, but they were in great part the riffraff of the world — foreign adventurers, offscourings of Eastern cities, uncouth, red-shirted illiterates from the Middle States, lawless, dirty, tobacco-spitting, blaspheming, drunken, horse-thieves, murderers, and gamblers. And then, with noble poetic vision, they cry: 'But what delicacy of sentiment beneath those shaggy bosoms! What generosity and chivalry under those old red shirts! Horse-thieves, yet nature's noblemen! Gamblers and drunkards, yet kings of men!' 'I say to you,' chants 'the poet of the Sierras,' 'that there is nothing in the pages of history so glorious, so entirely grand, as the lives of these noble Spartan fathers and mothers of Americans, who begot and brought forth and bred

the splendid giants of the generation that is now fast following the setting sun of their unselfish and all immortal lives.'

Here is the point of view of the Jacksonian democracy in its romantic mood. This, in general, was the point of view of Mark Twain, the most original force in American letters and, on the whole, the most broadly representative American writer between the close of the Civil War and the end of the century. Most of us have enough pioneer blood in our veins, or in our imaginative sympathies, to love Mark Twain nowadays. But academic people, they tell us, — and they tell us truly, — had little to do with establishing his earlier reputation. He neither flattered them nor pleased them. He pleased and flattered and liberated the emotions of that vast mass of the population which had been suppressed and inarticulate. He was the greatest booster for the average man that the country ever produced. Confident in the political and mechanical and natural superiorities conferred upon every son of these States by his mere birth under the American flag, Mark Twain laughed at the morality of France, the language of Germany, the old masters of Italy, the caste system of India, the imperialism of England, the romances of Scott, the penal laws of the sixteenth century, and at the chivalry of the court of King Arthur — he laughed at all the non-American world, from the point of view of the average American, stopping only from time to time to pat his countrymen on the back and to cry, like Jack Horner, 'What a brave boy am I!' To make a climax to the bold irreverence of this Jacksonian laughter, he laughed at New England and at all her starchy immortals.

In the *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, published in 1889, we hear the last full-hearted laughter of

triumphant democracy. Mark Twain himself became sombre in his later years; he became cynical, and touched with misanthropy. I cannot go here, in any detail, into the causes for the darkening of his outlook. The most interesting of these causes, perhaps, was that Mark Twain had one foot over the threshold of a new age, our present era, which I shall call the era of critical and pessimistic democracy. He had begun to emerge, as I think we are all now beginning to emerge, from the great romantic illusion about the average man, namely, that liberty or equality or any kind of political recognition or literary exploitation, or even economic independence, can make him a happy or a glorious being.

V

Poets and novelists, since the French Revolution, have fostered this romantic illusion in a laudable but misdirected effort to bestow dignity upon the humblest units of humanity. They liberated the emotion for a religion of democracy. They did little to give to that emotion intelligent direction.

You will recall Wordsworth's poem called 'Resolution and Independence.' The poet, wandering on the moor in richly gloomy thought, comes upon a poor old man, bent, broken, leaning over a pool, gathering leeches for his livelihood. The poet questions him how it goes with him. The old man replies, quietly enough, that it goes pretty hard, that it is going rather worse; but that he still perseveres and manages to get on, in one way or another. Whereupon Wordsworth falls into a kind of visionary trance. The old peasant looms for him to a gigantic stature. He becomes the heroic 'man with the hoe'; a shadowy shape against the sky; man in the abstract, clothed in all the moral splendor of the poet's own imagination.

This same trick of the fancy Hardy plays with his famous dairy-maid, Tess of the D'Urbervilles. She is but an ignorant, instinctive, erring piece of Eve's flesh. Yet, says Hardy, drawing upon the riches of his own poetic associations, 'The impressionable peasant leads a larger, fuller, more dramatic life than the pachydermatous king.' Thereupon he proceeds to invest the dairy-maid with the tragic emotions and import of a heroine of Thebes or Pelops' line. He infers, by a poetic fallacy, that she is as interesting and as significant to herself as she is to him.

I will take one other case, the hero of a recently translated novel, Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. Here we have an illiterate peasant of Norway, going into the public land almost empty-handed; gradually acquiring a pig, a cow, a woman, a horse, building a turf-shelter, a cowshed, a cabin, a mill — and so, little by little, toiling like an ox, becoming a prosperous farmer, owner of rich lands and plentiful flocks and herds. It is, in a sense, a very cheerful book, a sort of new *Robinson Crusoe*. Its moral appears to be that, so long as men stick to the soil and preserve their ignorance and their natural gusto, they may be happy. It is a glorification of the beaver, the building animal. It is an idealization of the peasant at the instinctive level.

The trick of the literary imagination in all these cases is essentially the same as that which Bret Harte played with his Argonauts, and Miller and Riley with their Indiana pioneers, and Mark Twain with his Connecticut Yankee. We are changing all that.

VI

I chanced the other day upon an impressive new American novel, strikingly parallel in some respects to Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*, but utterly different

from it in the mood and the point of view. I refer to the story of Kansas life, called *Dust*, by Mr. and Mrs. Halde-man-Julius. Here again we have the hardy pioneer, rough, dirty, and capable, entering on the new land, with next to nothing but his expectations; acquiring a pig, a hut, cattle, and a wife; and gradually 'growing up with the country' into a prosperous western farmer, with stock in the bank, and a Cadillac, and electric lights in the cow-barns, and kerosene lamps in the house. Our human beaver in America, toiling with the same ox-like fortitude as Isak in Norway, achieves the same material success. But — and this is the difference — the story is one of unrelieved gloom, ending in bitter tragedy. Why this sustained note of gloom? Why has our Kansas tale none of the happy gusto of Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*? Because the Kansas farmer is not content with the life of a peasant. Because our Kansas authors refuse to glorify man on the instinctive level, or to disguise the essential poverty and squalor of his personal life with a poetic fallacy. The book is written from a point of view at which it is apparent that our civilization has failed to solve the human problem.

Since the time of *The Connecticut Yankee* and Carnegie's *Triumphant Democracy*, our literary interpreters have been gradually shifting their ground. They are giving us now a criticism of life from a position at which it is possible to see through the poetic illusion about the average man. Making an effort now to see him as he really is, our authors are reporting that he is not satisfied with his achievements, he is not happy, he is very miserable. The most hopeful aspect of American literature to-day is its widespread pessimism. I call this symptom hopeful, because it is most fully exhibited by precisely that part of the country, and by those ele-

ments of the population, which were thought forty years ago to be most addicted to boasting and most deeply infected with the vulgarizing and retarding self-complacency of the Philistine, the red-shirted Jacksonian from Missouri. This pessimism comes out of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, and California; from the sons and daughters of pioneer farmers, country doctors, small-town lawyers, and country editors; from the second generation of immigrant stock, German, Swedish, Scotch, Irish; from the hungry, nomadic semi-civilization of the West.

I call this Western pessimism auspicious, because it is so sharply critical, and because the criticism is directed, not so much against the political and economic framework of society as against the kind of personalities which this society produces, and against the quantity and quality of the human satisfactions which these personalities have at their disposal. It is directed against that defect in our civilization which Arnold pointed out; it is so lacking in elevation and beauty; it is so humdrum, so dreadfully uninteresting; it so fails to appease the vague yet already acutely painful hunger of the average man for a good life. 'Beguille us no longer,' cry the new voices; 'beguille us no longer with heroic legends and romantic idyls. The life which you celebrate is not beautiful, not healthy, not satisfying. It is ugly, obscene, devastating. It is driving us mad. And we are going to revolt from it.'

VII

The manifestation of this spirit which, at the present moment, is attracting most attention is what Mr. Van Doren, in his new book on *Contemporary American Novelists*, has called 'the revolt from the village.'

I need only remind you of that long series of narratives, beginning in the early eighties with E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town*, and followed by Hamlin Garland's *Main Travelled Roads*, Mr. Masters's *Spoon-River Anthology*, Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, Zona Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett*, and the novel of which I have already spoken, *Dust*, by Mr. and Mrs. Halde-man-Julius.

But the interesting pessimistic and critical note in our current literature is by no means confined to representations of country life and the small town. Take Mrs. Wharton's pictures of metropolitan society, from *The House of Mirth* to *The Age of Innocence*, remembering only that Mrs. Wharton cannot be classed as a Jacksonian; then consider the dreary wide wilderness of Mr. Dreiser's picture of big business; Ben Hecht's story of a city-editor in *Erik Dorn*; Mr. Cabell's *Cream of the Jest*; Mr. Norris's broad picture of the California scene in *Brass*; Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the younger generation in *The Beautiful and Damned*; Mr. Hergesheimer's admirable new novel, *Cythrea*; and, finally, Mr. Lewis's *Babbitt*.

Here we are invited to consider a class of which the discontent cannot be explained by their struggle with the churlishness of the soil and the rigor and tragic whimsicality of the elements. Most of the characters, indeed, have reached a level at which even the economic struggle is as much a pastime as a necessity. They are business men and their womenkind, with a sprinkling of professional men, people who, as we say, know 'how to live,' people who live expensively, purchasing with free hand whatever gratifications are available for the senses. Nevertheless, if we may trust their interpreters, these people, too, are dreadfully uninteresting to

one another, alternating between a whipped-up excitement and a stifled yawn. Their entire stratum of society is permeated by a terrible ennui. Jaded with business and card-parties, Mr. Hergesheimer's persons, for example, can conceive no relief from the boredom of the week but to meet at one another's houses at the week-ends and, in a state of half-maudlin tipsiness, kiss one another's wives on the stairs. Even when the average man is sheltered on all sides, weariness, as Pascal says, springs from the depths of his own heart and fills the soul with its poison. Our 'bourgeoisie,' no less than our 'peasantry,' are on the verge of a cultural revolt; they are quarreling with the quality of their civilization.

VIII

Now, at the time when a man quarrels with his wife, either one of two interesting things may happen. He may elope with his neighbor's wife for Cuba, fancying for the moment that she is the incarnation of all his unsatisfied desires, the divine Cytherea. Or this man and his old wife may turn over a new leaf and put their relations on a more satisfactory basis. Which course will be followed depends on the power of self-criticism which the interested persons possess.

This is a parable, with wide possibilities of social application. Our average man, in town and country, is quarreling with his wife, that is to say, with our average American civilization. If he listens to certain counselors who appeal to certain of his instincts and to his romantic imagination, his household, the material civilization which he has slowly built up out of the dust by faithfully working on certain traditional principles — this household will be in danger of disruption. If, on the other hand, his discontent with himself

and his human conditions is adequately diagnosed, and if an adequate remedy is accepted, then he will look back upon this period of pessimism as preliminary to the reintegration of the national spirit and its expression in literature. Which course will be followed depends in no small measure upon our power of criticism, which, in its turn, depends upon an adequate point of view.

The elder critics in the academic tradition have in general not dealt sympathetically, or even curiously, with the phenomena. Fixed in an inveterate fidelity to the point of view established by the early classical Americans, they look with a mingling of disdain and abhorrence upon our impious younger world, as upon

a darkling plain

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The critics, on the other hand, who are endeavoring to deal sympathetically and curiously with the phenomena, are utterly unorganized; are either without standards of judgment, or in a wild state of confusion with regard to their standards. They are making efforts to get together; but they have no principle of integration. I have not time to do more than mention some of their incongruous points of view.

A man whose hearty geniality touches the affections of us all, Mr. William Allen White, proposed the other day, as an integrating principle, the entire abandonment of all standards and a general adoption of the policy of live and let live. His theory of universal sympathy, which he mis-calls 'the democratic theory in criticism,' would, if applied, destroy both criticism and democracy.

Our journalistic critics in general, conscious of the incompatibility between their private beliefs and the political and economic interests which they serve, tend at the present time,

I should say, to adopt the point of view of universal cynicism.

In order precisely to escape from the troublesome clashes of political, social, and moral judgment, in order to escape, in other words, from the real problem of critical reintegration, another group has adopted the æsthetic point of view, and has made a feeble effort to revive in America, with the aid of the Crocean philosophy, the doctrine of art for art's sake.

I will mention, finally, one other point of view, to which an increasing company of the younger writers are repairing, which we may call for convenience the Freudian point of view. The champions of this point of view attempt a penetrating diagnosis of all the maladies of American civilization, with the assistance of the new psychology. To sum up their findings briefly, they hold that the trouble with American life is, at the root, due to age-long and cankering inhibitions, attributable to our traditional Puritanism. The remedy is a drop to the instinctive level; the opening of the gates to impulse; a free and spontaneous doing as one pleases in all directions.

IX

Popular Freudianism is, perhaps, the most pestilential of all the prevailing winds of doctrine. Yet its champions have penetrated, I believe, nearer to the heart of our difficulty, they are nearer to an adequate point of view and an integrating principle, than any of the other seekers. They at least recognize that the kingdom of disorganization is within the individual breast. The fact that they approach so near to the true destination, and yet fall short of it, renders their counsels peculiarly seductive and peculiarly perilous.

They are right when they attribute

the central malady of our civilization to suppressed desires. They are tragically wrong if they believe that this malady is due to the suppression by religion of any specific isolable physical instinct. They are tragically wrong if they think that this malady can be cured by the destruction of religious restraint and the release of any specific isolable physical instinct. When they prescribe, as many of them do with as much daring as they can muster, giving a new and large license, for example, to the sexual impulses; when they prescribe, as if with the countenance of fresh scientific discoveries, the restoration of the grand old liberative force of alcohol; when they flatter any of the more or less disciplined instincts of our animal nature with the promise of happiness in emancipation, they are offering us intoxicants, anodynes, opiates, every one of which has been proved, by the experience of innumerable generations, hopeless even to accomplish any permanent alleviation of the malady which they profess to cure. And when they attack the essential religious principle of Puritanism, — its deep human passion for perfection, — they are seeking to destroy the one principle which can possibly result in the integration of the national life.

Now, as I talk with the members of the beautiful younger generation which comes through my class-room year after year, I find that the Freudians are profoundly mistaken in their analysis of human nature. The deepest craving of these average young men and women is not to be unbound, and released, and to be given a license for a free and spontaneous doing as they please in all directions. They recognize that nature and environment and lax educational discipline have made them beings of sufficiently uncoördinated desires and scattering activities.

What they deeply crave is a binding

generalization of philosophy, or religion, or morals, which will give direction and purpose, which will give channel and speed, to the languid diffusive drift of their lives. The suppressed desire which causes their unhappiness is a suppressed desire for a good life, for the perfection of their human possibilities. The average unreflective man does not always know that this is, in fact, his malady. And in the blind hunger and thirst of his unenlightened nature, he reaches out eagerly for opiates and anodynes, which leave him unsatisfied. But what the innermost law of his being demands, what his human nature craves, is something good and great that he can do with his heart and mind and body. He craves the active peace of surrender and devotion to something greater than himself. Surrender to anything less means the degradation and humiliation of his spirit.

This is the tragedy involved in any surrender to subordinate passions or instincts. I think that our current pessimistic literature indicates that our average man is discovering this fact about his own nature, and that, therefore, like the sinner made conscious of guilt, he is ripe for regeneration; he is ready for the reception of a higher culture than he has yet enjoyed.

Democratic civilization suffereth long, because it is always waiting for the hindmost to catch up with the middle. It is always reluctant to consign the hindmost to the devil. But, in the long run, I do not believe that the history of our civilization is going to verify the apprehensions entertained by our old Roman-Americans regarding the average man. To one whose measure of national accomplishment is not the rich flowering of a small aristocratic class, but the salvation of the people, the choices of the average man in the past do not conclusively prove the danger of giving him what he wants.

In our first period, he wanted a stable government; and he got it, and wholeheartedly glorified the political and military heroes who gave it to him. In his second period, he wanted a rapid and wide diffusion of the material instruments of civilized life; he got them, and wholeheartedly glorified the industrial heroes who provided them. In his third period, the average man is growing almost as scornful of 'wealth and pomp and equipage,' as John Quincy Adams. The captains of industry are no longer his heroes; they have communicated to him what they had of virtue for their hour. What the average man now wants is the large-scale production and the wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature, health, recreation, manners, human intercourse, happiness — the best to be had; and he is going to get them and to glorify wholeheartedly the heroes of culture who provide them for him.

X

The great civilizations of the world hitherto have been integrated in their religion. By religion I mean that which, in the depths of his heart, a man really believes desirable and praiseworthy. A great civilization begins to form when men reach an agreement as to what is desirable and praiseworthy. The leading Athenians, in their best periods, reached such an agreement; and that is why, whether you meditate on their art, their poetry, or their philosophy, whether you gaze at the frieze of the Parthenon, or read a drama of Sophocles, or the prayer of Socrates, you feel yourself in the presence of one and the same formative spirit — one superb stream of energy, superbly controlled by a religious belief that moral and physical symmetry are the most desirable and praiseworthy things in the outer and the inner man.

The prospects for our American civilization depend at present upon our capacity for a similar religious integration. Our present task is, primarily, to become clear in our minds as to what is our own formative spirit. The remedy for our present discontents is indicated by the character of the malady. The remedy is, first, to help the average man to an understanding of his own nature, so that he may recognize more fully what part the things of the mind and the imagination may play in the satisfaction of his suppressed desires. It is to help him to recognize that even an intellectual and imaginative life will yield him little content unless it is organized around some central principle and animating purpose. It is to give the average man what the literature of our pessimistic democracy has at last proved that he wants, namely, an object to which he can joyfully surrender the full strength of his soul and body.

But this is not the whole of the remedy. It is necessary, at the same time, to persuade the superior men that the gods of the old Roman-American aristocrats have forsaken them, and that the time has come when even they may safely accept the purified religion of democracy. To oppose it now is to oppose the formative spirit of our national life and to doom one's self to sterility. The remedy is, in short, to effect a reintegration of the national will on the basis of a genuinely democratic humanism, recognizing as its cen-

tral principle the duty of bringing the whole body of the people to the fullest and fairest human life of which they are capable.

The point of view which I advocate is not, as it has been called, moralistic. It is essentially religious. And the religion of an intelligent man is not a principle of repression, any more than it is a principle of release. Religion binds us to old morals and customs so long as they help us toward the attainment of our object; but it releases from old morals and customs as soon as they impede our progress toward that object. The object gives the standard. Confronted with heirlooms or with innovations, one's first question is, does this, or does it not, tend to assist the entire body of the people toward the best human life of which they are capable. Advance to this point of view, and you leave behind you universal sympathy, universal cynicism, universal æstheticism, and the black bats of the Freudian cave. You grasp again a power of choice which enables you to accept or reject, with something of that lost serenity which Socrates displayed when he rejected escape from prison and accepted the hemlock. You recover something of that high elation which Emerson displayed when he said: 'I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and good-will at the heart of things, and ever higher and higher leadings.'

URBAN SKETCHES

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

LOOKING in upon graduation exercises during this glowing month of June — a month of which these exuberant boys and girls seem a most natural and final expression — how can we avoid a reminiscence of that legend of old Athens and the picture of that company of young men and maidens who yearly passed down a street toward the ship which that day would sail for Crete and the Labyrinth? One cannot but hear, in watching these processions to-day, the echo of all sacrificial outcries.

For you and I and even the most complacent spectator must know — if we know anything at all worth knowing — that only in rare instances has the magic formula been whispered and the thread attached by which these children can ever hope to find their way back to those undiluted aspirations, impulses and powers which are theirs now.

And unless these are preserved, what hope is there in a rapidly crowding world?

The most wonderful potentialities leak away into the desert, and a competitive society, filled with all the illusions of size and quantity, and submerged in violent action, eats up the hearts and souls of youth.

Walking about this tumultuous city, we must see everywhere the murderous work of the minotaur, and so many of these lost children, who 'graduated' a little while ago, in white, with flowers and with music, and with 'appropriate remarks,' but with *no thread!*

I

It was on the corner of two typical West Side streets that, one dreary evening, — which, however, could do nothing to make that place look drearier than it always does, — I saw a very vivid and impressive moving picture.

A trolley-car crowded to indecency came up Halsted Street, inflicting its abrasive and violent noise on all sides, like a spray of vitriol. It not only was crowded — it bulged hideously from the back platform, with a swarm that clung to the handles on both sides with solid rows of rigid hands.

Even the motorman, whose appetite for more passengers is one of the excruciating phenomena of Chicago, realized that there was not a foothold or a handhold left. So he passed the crossing without stopping.

At that moment, a very vigorous and swarthy youth arrived at the corner, and, in spite of the fact that there would be another car in two minutes, decided, simply because he was a sample of young Chicago, to take the bulging car — to attach himself to the ugly swarm whirling along in the dust.

He got his thick legs going, and hurled himself after the car. He was close enough now to reach for a spot among all the hands on the rail. If he could get a hand-grip, he could take a chance of finding a hole for one foot. Then, suddenly and startlingly, he completely disappeared. He seemed to dive head-foremost into the earth. He had overlooked a large excavation

in the street for the repair of pipes. This youth's highly scented manuscript seemed closed — the place that knew him would know him no more forever.

Symbolically he was dead and buried. And what I next saw was his appearance in the other world — whatever world is waiting for headlong Chicagoans. Up he came out of his grave, covered with mud and with chagrin, and, shamefacedly brushing at his clothes, disappeared into final oblivion.

This is the parable of the determined young men and the already overcrowded city. Wait for something less crowded, or, better, walk in quiet places and avoid us.

II

Yesterday I went into a bank, and to-day must tell how, even in banks, something new and strange may suddenly illuminate their heavy features.

The bank building is made as impressive as the circumstances of the bank will allow. Ancient stability is the ideal. But, in any case, it has been built in a great hurry, by very busy architects and contractors, who conspired to make out of it something that was a mere advertisement, a gesture of power and an expression of profound respectability.

The gentlemen who sit at mahogany desks, attended by little stenographers in flimsy rags and slippers, are gentlemen who love to look out over the economic landscape, and watch the sun and shadow of prosperity and depression succeed each other as the clouds pass over; who find business talk the only real talk with meat on its bones; whose pleasures are found in the approved channels of the club lunch-table and the golf course.

The bank is filled with young men and women keeping the records, behind glass partitions and wire-nettings.

I can see them there, — so many charming young women, — vessels made by the great potter for generous purposes, their finely articulated and resilient hands flying over the adding machines, as they sit on stools hour after hour, day after day, year after year, in the bank.

And the young men with strong, straight bodies, with splendid foreheads and eyes, and all that suppressed force and alertness of the athletic male, who, with a little pen, make little entries here and there, which add to the eternal records of trivial transactions.

How is it, you think, that these boys and girls, in the flush of a priceless youth, with one life to lead, in a world filled with beauty and adventure and romance, will stew here in this depleting experience, like so many clams in a pot, until they open, and that savory liquor of their youth runs out, to be served to the gods of business, of finance, and of industry?

That it is an offense to God and to nature cannot be denied.

No wonder you feel impelled to say to these young girls: 'Dear young girls, do you appreciate what your endowments are, and how many generations have gone to the making of you; and won't you develop one or two talents that will, in some degree, repay that generous nature which has made you so graceful and so perfect? Won't you apply your hearts to something that synchronizes with this bodily perfection and dexterity which you possess, and love the open earth, and poetry, and music, so that, though your bodies may be bound here, your spirits may have some of the exaltation of freedom — "ride upon the winds, run on the top of the disheveled tide, and dance upon the mountains like a flame"?'

And if you were talking to those men, you might perhaps stir some emotion by telling the story of Shackleton, or of

any men who stand out under the windy sky and in all weathers, on sea or on land, and get the experience of being adequately employed in tasks befitting youth.

The flying ploughshares of the wild geese sweep north! The Red Gods make their medicine again! While there is time, and if you would save your immortal souls — Allons! 'Out of the dark confinement — after the Great Companions and to belong to them — sailors of many a ship — walkers of many a mile of land.'

But, unless there is a war, the girls and boys stay in the bank. Either they have rigorous domestic responsibilities already, or they await alike the inevitable hour when matrimony seizes them, and binds them with silk bands, and spins them up in her net as the spider does the buzzing flies.

It was into one of these spacious temples of industry that I walked yesterday; and on a white marble bench, at one end of the long hall, sat an Italian peasant-woman, or a Greek, with a red shawl over her head, her hands folded in the lap of her black skirt. Immediately that proud bank collapsed. In the presence of a piece of real beauty, it melted into a mere lump, into something that was fit only to make a pedestal, for the time being, for this solitary figure.

There she sat in her unconscious grace, indeed, in a grandeur which made a mere toy of that building. She put it to complete shame. She was real, and all that imitation marble and stupid bronze, that rushing about of clerks and wise consultation of officers, was unreal. She was eternal; they were ephemeral. She was music, and there seemed to be a certain sound of trumpets and a chanting of voices, and that bank was the scene of a strange and fleeting ceremony.

The woman sat there, totally dis-

regarded, of course, and yet around that figure was the whole genealogy of beauty, — the beauty of earth, not the beauty of banks, — and a multitude of the heavenly host.

III

The aisles of the department store were almost a gelatinous mass of people — any cracks between stuffed with children, who could see nothing except the ugly overcoats, trousers, dresses, shabby shoes and muddy overshoes of the swarm.

They poured in and out of elevators and up and down stairs, and edged along counters, and their multitudinous eyes wandered, wandered, wandered, over all the piles and rows of articles for sale.

Here is a building packed with every kind of merchandise; and through the passages left for the purpose pours a stream of humanity which, by contact, absorbs these goods; while their money is drawn in a steady stream out of their pockets — sucked out by the attraction of mass, which these stores use to such huge advantage.

For when things appear in such lavish and prodigal quantities, the instinct of prodigality is suggested by a perfectly scientific pathology, the suction on the pocketbook starts, and the stream trickles or spouts toward the cashier through the pneumatic cash-carrier.

The children were there in the toy department, because it was Christmas week; but they saw things only when they happened to arrive next to a showcase or a pile of stuff on the floor. Then they dragged back and blockaded and shouted and pointed and picked up and handled, and voraciously coveted — if they were not too hopelessly tired and surfeited, and merely dead weights hanging to their parents' hands.

The store help were feverish and pale, and somewhat worn by these days before Christmas, which constitute for them an acute form of slavery added to the normal degree of slavery which they usually enjoy.

Early, in the cold December wind, — rank and wet off that morose Lake Michigan, — they hurry along the slushy streets of the West Side or South Side or North Side, emerging from little flats, or duplicate houses in long rows, and board the reeking trolley-cars.

And after a day of weary and exasperating work behind the counters, they return in a solid jam at night. Little girls, many of them, with exactly the same capacity for joyful freedom as your little daughter at home; perhaps more, because freedom would be so new and so precious a gift; but who has freedom?

At any rate, the department-store 'wrapper girl' is confined in a most cruel and harmful way, considering her years. I was regarding one of these little girls rather intently as she stood in her stall. She was thin and nervous, and yet altogether at home and at ease in the rush of affairs. Her hands went through the motions mechanically, and her eyes wandered like the eyes of the people, like the department-store eyes.

But this girl was a rare thing. She struck me forcibly as a phenomenon: she corresponded to the brilliant poppies which Nansen found growing at the foot of a crag in Franz Josef Land, amid a continent of ice and snow and eternal devastation.

Her eyes were gold, bronze gold; her hair iridescent copper, alive and abundant; her small face keen and sensitive; her hands and figure electric and free

with the grace of a little fox — a little red fox of the dark Maine forests, sitting for a moment in a splash of sunlight and sniffing up the wind among the green shadows of the pointed firs; and all the air still and aromatic.

Sweet as Eden is the air,
And Eden-sweet the ray;
No paradise is closed for them,
Who foot by branching root and stem,
And lightly with the woodland share
The change of night and day.

When you are in one of these stores again just before Christmas, keep those words in mind. You will the more clearly understand the way these modern inventions have closed upon the native liberties of youth.

And while the little-red-fox girl glowed before me, a strange thing took place. A cardinal bird flung out his strong, beckoning, challenging calls — a cardinal bird! A symbol of daring, impossible, jubilant freedom, with a scarlet song. A song piercing, vivid; a song of trees and winds and flashing brooks and high hillsides and rocky pastures and alder thickets, 'from New England westward to Oregon and south to the Gulf,' as the bird books say — not knowing that those words constitute an epic poem.

This song pierced the stale atmosphere like flaming arrows, and illuminated all its ugliness and its tragedy. It came again, and several times, from a little wooden cage somewhere in the neighboring 'bird department.'

The thing to do, I thought, is to let these two wild creatures out of their cages. I could n't reach them through the bars of my own cage. Nobody reaches them, and they remain in captivity till they are dead.

THE QUARE WOMEN. V

THE WIDOW-MAN

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

ON Thursday afternoon of the week following the quare women's Fourth of July picnic, a hollow-eyed, disheveled-looking man drew up before Uncle Lot Pridemore's gate, fell rather than dismounted from his mule, dropped his bridle over a paling, and stumbled into the yard and up on the porch.

Aunt Ailsie appeared from the rear of the house. 'Jeems Craddock!' she exclaimed; 'I had plumb give you out! But what ails you, Jeems? Here, set down, quick!'

She pushed a chair under him, and he slumped down in it on his backbone, long legs stretching across the porch, arms hanging lifelessly at his sides, chin dropped forward on his bosom.

Aunt Ailsie ran for a gourd of water. Jeems gulped it feebly.

'You look sick to death,' she said, anxiously. 'Maybe you better have something stronger.'

She returned this time with a cup half full of a liquid that looked like water, but was much more eagerly drunk by Jeems.

'Eh law, — that's what I need; good corn-liquor, to help me up a little.'

'Hit's good, too,' replied Aunt Ailsie: 'hit's some Fulty fotched me t' other day; he allus keeps me in hit.'

She waited for the corn-liquor to get in its work — until Jeems's chin was

lifted from his breast, his hollow cheeks were flushed, his eyes had lost their dull stare.

'Now tell about hit, Jeems,' she said, sympathetically.

He began in a weak voice which gained strength as he proceeded. 'Ever sence Mallie tuck 'n died in Aprile, hit 's been the same old story — every night me up 'n down all night with the babe, a-fixing hit's suck-bottle or a-walking hit for colic, and then getting up before day, maybe without ary wink of sleep, to cook breakfast, with likely the babe a-yelling all through, and t' other eight young-uns all a-squirming underfoot so bad hit makes me dizzy-headed. Then a-trying to get 'em all fed up, and them a-fighting and a-snatching all the time like wildcats, and not able to eat none myself for worriment and dyspepsy. Then a-starting the little gals on the dishes, and the oldest chaps on the firewood, whilst I go out to feed the property and milk the cow-brutes, and them cow-brutes so sot again' having a man-person come a-nigh 'em they do more devilment than all the young-uns. Then maybe, when I get back in, the babe has fell off the bed and nigh cracked hit's head, and the young-uns is piled on the floor in a gineral fight, if they hain't sot the house afire playing with lightwood. And then I got to get 'em all onraveled

again, and the fire put out, and the babe peaceified with a sugar-teat, and then sweep the main gorm of dirt out of the house, and spread the beds, whilst the chaps goes out again to dig 'taters and pick the beans for dinner. Which then I have to put 'em in the pot, — I give you my word, Aunt Ailsie, I hain't had time to string ary bean this summer, — and mix up a pone of bread and fix hit on the hairth where hit won't cook too hard. And all this before the day's work is raly begun. And then hit 's gether up every one of the nine, babe, suck-bottle, and all, — because I would n't dairst leave ary one behind, — and climb the hill to tend the crap; though there hain't but four of the young-uns, Miles and Joe and Minty and Phebe, is nigh big enough to hold a hoe. T' other four has to take turns minding the babe, and not let hit fall off the hill or play with rattlesnakes. Then we work all morning, and when the sun-ball gets high, all hands comes down again to dinner, and then pull back up again and work till sundown, with the babe a-laying on a quilt between the rows, to take what naps of sleep hit gets, and t'others so drug-out and ill and feisty, they keep a-dropping their hoes and running off to hunt ground-hogs and 'possums, or quiling up somewheres and going to sleep too — and which I wisht they 'd all sleep all the time, for then I 'd see a little grain of peace. And then all down again to cook supper and feed the young-uns and t' other creeturs, — mules and hogs and chickens, — and milk them devilish cow-brutes again, and then get all hands off to bed, and me dead for a nap of sleep myself, but maybe not nary two hours hand-running all night long, what with the babe's manœuvres, and my dyspepsy — for no kind of food won't set on my stummick no more. And next day the whole thing all over again, if

not wusser, with maybe washing or churning throwed in, — and all the time the same old story: jest a hip-and-a-hurrah, and a rare-and-a-pitch, and a hoove-and-a-set, from one day's eend to t' other, till hit 's the God's truth, Aunt Ailsie, I don't actually know whether I'm a-living in a turrible nightmare, or dead and gone to hell for my sins — and don't care, neither!'

Aunt Ailsie laid a compassionate hand on his arm. 'Pore Jeems, pore creetur,' she said; 'things is wusser with you than I suspicioned, though I allowed they 'd be bad enough when I heard Mallie was gone, and you with so many of a size, and nary one big enough to help. I've thought of you time and again, and wished I lived a-nigh you, so 's I could do things for you. You allus was sech a good, diligent, working boy, the right son of your maw, that was my best friend when I was a young gal. Yes, I shore have pitied you in my heart; and that's the reason I sont you the word about these here fatched-on women; I allowed, in the bunch of 'em, you could find one to your notion, and pick you out a good wife. But that's neither here nor yander now; you air a sick man, Jeems, and not in no fix even to talk about courting; and what I aim to do is to put you to bed this minute.'

'I would have started soon as the word come,' groaned Jeems; 'but first I had to lay the corn by, and then Jasper, one of the three-year-old twins, tuck a spell of the croup, and then Clevy, the five-year-old, chopped his big toe off, and Jemimy, the two-year one, was a-licking the milk out of the top aidge of the churn and went in head-foremost, and was black in the face and appeariently gone when we pult her out. And then seemed like I could n't no way on earth persuade nobody to come there and stay with them young-uns whilst I got away a

couple of days — not nary neighbor would n't no way consent to hit; and I had to go clean yan side the mountain atter a widow-woman, Cindy Swope, with six of her own, that tuck pity-sake on me and come over, with the six, a-yesterday. And me so bad off by then I could n't hardly set my nag to get here.'

'Pore Jeems — don't worry no more; you 're here now, and in plenty of time, too; none of the quare women hain't stepped off yet. You get along there into t' other house, and shuck off, and lay down in the fur bed you laid in when you was here two year' gone, — pore creetur, you look like a grandpaw now to the man you was then, — and I'll fetch you in a leetle hot snack that I'll gorrontee to set on your stummick, and then you 'll take that nap of sleep you been dying for sence Aprile.'

When Uncle Lot came in from work an hour later, snores were rising loudly and rhythmically from 't' other house.' Aunt Ailsie simply said that Jeems Craddock, having a little business on Troublesome, had come to take the night; and, seeing he was sick, she had put him to bed at once—an explanation which satisfied Uncle Lot's stern but hospitable soul.

At supper Uncle Lot announced: 'Atter studying on hit a week careful, Ailsie, like I told you coming from the picnic I aimed to do, I have made up my mind to lend a cow to them women on the hill for the time they 're here. We air commanded to remember the stranger that is within our gates, and hit appears like I feel to do that much for 'em, even if they have got a sight of wrong idees — sech as holding Sunday School for young-uns, when hit hain't once even spoke of in Scriptor, and giving an overweight of larning to womenfolks, and the like. And on that last line, too, I have been a studying, like I promised the women; and hit 's

true we air commanded to sarch the Scriptors, and likewise that Paul says there hain't neither male nor female in Christ Jesus. Which, having clear Bible for, I am willing that you should larn jest enough from them women for you to be able to read Scriptor, and no more, believing in my soul that larning in gineral is too much for a woman's mind.'

'O paw, do you raly mean you aim to let me get larning, same as Uncle Ephraim?' asked Aunt Ailsie, breathlessly.

'As fur as I told you,' qualified Uncle Lot.

'Oh, praise the Lord!' exclaimed Aunt Ailsie. 'O paw, I feel like I can't wait to take my first lesson! When can I start in?'

'I allow you can go in maybe a-Saturday,' permitted Uncle Lot.

'And I 'll drive the cow in then to the women, too. Which one do you want to lend 'em, paw, Old Pied, or the Pieded Heifer? Both has calves ready to wean, and both is milking fine — the heifer a leetle grain the best.'

'Let 'em have her, then; I don't do nothing half-way. And there's five of them, and not but two of us.'

But Aunt Ailsie did not have to take the cow in herself. Next morning, which was Friday, Fult dashed up the branch.

'I'm on my way down Troublesome a piece,' he called, 'and allowed I'd ride up, say howdye, and see how you was.'

Aunt Ailsie ran down to the fence. 'S-sh, — don't talk so loud, — there's a sick man a-laying in there asleep,' she said. 'I'm proud you come, for your grandpaw has tuck a notion to lend them quare women a cow, and you can drive her back with you. And, another thing, Fulty, he has studied on hit and made up his mind to let me get larning, — enough to read Scriptor, anyway, — and which I'm a-coming in to-morrow to take my first lesson!'

'I'm glad for you, granny,' said Fult, heartily; 'and I'd take the cow right back, now, but I'm on my way to see what has happened to the singer the women sont out for, that ought to have got in last night. But the rains have been so bad I allow traveling is pore, and Uncle Adam's wagon is maybe stalled in a quick down Troublesome, and I told the women I'd ride down a piece and see. But I'll come for the cow later — soon as dinner's over, maybe.'

II

Returning to the house, Aunt Ailsie tiptoed into the room where Jeems slept, and came out with a large armful of his clothes over her arm. These she threw on a chair in the kitchen-house, then held up the coat and trousers with a deep sigh.

'Hain't hit a pyuore pity, now, for a man-person to start out a-courting in sech gear?' she exclaimed. 'Pore creature, the babe has puked up hit's milk all over him from head to foot, and the dust has got kotched in the spots, till nobody would n't be able to tell the color of his coat and breeches. And them fine linsey, too, that Mallie weaved herself out of black sheep's wool for him.'

She went to work with hot water and soft soap, repeatedly sousing the coat and trousers and socks, and rubbing them with her hands (washboards were an unknown luxury). Then, having cleansed and rinsed them, she hung them out in the July sun to dry, and turned her attention to the hat, which was the usual broad-brimmed black felt of the mountain man.

'Eh law, hain't hit a picter of misery!' she said, holding it out: 'the brim all a-flopping, like hit's ambition was plumb gone.'

She scrubbed and cleaned it, and then took a flat-iron and pressed the

brim carefully while it was still damp, until it took on quite a jaunty stiffness.

Then came the shoes. The deeply-caked mud was scraped and washed off, and a mixture of lard and soot generously applied.

By ten o'clock the suit was sufficiently dry to be pressed, and a truly artistic job was made of it.

Then Aunt Ailsie went in and waked Jeems. 'You've put in seventeen hours good sleep,' she said, 'and I allow your stummick needs a leetle comfort next. You got plenty of time to get ready for dinner. I fotched you in a pan of warm water and soap and a towel and wash-rag, allowing you might feel to take a good wash-off. Then you can put on this here clean shirt of Lot's, — I could n't get yourn off'n you to wash hit, — and these here breeches I washed and pressed for you, and clean socks and shoes, and then come in the kitchen-house and take you a shave with Lot's strop and razor, and then I'll crap your hair, — hit looks like hit hain't seed scissors sence Mallie died, — and then you'll begin to feel more like yourself.'

An hour later, Jeems, washed, dressed, shaved, shingled, and combed, was indeed a transformed man — the hollow look gone from eyes and cheeks, twenty years from his age.

'If you could meet up with yourself, Jeems, you would n't never know hit was the same man rid up here a-yesterday,' said Aunt Ailsie, proud of her handiwork. 'You look now about what you air — thirty-two come September; I ricollect your birth, you and Link being nigh of an age. You look fitten now to start out a-courting to-morrow. Not,' she added hastily, seeing an awakening gleam in Jeems's eye, 'not to court young gals, of course, but to court them of an age with you. Of course, you'll never be what you once was, in those fur-off young days when

me 'n your maw used to take pride in your looks.'

'Hit seems to me like two or three weeks sence yesterday,' remarked Jeems, who appeared to be in a kind of daze. 'I don't feel like the same man.'

'You hain't,' pronounced Aunt Ailsie. 'You was in a pure franzy for sleep. And now you got hit, hit has wropt up your narves, and swaged down your feelings, and knit up your faculties, till you 're in some fix to look around you and get things kindly straightened out in your mind, and take counsel about what you come for — the job of getting you a wife.'

'Now I knowed in reason you 'd be a-seeing troubles, though I never tuck the full measure of 'em, or drempt how nigh crazed and drove you was. But when these here furrin women come in, and I seed how smart and pretty they was, and all the way from twenty-three to twenty-eight year' old, and nary a man to their name, seemed like hit went through me like a knife, I felt so bad for sech sweet creeturs to be old maids. And then I thought right off of you, and how scandalous bad you needed a wife, and your young-uns a maw, and how proud you 'd be doing yourself to get one of these fine, fatched-on women; and I jest put two and two together, Jeems, and sont you word immediate, afore any more widow-men could get in ahead of you; for you know they 's allus several round about all on the look, and I knowed when they seed these women they 'd be atter 'em hot-foot. And when you did n't come sooner, I begun to get right scared for your chances. But I hope you hain't too late yet.'

'Now, Jeems, hit 's plain enough you can't live no longer a widder — you 'll sartain be dead if you do. And the pint is, what kind of a woman do you need? That 's what you want to study on, and study keerful. You

hain't had no show sence Mallie died, to get out and look around none, or do much thinking either, I allow. But hit don't take much studying to know you need, first and foremost, a woman that can tame down and civilize young-uns.'

'That 's hit,' Jeems agreed, fervently.

'All them furrin' women knows how to handle young-uns to the queen's taste,' continued Aunt Ailsie. 'You 'd never believe how civil all them feisty, briggaty boys and gals at The Forks has got to be.'

'Hit 's a sight how a woman-person can swage 'em down,' said Jeems, wonderingly. 'Now, Cindy Swope had n't been in the house a' hour afore she had my nine and her six all a-working peaceable and biddable.'

'And the next thing you want, Jeems, with your dyspepsy, and all that mess of young-uns, is somebody can cook.'

'Eh law, that 's what I want, too! I'm plumb beat out with my own cooking; that air supper Cindy cooked when she come in was the first meal of vittles had sot on my stummick for three month'.'

'I don't rightly know,' continued Aunt Ailsie, 'which one of them quare women is the best cook, but, from the table they set, I allow they all air. Now there's one that 's sort of extry fine on vittles, and larns the gals how to make all manner of new-fangled things, and hain't but twenty-three, and got mighty pretty crow's-wing hair, and blue eyes. But ricollect, she hain't for you, Jeems, and would n't so much as look at a old widow-man with nine young-uns. And, anyhow, Darcy Kent 's a-talking to her. So don't you waste no thoughts there.'

'And the next thing you got a bound to have is a woman can sew and weave and spin, same as Mallie, and keep coats and blankets for you and your young-uns. Now one of them head-women — Amy is her name — is the

sewingest woman ever I seed, besides the ladyest; why, she's even got Fulty and his wild crowd of boys a-hemming handkerchers and towels up yander every day, and she has already axed me to larn her how to weave and spin. She'd be the woman for you, Jeems, if you could get her — either her, or t' other head one, Virginny, which is the up-and-comingest female ever I laid an eye on, and don't baulk at nothing on earth. And then, of course, the nurse-woman, she'd be mighty handy when the young-uns all takes down sick with the choking disease, or the breast-complaint, or sech; or likewise that one that teaches the least ones, and keeps about fifty of 'em happy and biddable all the time. You could n't make no mistake, whichever of them you tuck.'

Jeems meditated a moment, then said, with a deep groan: 'One thing you left out, Aunt Ailsie, and seems like hit 's the one I set the most store by of all. I want me a woman knows how to milk good, and handle cow-brutes. Hit appears like I could have stood up under all the rest, but for them devils of cow-brutes on my hands, that gets mad whenever I come a-nigh 'em, just because I am a man-person, and upsets the bucket, and holds up their milk, and kicks me in the shins, and does their almightiest to aggravate and destroy me, till my gorge rises up at the very thoughts of 'em. Yes, Aunt Ailsie, I want me a woman can milk, if she can't do nothing else. Now, Cindy, hit was a sight —'

'Sartain you do, Jeems,' interrupted Aunt Ailsie, 'but there hain't no need-cessity in the world to bother about that. *Any* woman anywheres can milk, — hit 's woman's *nature* to, — and I allow every single one of them fotched-on women is the finest milkers ever was; they so smart any way you take 'em.

'But listen, Jeems,' — and there was

a sudden, inspired gleam in her eye; 'if that's what you set the most store by, me 'n Lot is a-lending a cow to them women this very day, — the Pieded Heifer, — and Fulty is a-coming to drive her in atter dinner. And I never allowed to let you go in where them women was till you had got you another night of sleep. But sarcumstances changes plans, and I don't know but what hit might be better for you to go in with Fulty this evening, unbeknownst to the women, and kindly take a ginerall view, and spy out the land, so to speak, and see for yourself who is the ablest milker; and then come back and sleep on hit to-night; and then to-morrow you and me will go in and take the day, — I was a-going in anyhow to start on my A B C's, — and I'll fix a way so 's you 'll get a chanct to court the one you pick out — I allus was the most contrivingest woman you ever seed. And if all goes well, as hit sartainly will, you 'll ride home a-Sunday with your wife behind you, and likewise all your troubles.'

Jeems agreed that the plan was a good one; indeed, he began to wake up and be quite keen on the scent; so much so that Aunt Ailsie felt impelled to drop a few more words of wisdom.

'Of course, I know a man's nature, and in partic'lar a widow-man's, is to run atter the youngest and foolishhest female that crosses his trail, with nary thought for his orphant offsprings, or his own welfare. But take the counsel of one that has lived long and seed much and thinks a sight of you, Jeems, and pick you out a good, old, settled woman, nigh of an age with you, that's got more, or anyway as much, on the inside of her headpiece as the outside, and will be a right step-maw and help-meet. Twenty-eight is terrible old, I know, most women being nigh-grand-maws by then; but I give you my hand, Jeems, them two head women, Amy

and Virginny, is the deceivingest in their looks ever you seed, and don't ary one of 'em look hardly twenty; hit 's a pure myxtery how old women like them can keep sech a fair, tender skin, and rosy jaws, and shiny hair, and white teeth.

'And another thing for you to bear in mind constant, Jeems, is that no young gal, with a-plenty of chances ahead of her, would n't take a second look at a old widow-man with nine orphan young-uns. No, a woman would have to be pretty far along on the cull-list before she'd even think of tying up with a man in your condition. Facts is facts, Jeems, and ought to be looked full in the eye.'

Uncle Lot stepped in just then, and the subject was of necessity dropped. Jeems ate a ravenous dinner, and with every bite courage and manhood seemed to grow within him.

III

Not long after dinner, Fult appeared, as he had promised. Aunt Ailsie went to the pasture-bars with him to get the Pieded Heifer. Seeing an unwonted light in his handsome eyes, she inquired, 'What 's come to you, Fulty — what 's happened?'

'Oh, nothing,' replied Fult, carelessly. 'I found that air singer this morning, down Troublesome, setting in Uncle Adam's wagon, stalled in a quick, and brung her up behind me to the women.'

'Is she an old maid, too?'

'No,' answered Fult, indignantly.

'How old is she?'

'I never axed her; but she looks about sixteen.'

'Is she a pretty looker?'

'Prettiest you ever seed,' declared Fult, with feeling.

'Prettier than Lethie?'

Fult flushed. 'She 's different,' he

said. 'And sing! I never in life heard the like!'

'I'll be bound she can't outsing me when I were young,' said Aunt Ailsie, jealously.

'Maybe not,' replied Fult; 'I never heard you then. I told her about you, and she wants to hear you.'

When Fult and Jeems were mounted, and ready to start with the heifer, Aunt Ailsie gazed with pride upon her handiwork. Jeems made quite a presentable appearance. True, a collar and tie would have improved the effect; but such vanities were only for dashing young blades like Fult, not for old, settled, married — or widow — men.

After they had started, Aunt Ailsie called Jeems back for a last word.

'Mind now,' she said, 'not to get your thoughts tangled up with no young gals you may see there. One 's jest come in this morning from the level land. Ricollect, they hain't for sech as you. Keep your mind fixed stiddy on what you're a-going atter, and don't get witched off by no young face with naught behind hit.'

When they arrived at the tents, the heifer was received with warm appreciation by two of the women, whom Jeems judged to be the heads, though they were astonishingly fair and rosy and young and neatly dressed, to have reached the ancient age of twenty-eight. From a safe distance in the background, Jeems inspected each, narrowly and appraisingly. When the heifer had been anchored to a tree, one of the women returned to a group of old people she appeared to be teaching near by, and the other settled down to letter-writing under a more distant tree. Fult had already hurried uphill, and Jeems slowly followed, gazing with solemn, owlsh eyes upon all the strange things and people he saw.

The lowest tents were deserted, but in the larger, gayly decorated one

farther up, two or three dozen mothers, with babies, were gathered, and the nurse was making a talk on the care of infants, using one in her demonstration. She was giving it a warm bath when Jeems peered into the tent. He was at once transfixed.

'That air woman knows how to handle a young-un,' he said to himself, after watching the proceedings for some time, 'and is a good looker, too.'

No mother present could have been more appreciative of the deft ways of the nurse than was Jeems, out of the fullness of his own experience.

After this was over, he went on to the top of the spur, where the young folks of different ages were gathered, in several large groups and circles, playing games. In the largest circle, where the young men and maidens were playing 'Old Bald Eagle,' a game that was a combination of quadrille and Virginia reel, with a song accompaniment, Fult was leading, and his partner was a young and extremely pretty stranger, at the sight of whom Jeems stopped stone-still and gazed with all his eyes. Aunt Ailsie's warning came to him with a pang after a while: 'Ricollect, sech as that hain't for you.' He sighed deeply, and felt a dull anger with Fult's youth and beauty.

Still another very young and pretty one — the one with the 'crow's-wing hair and blue eyes' — sat on a bench not far away; but Darcy Kent was at her side.

After a long while, the play-games stopped, and the merry crowd trooped down the hill and home — all save Fult and a few of his cronies, who stopped at the big tent, where Fult was soon picking a banjo and singing ballads for the stranger. Jeems leaned against a tree-trunk outside, and waited for the fateful hour of milking to arrive.

Finally, an anxious call came from below for Fult, and all in the tent went

down, Jeems following at a little distance. Fult joined the group of women behind the cooking tent. When Jeems arrived, he saw that they were gathered anxiously about the heifer. One of them, Virginia, was saying to Fult, —

'But how are we going to get her milked?'

Fult shook his head. 'I allowed, and granny allowed, all you women could milk — all the women-folks in this country can.'

'Milk? Why, I never did such a thing in my life! Down in the Blue Grass the women don't milk; the men do all the heavy work like that.'

Jeems stopped in his tracks. His jaw dropped.

'I thought maybe you could milk her for us to-night, and until we could hire somebody for the job,' continued Virginia, a little impatiently.

Fult flushed. 'Sorry I can't oblige you,' he said; 'I never in life undertook to milk a cow. Up in this country hit's allus a woman's job.'

'Do you mean to say you let your mother and sisters do rough work like milking all the time?'

Fult laughed. 'Maw would n't let me get in ten foot of her cow,' he said. 'Cows won't stand for hit in this country. They are used to women-folks and their ways, and don't want a man to come a-nigh 'em.'

'Hit's a fact,' groaned Jeems inwardly, from the depths of experience.

'You women know there hain't nothing I would n't do to pleasure you,' continued Fult, gallantly. 'If I knowed how to milk, I'd try hit, man's job or not. But a body can't learn all in a minute.'

'They can't, neither,' protested Jeems, under his breath.

'Can't a single one of you brought-on women milk a cow?' inquired Fult, looking, astonished, around the circle.

One after another, Amy, the nurse,

the kindergartner, the cooking teacher, the singing gal, admitted her ignorance. None had ever in her life tried to milk.

Jeems's jaw was now permanently dropped. He stared with incredulity.

'And even if some of them could milk,' said Virginia, with a note of decision in her soft voice, 'I should n't feel that I could permit them to do it. It's setting too bad an example. The thought of the women of this country doing all the milking shocks me inexpressibly, and one of the principal things I hope to teach them is that milking is *not* a woman's job, but should be done always by the men.'

Jeems's countenance registered complete horror.

At this instant, Isabel, the new arrival, spoke up. 'The cow will have to be milked to-night by somebody,' she said; 'and though I never milked in my life, and do not approve of women milking, still I'd be glad to try this time, if you say so, Cousin Amy, and Miss Virginia. Of course, I live on a stock-farm, — papa has always raised horses and cattle, thoroughbreds, — and I've seen cows milked by the negro men thousands of times, and it does seem that I ought to be able to do it myself. If you'll give me a bucket, I'll be glad to try.'

Virginia shook her head. 'I don't consider it wise,' she said; 'it's setting too bad a precedent.'

'I believe I'd let her do it just this once, as it's an emergency,' suggested Amy, in her quiet way.

'Well, maybe, for just this once,' Virginia grudgingly consented.

A shining bucket was produced, and Isabel stepped toward the heifer. Jeems's face was once more transformed, irradiated.

'Now you hold her,' said Isabel to Fult. 'Not that I'm a bit afraid. I can ride any horse I ever saw; but I'm not so used to cows.'

She approached carefully, spoke to the heifer, rubbed down her flank, and at last gently grasped a teat. This she squeezed periodically and persistently for a long while. Not a drop of milk appeared.

'Why, there's something the matter with this cow,' she said at last. 'I believe she's a dry one.'

'No, granny said she was giving three straight gallons a day right along,' said Fult; 'and to not fail to milk her a single time.'

Isabel tried another teat, then conscientiously made the rounds of all.

'Maybe she's just too excited to have any milk to-day,' said Virginia. 'I've heard that cows are extremely nervous creatures.'

'Yes, that must be it,' said Isabel. She rose, reluctant to give up, but forced to admit that she could do nothing.

Jeems's expression was now one of utter bewilderment. But he was ready to accept the explanation offered — a cow-brute was equal to anything.

A small boy of eleven or twelve, who had been standing near all the time, digging his toes into the earth, spoke up laconically.

'Anybody with eyes could see she's got milk.'

'Well, how can you tell, Billy?' asked Virginia.

'Because I know cows. I've help maw milk a many of a time, and Lethie, too. I don't care if hit hain't a man's job, I've help 'em when they was sick or busy. Here, you fotched-on women don't know nothing; gimme that air bucket, and a apen and sunbonnet, and I'll show you. Of course, she would n't lemme come a-nigh her in breeches.'

The nurse lent her large apron, Amy her white sunbonnet, and Billy, retiring to the cooking-tent to put them on, soon emerged, hit the cow a sharp lick on the hip, bawled 'Saw!' half a dozen

times, squatted down, put out small dirty hands. In an instant two large jets of milk were foaming into the pail.

'I knowed hit,' commented Billy, scornfully; 'I got my opinion of a passel of women that hain't able to milk a cow betwixt 'em!'

The women looked on in solemn relief.

And Jeems? He swept the six strange women with a slow glance, in which indignation, disgust and anguish struggled for supremacy; then, turning on his heel, strode rapidly down the hill.

'Not nary one of 'em able to milk a cow!' he exclaimed to himself over and over, as he descended.

And later, as he rode down Troublesome, 'Not nary single one! Not even,' with a groan, 'that air youngest and prettiest!'

It was supper-time when he arrived, and Uncle Lot being present, there was no chance for Aunt Ailsie to ask the reason of his profound melancholy, which, however, was so noticeable that, when she started to milk after supper, she called to him to go with her.

'What in creation's the matter with you, Jeems?' she demanded. 'You look like you had seed a hant!'

'I 've seed worse 'n a hant, Aunt Ailsie,' he said, with awful solemnity: 'I 've seed six able-bodied women, not nary one of which is able to milk a cow-brute!'

Aunt Ailsie dropped her bucket. 'Jeems!' she said, 'you know hit hain't the truth!'

'Hit's the truth, too,' he replied, sternly. 'When milking-time come, not nary one of 'em would even try but one, — that air newest and youngest, — and she could n't squeeze out a drap! And then a leetle chap that was hanging around, he sot down and milked out a bucketful easy as scat!'

Aunt Ailsie picked the bucket up, and stood by the bars, speechless.

'I never once thought but what every woman on that hill was a able milker,' she said at last. 'But look-a-here, Jeems, all hope hain't yet gone; they would any or all larn to milk if needcessity come — say if any of 'em was to marry a widow-man!'

Jeems shook his head most emphatically. 'They would n't, neither,' he said. 'Them women all allowed hit was a man's job, not a woman's; to milk a cow-brute; and one of them head women said she was aiming to teach all the women-folks in this here country not to milk nary 'nother time their-selves, but to make the men-folks do hit allus.'

Jeems's voice broke on the utterance of this frightful heresy, and Aunt Ailsie herself was entirely beyond speech.

After a long while she recovered herself, and laid down the bars. 'Well, hit jest wa' n't to be, Jeems,' she said; 'hit jest wa' n't predestined for you to get you a fatched-on woman. I don't know but what, if I was you, I 'd court that air widow-woman, Cindy Swope. Her six and your nine, with maybe seven or eight more to foller, will be kindly a stumbling-block; but if she can quell both young-uns and cow-brutes, like you say, numbers won't make no p'ticlar difference — you 'll still have peace in your home. I reckon hit 's the best all round, Jeems; though I feel mighty onreconciled, atter all the big plans I laid for you. You hain't the first man to look funder and fare worse.'

She threw half a dozen nubbins to Old Pied, sat down on the small three-legged stool, and began to milk, vigorously but pensively.

Jeems gazed down upon her, with healing and comfort stealing over every torn and jangled nerve.

'Man's job, indeed!' he said to himself, scornfully; 'Cindy hain't got no sech crazy notions!'

JOHN BROWN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It is always profoundly interesting to study a controversy where there is right on both sides, though neither can see the right in the other. In the American Civil War the South, with however little fault of its own, was oppressed, smothered by the hideous wickedness of slavery. On the other hand, it was contending for the original principle of state vitality — the important element in our Constitution, and one steadily undermined by Federal encroachment and, most of all, by the war.

Up to 1861 the most intense complication of these contending principles was in Kansas. There right and wrong fought their battle with furious bitterness, and with a heat of wrath and re-creation which is as pitiful as it is fascinating to behold. And into this thick and bushy tangle of motives and passions John Brown hewed unhesitatingly with the fierce and cruel axe of his unfaltering will. But, as it happens, Brown himself is as complex a puzzle as Kansas; and friends and enemies have torn his memory to pieces in the effort to make him out devil or saint; whereas he was neither, but a human being, with immense aspirations and hopes and struggles, like you or me. In any case, he was perhaps the most curious American example of the intensity of fanatical enthusiasm, and, as such, the analysis of his soul has a profound and absorbing interest.

Before beginning such analysis, however, we must have a brief summary of

his remarkable career, avoiding controversy as much as is possible where many facts and almost all motives are subject to contest. In making such a summary, we must first acknowledge indebtedness to the admirable biography of Mr. Villard, whose thoroughness of research is equaled only by his obvious desire to be fair to all parties and all men.

Brown was born in Connecticut in 1800. His parents were of English and Dutch stock and his stubbornness through life did not belie his heredity. He had a severe and sternly nurtured youth, growing up with the Bible in one hand and the plough in the other. In later life he wrote a brief autobiography which depicts the struggles of his youth in the terse, tense, rude English he always used. All through it you can see the earnest, passionate, obstinate boy, with his soul set on one object, all the more furiously when he found himself balked.

The boy was married when a boy, chased fortune in strange fashion all over the country, as a tanner, as a surveyor, as a cattle-breeder, as a wool-merchant, and never once caught her. He had and bred and lost children, lost his wife, married another, and had more children, illimitably. How he fed them all is a mystery. But their feeding was simple, and their lives were simple, and their souls were simple, like his — if all souls were not so bewilderingly complex.

Through these various financial strug-

gles, it comes out increasingly evident that Brown was not a practical man of business. His temperament was speculative, fed on high hopes, if little else. He worked with borrowed capital, his schemes failed, and he came to grief, like many others. Most of us believe that he was fundamentally honest. But some do not. It may be well to quote here the most scathing piece of abuse that I have met with, as an antidote to much that will come later: 'I knew the old scoundrel long before the war; long before Kansas was known; long before abolition had many advocates. He tried to blow up his mother-in-law with powder; he was guilty of every meanness. He involved his father at one time in ruin, and everybody else he had anything to do with.' So do the saints and martyrs appear to those who have suffered by them.

But, if the practical world rejected Brown and misunderstood him, the unpractical had its revenge in yielding him immortal glory. He gave his life with mad abandonment to the American negro, and that sacrifice raised him on a pedestal no envy and no detraction will ever throw down. Just when Brown's devotion to the abolition cause began cannot be definitely settled. In later life he and his family placed it very early. Mr. H. P. Wilson, who has dissected Brown's soul with searching and ingenious cruelty, but, I think, with utter misapprehension, believes that this early origin was invented, and that Brown's anti-slavery enthusiasm was merely a hypocritical mask to conceal the old greed for gain that had been in so many ways disappointed. I do not see how anyone who has studied Brown's life and letters carefully can question his sincerity for a moment; and I believe, after a thorough consideration of all the evidence, that the passion for freeing the slaves was early conceived and grew and broadened with years,

until, when he was nearly sixty years old, it broke out in the wild adventures of Kansas and Harper's Ferry.

Several of Brown's sons went to Kansas in 1854 and 1855. They were led in part, no doubt, by the enthusiasm of the Free-Soil movement, largely also by the instinct for adventure and for seeking fortune under new conditions. Their father was interested in their project from the first. He heard of the violence and aggression of the pro-slavery men, who were thronging into the territory from Missouri, left his wife and other children in North Elba, New York, and made his way to Kansas, well-armed, eager to help his sons, and passionately curious to see what would turn up.

When he arrived, the struggle between the political parties was violently under way. Accounts vary as to the prominence of his earlier part in it. He was never a man to work with others, much less under them. He could contend, command, control; he could not obey. At any rate, he was intimately involved in the furious complications of the end of 1855 and the beginning of 1856, and his antipathy to the advocates of slavery increased in bitterness—if it could. There was wrath and re- crimination everywhere, some unwarranted violence, and a luxury of threats, meaning much or little, but all serving to foment hatred.

Brown made up his mind that a cruel example was needed. In May, 1856, he and a party of his followers, by night, took five pro-slavery men from among their Pottawotamie neighbors, men of bad character but not more criminal than others, and butchered them—literally hacked them to pieces with cutlasses. Brown always insisted, in a fashion approaching duplicity, that he had no actual hand in the deed; but the whole responsibility was his. In any case, it was a bloody, brutal murder,

and quite without immediate excuse. Brown's admirers declare that it saved Kansas to freedom. Less prejudiced historians believe that it did more harm than good.

Brown's course in the West after Pottawatomie was much what it had been before. He was engaged in several so-called battles, with a few men on each side, and behaved always with absolute intrepidity and sometimes with shrewdness. Mr. Wilson insists that his chief motive was plunder. There was plenty of disreputable plundering on both sides, horse-stealing in particular. But there can be no serious doubt that Brown regarded it as a worthy despoiling of the Egyptians, and intended religiously to devote all profit to the advancement of the cause.

In the autumn of 1856 Brown left Kansas. The year 1857 he spent in the Middle West and East, gathering funds and arousing enthusiasm in various societies and individuals, with the ostensible purpose of aiding Kansas, but with, at any rate, some further and deeper plans for a more central attack upon the strongholds of slavery. In the summer of 1858 he returned to Kansas, where conditions were again acute, made a raid into Missouri, captured a considerable number of slaves, and, after a journey full of picturesque vicissitudes, carried them triumphantly to Canada, where the British flag ensured their permanent freedom. John Brown never entered Kansas again.

II

As there is endless controversy over the date of Brown's first interest in slavery, so historians dispute over his conception of the Harper's Ferry adventure. If the interview recorded by Frederick Douglass as having taken place in 1847 is to be accepted, — and I think it must be in substance, —

Brown was at that time brooding over the details of some such scheme as he afterward attempted to carry out. He explained to Douglass his plan for subsisting an army of whites and blacks in the mountain fastnesses and so gradually undermining the whole slave-power. In 1849 he made a brief trip to Europe, for business objects, and he appears to have attempted a more or less extensive study of battles and battlefields, with a military purpose in mind. For, though he was profoundly religious and by profession a hater of war, like many another such he was born a fighter, and relished nothing more than to have God put a scourge into his hands to lash the devil.

His daughter testifies explicitly that he told her of his Harper's Ferry plan before he first went to Kansas. In the interval between his two Kansas visits, the general outline of the scheme was certainly made more or less plain to some of his eastern supporters. And in May, 1858, took place in Chatham, Canada, that singular convention of a few whites and a larger number of negroes, which adopted the still more singular Provisional Constitution — Brown's elaborate device for governing the nation within a nation that was to be created by the gradual freeing of the Southern slaves. This instrument, with its lofty tone and its complicated establishment of executive, legislative, judiciary, and the rest, seems like a Utopian parody of the Constitution of the United States, elaborated by a slow, thorough, narrow, limited intellect, possessed and obsessed by one idea; and such was assuredly Brown's.

Any hope the inventor of this system may have had of putting it immediately into practice was thwarted by the defection of the restless, unreliable adventurer Forbes, who, after being more trusted by his leader than was anyone else, deserted the cause and made perilous revelations as to the methods.

Brown was obliged to defer action for a year; but his patience was as indomitable as his energy. 'Young men must learn to wait. Patience is the hardest lesson to learn. I have waited for twenty years to accomplish my purpose.'

At last, in the summer of 1859, Brown settled himself and his little band of followers at the Kennedy farm in Maryland, about five miles from Harper's Ferry. The followers were a somewhat heterogeneous collection. They were by no means all religious men. Perhaps they had not all been virtuous men. They were hardy, energetic young fellows, ready to risk anything and go anywhere. Most, if not all of them, had a superstitious horror of slavery. And everyone of them adored the old man and was willing to die for him.

Just what plan of campaign Brown had adopted, if any definite, will never be known. His friends and his foes have ingeniously supplied him with several, and supported them with what they think are conclusive arguments. But the arguments are as different as the conclusions, and none is convincing. Somehow or other Brown hoped to gather a nucleus of slaves and whites, whose determined action in seizing Harper's Ferry would finally lead to the liberation of every Southern negro. But the method of accomplishing this is obscure. On the one hand, we are told by Brown's son that 'Father had a peculiarity of insisting on *order*. I felt that at Harper's Ferry this very thing would be likely to trap him. He would insist on getting everything arranged just to suit him before he would consent to make a move.' On the other hand, we have Brown's own impressive words: 'It is an invariable rule *with me* to be governed by circumstances; or, in other words, *not to do anything* while *I do not know what to do*.' No doubt these two positions may be reconciled, but

they do not make our puzzle much clearer.

At any rate, the conspirators, about twenty in all, lurked at the Kennedy Farm till the middle of October, slowly accumulating arms and supplies and keeping themselves marvelously hidden from the neighbors' curiosity. Then, on the evening of Sunday, October 16, Brown marched out, at the head of a petty band of adventurers, to challenge deliberately a great nation by assaulting its officers and seizing its property. The complicated evolutions of Sunday night and Monday need not be traced in detail. By Monday night, not only the town of Harper's Ferry, but the State of Virginia and the whole country had been aroused, and had grasped, at least vaguely, the enormous effrontery of Brown's undertaking. Various peaceable citizens had been killed, as well as several of Brown's followers. He himself, after getting possession of the different government buildings and picking up from the surrounding country a number of slaves and also a number of slaveholders as hostages, among whom was a member of the family of Washington, was shut up with the remains of his band and his prisoners in the engine-house and continued there till Tuesday morning. But in the dull gray October dawn a detachment of United States Marines, under Colonel Robert E. Lee, broke in the doors, liberated the prisoners, and killed or captured all the defenders. Brown was cut down fighting, and received several wounds, which were at first thought to be dangerous, but which afterwards proved to be comparatively unimportant.

Virginia and the whole South were naturally infuriated. Brown was speedily tried on various charges, and sentenced to be hanged. His Northern friends complained of indecent haste in the proceedings, but later historians agree that, on the whole, the affair was

conducted with as much consideration as could have been expected. Brown bore himself through it all with the admirable dignity that he had shown from the first moment of his capture. Indeed, the testimony of his captors and interrogators to his composure and clear-headedness is as impressive as that of his prisoners to his courage and thoughtful humanity.

During the long weeks of his imprisonment the condemned traitor showed an unbroken serenity and nobleness. He discouraged all attempts at escape or rescue, and urged upon his friends that, as a martyr to the cause, he would serve it more substantially than by any further living effort. He corresponded widely, and his numerous letters, with their poignant directness and incontrovertible sincerity, afford the best evidence of the great qualities of his character.

On the second of December, 1859, John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia. Great military preparations were made to ensure a peaceful execution of the sentence, and it was carried out with every detail of decorum and decency, except that a painful delay at the last moment prolonged unnecessarily the prisoner's suspense. Brown's bearing was perfect, his courage and calmness flawless. There were no heroics, no rhetoric. He took an affectionate leave of his companions in arms and gave them each a quarter of a dollar, saying that he should have no further use for money.

Of an equally touching simplicity were his words as he was driven to the gallows: 'This is a beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before'; and the phrase seems somehow to give a startling insight into the vivid and intense perception of a man who is opening his eyes upon the other world. A few hours later the eyes were closed to this, and John Brown had

become a strange, great legendary figure in the complicated progress of humanity.

III

So died a typical incarnation of ideal, or fanatical, enthusiasm, a man absolutely convinced of the truth and justice of his own ideas of right and wrong, in certain points at any rate, and determined to impose them upon the world, by persuasion if possible, if not, by bloodshed, agony, and slaughter. He was a theorist, a reasoner, all the more rigorous in his theories because their scope was limited. You can see the rigor in the face, especially before it was bearded — in the set mouth, the cavernous eyes, the sturdy chin, the drawn brows and narrow forehead. There was a tremendous, indomitable stubbornness in the man. 'Let the grand reason, that one course is right and another wrong, be kept continually before your own mind.' He kept it always before him, and walked straight on, no matter whom his footsteps shattered.

To minds of a different type, reflective, curious, analytical, there is endless interest in studying such a temperament, in weighing the good and evil of its working in the world — good and evil to itself, good and evil to the vast body of its fellow beings. Let us trace out some of the ramifications of this as illustrated in the case of Brown.

First as to the evil, and the evil to the world at large. Such natures are intolerant; from their point of view they have the right to be so. They know what should be done and what should not. Paltry excuses, quibbling reserves, charitable allowances, what are they but devices of the Evil One, cunningly assorted to obscure the real issue between heaven and hell? 'I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration

of Independence,' said Brown. 'I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth, — men, women, and children, — by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail in this country. I mean exactly so, sir.' He meant so, he acted so, he lived so.

Such intolerance kills the quiet ease and joy of life. It kills compromise and mutual understanding, and breeds suspicion and mistrust. It breeds wrath and violence, sets father against son and brother against brother, triumphantly justifies such hideous crimes as the brutal murders on the Pottawatomie. And, alas, so often, it does all this from misapprehension, from reasoning with fierce, narrow, unenlightened logic, and reasoning wrong.

The injury of this fanatical temperament to the individual possessor of it is even more obvious than the injury to the world in general. Take intelligence. His temperament cuts him off from curious knowledge, from wide interest in the movement of life and its varied currents and subtle developments. It makes him feel that all that does not renovate society from his point of view is frivolous and contemptible. Brown read — oh yes, he read the Bible, always the Bible, and he read Plutarch, and he read books on military science. What if he had read Plato or Montaigne?

And beauty? What room, what leisure is there for beauty, a frivolous distraction, an idle, deceiving siren, which leads the soul astray from the one clear, arduous path it must forever follow? Brown loved music, loved hymns; they fed his strange melancholy, his strange exaltation. Yet probably he would have said of music, with Cowper, 'If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God . . . it degenerates into a sensual delight and becomes a most powerful advocate for

the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same.' And Brown loved nature; but we have seen that he walked through it as a man in a dream, and opened his eyes to it only when they were about to close forever.

It was the same with all the comforts of life, ease, fine clothes, delicate food, luxury, grace, elegance, and charm. The grosser man in us, the simple, natural man, unhaunted by far thoughts and tormenting scruples, enjoys these things, savors them, revels in them. But how can any one enjoy them whose mind is clouded with the misery of the world? How can a life be happy passed in the midst of those who suffer? To be sure, many lives are, but not this man's. He would cut off human wants, cut off superfluous desires, cut off bare needs. Those poor negroes were toiling under the lash, and why should he achieve felicity? He wore old, plain clothes, and ate the simplest sustenance compatible with life. When Douglass visited him, in 1847, he was struck with the utter poverty of everything. 'Plain as was the outside of this man's house, the inside was plainer. . . . There was an air of plainness about it which almost suggested destitution.' The meal was 'such as a man might relish after following the plough all day.' 'Innocent of paint, veneering, varnish, or tablecloth, the table announced itself unmistakably of pine and of the plainest workmanship.' And while the poverty may have resulted in part from lack of business ability, it came far more from absorption in higher things. 'For twenty years,' said Brown, in 1858, 'I have never made any business arrangement which would prevent me at any time answering the call of the Lord. I have kept my affairs in such condition that in two weeks I could wind them up and be ready to obey the call; permitting nothing to stand in the way of duty —

neither wife, children, nor worldly goods.'

It is equally evident that these lofty spiritual pursuits do not fit well with the lighter side of life, with the more kindly human relations, the trivial exchange of cordial, empty, daily jest and laughter. Brown had a grim, Old Testamentary humor of his own, that relaxed the iron muscles of those mouth-corners just a trifle. But did he ever laugh with abandon? He mingled with men for his own purposes, though even with those closest to him he had a strange and desperate secrecy. For ordinary social converse he had no taste and no aptitude. 'I have one unconquerable weakness,' he said with a smile in those last unsmiling days; 'I have always been more afraid of being taken into an evening party of ladies and gentlemen, than of meeting a company of men with guns.' Even the faculty of consolation, the most exquisite, tender link of friendship, was denied him, or at least not given in large measure. 'I never seemed to possess a faculty to console and comfort my friends in their grief; I am inclined, like the poor comforters of Job, to sit down in silence, lest in my miserable way I should only add to their grief.'

But the crowning interest of the effect of Brown's great aim in life upon his human relations appears in his dealings with his family. He was devotedly attached to both his wives and to his numerous sons and daughters. He was thoughtful of their worldly welfare, as he saw it, to the very end. He was more than thoughtful, he was tender. He was tender to the animals with whom he lived so much. He was tender, divinely tender with human beings. When those he loved were ill, he would give up food, give up sleep, give up immediately necessary labor, to tend them and watch over them with delicate, considerate care. Yet he punished with

pitiless severity. When one of his sons had earned a heavy whipping, he inflicted half of it, and then made the boy lash the father's own bare back till the blood came. 'He made his wife ride to church with him on a pillion, on a young and unbroken horse he wished to tame, with the result that she was twice thrown.'

Also, he must rule, dominate, control everything that came near him. He dominated animals. 'He said that he could always, without moving, make a dog or cat leave the room if he wished, by his eye.' Was he not one day to be ruler over thousands? If so, then surely he must dominate at home. 'He was intolerant in little things and in little ways. . . . I had it from [his son] Owen, in a quiet way, and from other sources in quite a loud way, that in his family his methods were of the most arbitrary kind,' says a not very friendly witness. Douglass, a most friendly one, observes that 'He fulfilled St. Paul's idea of the head of the family. His wife believed in him, and his children observed him with reverence.'

And when a great cause demanded it, both wife and children must be sacrificed without a moment's hesitation. He said it repeatedly, and, when necessary, he did it. The little sacrifices were demanded constantly and given freely. The supreme sacrifice was always held in readiness and accorded at the supreme moment. A son was killed in Kansas, two sons were killed at Harper's Ferry. Still he fought on, if not unmoved or without a tear, absolutely unaltered in his resolution to give what was far dearer than his own life to achieving the one great end of his and their existence on this earth. The strain of living so much apart from all he loved was terrible. It wrung his heart to think of their privation and sickness and sorrow. But even this grief was smothered in the thought of all that

greater grief. 'The anxiety I feel to see my wife and children once more I am unable to describe. . . . The *cries* of my poor, *sorrowstricken, despairing children*, whose *tears on their cheeks* are *ever* in my eye and whose *sighs* are *ever* in my ears, may however prevent my enjoying the happiness I so much desire.'

Truly the strain of this man's life in the grip of his overpowering prepossession illuminates Heine's passionate saying: 'You talk of our having ideas. We do not have ideas. The Idea has us, and martyrs us and scourges us and drives us into the arena to fight for it and die for it, whether we will or no.'

IV

And what good comes from this tyrannous mastery of an idea, to balance and compensate all the wide weight of privation and misery? Let us consider such good, first, as it affects the individual, then, as it affects the world. To clarify the consideration we must dig a little more deeply into the profound tangle of motives that lies at the base of moral and spiritual, as of all other, effort.

In such a case as Brown's, the persistent, all-excluding nature of the obsession, its constant intrusion in season and out of season, its cruel dominance over all other motives and all other passions, undeniably suggest insanity. This solution has been urged for Brown. It receives support from the man's singular and unfortunate inheritance. Insanity was rampant in his mother's family, and there were a dozen instances in relatives more or less close to him. An effort was made to plead this in court. Brown himself rejected it scornfully. At the same time, I think his frequent recurrence to it indicates that its shadow haunted him with some discomfort. 'I may be very insane,' he

wrote, 'and I am so, if insane at all. But if that be so, insanity is like a very pleasant dream to me.' And again: 'If I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so.' Yet this is precisely what he did think, what every enthusiast and fanatic of his type thinks. In that overmastering, overwhelming assurance of knowing more than all the rest of the world, from whatever source, lies all their power — and all their weakness. In the greatest examples of the type, the assurance proves itself well founded. The whole wide world comes in time to think as they did, and so to justify their sacrifice and martyrdom. And it is here that more serious doubt arises in regard to Brown. Strong and vigorous as his intelligence was, it ran so much to the fantastic, and the conception, or misconception, of his final effort was so incoherently disastrous, that it is impossible to credit him with clear, commanding intellectual power. At the same time, it is equally impossible to describe him as technically insane. Close and shrewd observers, who watched him at critical moments, affirm his sanity. Men who reason as consistently and will as insistently and act as persistently as he did cannot be set apart as of diseased mind.

Yet to subordinate one's whole being so completely to an all-engrossing purpose is, beyond question, abnormal. It absorbs life, drinks up the soul, sweeps the man quite out of the common course of daily interests and cares. And precisely in this absorption, in this excitement, lifting you above all earth, lies one of its charms. Such a nature as Brown's is born to struggle and fight, with something, with anything. He thought he loved peace. So he did, in theory. But the peace he loved was the peace you have to fight for. He was eager, restless. To be quiet was death,

and to be comfortable and even to be happy was too like being quiet. '*I expect nothing* but to "endure hardness,"' he said. He wanted nothing but to endure hardness. When he was enduring and resisting, he knew he was alive. One of the most instructive sentences he ever wrote was, 'I felt for a number of years, *in earlier life*, a steady, strong desire *to die*; but since I saw any prospect of becoming a "reaper" in the *great* harvest, I have not only felt quite willing *to live*, but have enjoyed life much.' He probably enjoyed it most of all in prison, when only a few days of it were left him.

And besides the exhilaration of living for an ideal, there is the element of personal ambition. It is quite unnecessary to assume with Mr. Wilson that Brown was actuated entirely by vulgar greed and narrow personal vanity. Who shall say that the greatest of teachers and prophets is wholly exempt from the delight of feeling, if not saying, 'I did this thing'? The man is worth little who has not the root of such ambition in him. Assuredly Brown had it. Did he not write of himself in youth, 'He very early in life became ambitious to excel in doing anything he undertook to perform'? Did he not write in age, when treading on the heels of performance, 'I have only had *this one* opportunity, in a life of nearly sixty years; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have another equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively a *very small* part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards'?

Further, there is the delight of mastery, of controlling things and leading men, of feeling that your sole, petty, finite will is making at least a portion of the universe bow and bend before it. To some spirits the thought of this is hateful and the effort for it repulsive.

To others it is the supreme joy of life. And such preëminently was Brown. He even carried the instinct so far as to find it difficult to obey when obedience is perhaps the deepest secret of final dominance. He could not work well with others. He must rule or be nothing. Both friends and enemies testify to this. 'Very superstitious, very selfish and very intolerant, with great self-esteem. . . . He could not brook a rival,' says one witness cited by Mr. Wilson. 'He doted on being the head of the heap, and he was,' says Brown's brother-in-law. And his son's comment is equally decided: 'The trouble is, you want your boys to be brave as tigers, and still afraid of you'; while the father, meditating soberly in his Virginia prison, recognized the same weakness as clearly as anyone. He writes of one of his sons, he 'always has underrated himself; is bashful and retiring in his habits; is not (like his father) too much inclined to assume and dictate.'

Thus, such a temper would like to control and dominate the world, but always for the world's good. In Brown, at least, there was not a trace of conscious desire to rule for evil or for the gratification of any personal motive of mischief or cruelty. In spite of all he had endured, and all the slights and injuries of men, he repeats over and over that no thought of revenge enters into any of his efforts. If the wicked must suffer through his action, it is because they are wicked, not because they have tormented him.

For, back of all the personal elements, back even of the abstract desire to do good, there was always God; and in the study of such temperaments as Brown's the obscure, vast mystery of God must always be given the largest place. It is here, I think, chiefly, that Mr. Wilson's shrewd analysis is at fault. In all the puzzles, in all the tangles, in all the inconsistencies of this strange man's

life, especially in elucidating his plan, or lack of plan, before the attack on Harper's Ferry, we must look to God as the solution. He was a child of destiny, like Napoleon or Cromwell; but with him the destiny was the obvious, constant direction of God. 'The Lord had directed him in visions what to do.' 'He scouted the idea of rest while he held a commission direct from God Almighty to act against slavery.' 'God had created him to be the deliverer to slaves, the same as Moses had delivered the children of Israel.' It is true that Brown several times spoke of himself as naturally skeptical. He was shrewd, hard-headed, far from ready to accept all the fantastic quips and quirks of credulous superstition. But his intense insistence on what he did believe was all the firmer; and he did believe that God had predestined him from eternity to root out the curse from these United States; he did believe that God bade him do fierce and bloody things, that that curse might be rooted out forever. In 1856 Mrs. Coleman asked him, 'Then, Captain, you think that God uses you as an instrument in his hands to kill men?' And he answered, 'I think he has used me as an instrument to kill men; and if I live, I think he will use me as an instrument to kill a good many more.'

And if this sense of immediate direction from God, of being in the hands of God as a mighty agent for his purposes, for everlasting good, even sometimes through apparent evil, is the greatest motive for human accomplishment, is it not also the greatest source of human rapture? The joy it brings is the most acute and exalted of all joy, and the peace it gives is the deepest and the most enduring of all peace. So at least Brown found it, in his prison days, with death awaiting him, having failed in his great undertaking according to the judgment of men, but with the growing

consciousness that apparent failure covered God's intention in a mightier triumph, which could be made perfect only by his departure from this troubled world. He was 'fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose.' And in that persuasion his spirit found more contentment than it had known in all his restless sixty years. 'Tell your father that I am quite cheerful; that I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul.' And when an effort was made to comfort him, he said, 'I sleep peacefully as an infant, or, if I am wakeful, glorious thoughts come to me, entertaining my mind.'

It is one of the characteristics of this spiritual rapture that it is impelled to extend itself to others. None who feels the ecstasy of God upon him can refrain from communicating it, from striving passionately to make the world over and urging others to make it over also. And none strove thus with more ardor than John Brown. Something magnetic in his obsession touched men of the most diverse temperaments and powers, roused them to think and feel and work as he did.

Take his immediate followers: take that group of boys, or little more than boys, who gathered about him with unquestioning loyalty in the last desperate venture. They were not especially religious. Even Brown's own sons did not adopt his orthodox interpretation of the Bible. But every man of the company had imbibed the spirit of sacrifice; every man was ready to give his life for the cause their leader had preached to them; every man believed that what he said should be done, must be done. 'They perfectly worshiped the ground the old fellow trod on,' said a Southern observer, who had no sym-

pathy with them except in the admiration of splendid courage.

Nor was it only over those who came under his immediate command that Brown exercised the magnetism of inspiration and stimulus. After his capture and during his imprisonment he was surrounded by bitter enemies. But they grew to respect him, and some apparently to have a personal regard for him. Even when they condemned his cause, they esteemed his spirit of sacrifice and his superb singleness of purpose. In the years before the crisis came, he met some of the keenest and most intelligent men in the United States, and they saw and felt in him a man of power, a man of will, a man of ideals above the common average and level of trivial earthliness. 'No matter how inconsistent, impossible, and desperate a thing might appear to others, if John Brown said he would do it, he was sure to be believed. His words were never taken for empty bravado,' wrote Frederick Douglass. That enthusiasts like Gerritt Smith should be carried away was, perhaps, natural. But Alcott was not an enthusiast, Emerson was not an enthusiast, Thoreau was not, Theodore Parker was not. All these men spoke of Brown as one gifted for some divine purpose beyond mortality. All of them thanked the humble farmer and shepherd for that thrill of exaltation which is one of the greatest forces that can touch the heart. No one would call John A. Andrew an enthusiast. He was

a practical man of the world, versed in the hard conduct of everyday affairs. Yet Andrew said: 'Whatever might be thought of John Brown's acts, John Brown himself was right.'

And the influence of such a man and such a life and such a death flowed out and on, beyond the men who obeyed him, beyond the men who met him, to those who never knew him and had hardly even heard of him, to the whole country, to the wide world. The song that carried his name inspired millions throughout the great Civil War; it has inspired millions since; and John Brown's soul and sacrifice were back of the song.

That is what Brown meant when he said, 'I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose.' That is what men of his type achieve by their fierce struggle and their bitter self-denial and their ardent sacrifice. They make others, long years after, — others who know barely their names and nothing of their history, — achieve also some little or mighty sacrifice, accomplish some vast and far-reaching self-denial, that so the world, through all its doubts and complications and perplexities, may be lifted just a little toward ideal felicity. Whatever their limitations, their errors, their defects, or their excesses, it may justly be said, as was said of Brown and his followers, that 'these men, in teaching us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live.'

TO REBECCA, GROWING UP

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

LIGHT in your eyes says, 'Years! Years!'
There grows more reason in your tears;
There grows more pity in your smile;
Dreams beset you, and beguile.

The round clear baby-cheek seems thin,
Though still it holds the dimples in.
Your lashes droop. Sometimes you look
A changeling from a fairy-book.
Soon you will see as straight as I,
And need no more to tease and ply
My patience, asking. You will know
Without my clumsy 'This is so.'

Moods sweep you. Seasons sway you. Soon
You will turn fey beneath the moon,
And delicately mad with spring.
Bird-passage sets you on the wing;
Leaf-fall casts shadows on your heart;
Red sunrise makes you laugh and start.

Could I have loved you so, when you,
Wrapped in sweet blankets white and blue,
Round-eyed, damp-curled, dimpled and dazed,
Met the world's wonder — blank, amazed?

Then you were mine — all mine. Ah, yes!
But only mine from helplessness.
Now you outrun me. Dream for dream,
You match me. Challenges that gleam
Like little swords dance through our days.
— Oh, what am I to blame or praise?

WOODS TREACHERIES

To trust you is a thing more rare
Than that old speechless darling care.

And can you trust me — you, who run
So soon beyond my steadfast sun?
And can you trust me — you, who go
So soon a road I cannot know?

WOODS TREACHERIES

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

THERE can be no better place to watch marsh-hawks than Fenwick Castle in the Carolina Low Country. This is so partly because of the wide sweep of the wet meadows and marshes between the ruined mansion and the winding river, and partly because of the romance that invests the spot. The beautiful daughter of Lord Fenwick fell in love with a groom in her father's stables. She ran away and married him, but the old hawk, her father, owner of some of the finest race horses in the Province, pursued and overtook the fugitives. He made short work of the marriage.

Tradition provides the outlines for a tragic picture — the young man bound and seated on his horse, a noose around his neck, the rope slung over a limb of a gray-bearded live-oak whose huge arms spread far and wide in the gloom overhead; Fenwick sitting pale and implacable on his panting racer; the daughter hysterical with terror; the flaring torches of Fenwick's negro henchmen casting a lurid, flickering light upon the scene.

Just how the thing was done, the

story does not make clear. Perhaps they forced her to it by main strength; perhaps she stood in such awful fear of her father that his word of command was enough. At any rate, the legend says that it was the girl herself who lashed the horse from under her lover.

From Fenwick Castle, where the negroes who live near by hear ghosts moaning and crying on windy nights, an old causeway, lined with shrubbery and trees, leads across the marshes to the river a mile or so to the east; and beneath this causeway, it is said, a secret passage ran underground from the house to the water's edge.

That this subterranean way once extended as far as the river, and was used by the master of Fenwick as a means of smuggling in forbidden goods, may be doubted. Only a short section of it remains — a bricked-in tunnel through which a man might crawl on hands and knees; and it may be that this is all there ever was — an outlet from the mansion, designed to permit the escape of a messenger in case of Indian attack.

But whether or not the tunnel once

went all the way to the river, and whether or not in the old days smugglers, who were pirates as well, passed through it under the ground, the legend has it so. It is an agreeable tale to think of; and thinking of it added something to the pleasure of even a matter-of-fact man, not a purveyor of romance, whose prime business on the causeway was the watching of marsh-hawks, and who had gone there because it was a good place from which to watch these birds.

Yet I found it hard to keep my mind on the marsh-hawks that afternoon. Though several of them were seen from time to time, flying low above the green grassy plains near the river, my thoughts wandered away from them, often returning to the old deserted house of brick behind me, from the high roof of which, when it was first built, one might have watched the canoes of red men passing up and down the Stono. But while my brain was busy with other things, my eyes followed the slow, graceful flight of the big harriers quartering the marsh meadows in their search for prey; and suddenly I saw one of them halt in the air, hang poised for a moment, then dart down. In a quarter of a minute he was up and away again, his talons empty; but in the intervening fraction of time something had happened.

Just above the tip of the marsh blades, the hawk had checked his descent with a frantic and desperate beating of his wings; then with powerful downward strokes he had shot swiftly upward. Evidently he had discovered in the nick of time that the object in the marsh grass, which had attracted his attention and brought him swooping down, was not what he had supposed it to be. Perhaps, instead of a mouse or a marsh-sparrow, a sly raccoon was crouching in the reeds, his paw raised for a fatal blow.

At any rate, it was laughable to see the sudden panic of the hawk; and, as I watched him sailing away from the spot where he had had a good scare, and perhaps a narrow escape, I was reminded of a true story of a hawk, which I had heard not long before — one of the strangest of many stories gathered from hunters and woodsmen of the Low Country.

It was a tale of a hawk and a deer hunter who fell asleep at his stand in the woods; and, more particularly, it was a tale of this deer hunter's flowing white beard. The dogs were far off. Their music came faint and thin from the other side of the swamp. There was little chance that the deer would come our old gentleman's way. So, keen hunter though he was, he sat down at the foot of a tree, holding his gun between his knees, the muzzle pointing upward, and in a few moments he was asleep.

How long he dozed, he never knew. Suddenly the gun was almost knocked from between his knees, and he opened his eyes to find that a large hawk, plunging downward from the air, had hurled itself against the end of the gun barrel and lay dead at his feet. Undoubtedly it was the white beard that had caught the hawk's eye and brought him dashing down to instant annihilation. Probably the hawk had no time to be surprised; but there was never a more astounded deer hunter than the venerable Captain W——, when he realized that, while he slept peacefully in the wood, a hawk had made a target of his beard.

It was not one of the long-winged, rather deliberate harriers of the Fenwick marshes that made this dramatic, ill-starred raid. The marsh-hawk, too, shows speed and dash at times, as when he falls suddenly upon a clapper-rail crouching on her nest among the reeds; but, with the exception of the rare

Peregrine falcon, the swiftest and boldest of all the feathered buccaneers of the Low Country are the blue darter hawks, as they are called hereabouts — the big blue darter, to which the scientists give the colorless name of Cooper's hawk, and the little blue darter, termed with equal inappropriateness the sharp-shinned hawk. These two are the heroes of most of the spectacular stories that are told of hawks in this region, which, because of its abundant wild life, great tracts of wooded country, and inaccessible marshlands, is a hunting-ground for many hawks; and it was almost certainly a big blue darter that committed assault and battery upon Captain W——'s beard.

Strange as that assault was, anyone who knows this bold falcon, and has observed his headlong recklessness in action, can understand readily enough how the thing occurred. The hawk, cruising silently through the long aisles of the woods, swerving swiftly in and out among the tree-trunks, and scanning the ground and thicket-tops for some bird or rabbit or other woods dweller which would satisfy his appetite, was suddenly aware of a white object beneath him. The blue darter is set on a hair-trigger. When he hunts on the wing in the woods, the moment his eye spots the prey, he plunges. Perhaps this hawk thought that the white thing beneath him was a hen, which had strayed from some farm or negro cabin. It is more likely that he did not pause to consider at all, but, responding instantly to instinct doubled his speed and shot down like an arrow to his death.

Death sets some queer ambushes in the woods. Near the west bank of the South Santee, on an abandoned plantation which the Santee wilderness has reclaimed for its own, there is one of the oddest graves in the Low Country. Here, tradition says, was buried many

years ago a beautiful young girl, the dearly beloved of her father, the master of the plantation; and the story runs that he, in order to make sure that she would be ready when the Last Trumpet sounded, buried her in an erect position so that she could step forth instantly from her tomb on the Day of the Resurrection. Hence the grave, standing by itself in a lonely, secluded spot, is taller than most graves, being some six or seven feet in height.

There is no stone, but from the top of the cone-shaped mound grows a handsome pine. The deer, which frequent these woods, come to the place sometimes at night; you can stand by the mound on an evening in May or June and hear the big alligators of the Santee bellowing like bulls in the river a half-mile or so away; and as you walk through the thickets around the grave, you must keep a sharp look-out, for this deserted plantation is a paradise for snakes.

I had gone to the spot hoping to find some snakes, especially one sort of snake in which I was interested at the time; and I was disappointed when none was discovered near the grave. But I had better luck amid the ruins of the old plantation house, whose tall chimneys and massive walls of brick have now been so hemmed in and engulfed by the forest that a man might pass twenty yards from the house and never see it at all.

For the most part the walls still stand, and the heavy stone steps at front and rear remain, though some of them have been heaved up from their places by the slow, irresistible strength of great roots that twine and twist like pythons amid the ruins. But there is now no vestige of a roof or of floors, and tall trees grow inside the house, some of them soaring high up above the jagged walls, while the trunks of others, which must have begun their

growth before the roof fell in, protrude through the high, wide windows.

It was a grotesque and melancholy sight, all the more tragical because this old house had once been the home of one of the great Low Country families, which had given many distinguished men to the colony and to the state. But the strangest thing about it to my mind was the wide, deep, bricked-in well, which we found within the walls of the house; and to me at that moment the most interesting thing about the well was what we saw at the bottom of it. For the water of the well, thirty feet or so below the surface of the ground, was alive with snakes, the copper-colored snakes for which I had been looking; and with them was another snake worth seeing — a huge diamond-back rattler.

The copper-colored serpents — red-bellied water-snakes, a vicious though not a venomous species — swam sinuously about in the water, or hung in long loops upon sticks and small branches that had fallen into the well; but the great rattlesnake lay in the water, with two thirds of its thick body submerged, and after a few moments we realized that it was dead. Then for the first time I suspected that the place was not a serpent den, but a serpent mausoleum, and the negro woodsman who had guided us to the spot confirmed the guess. Many snakes, he said, lived amid these ruins, and now and then one of them, crawling to the edge of the well or along the branches overhanging it, fell in. For these, he declared, there was no escape, for the brick walls of the well were sound and unbroken and there was no subterranean passageway through which the reptiles could leave their prison.

There they must stay until the end came, the water-snakes surviving for a long while, the land-snakes succumbing quickly. No one knew, the old woods-

man said, how many dead serpents lay hidden under the waters of the well; and I wondered how many hundreds of them had perished in this ambushade during the long years that had passed since the manor fell into decay, and the snakes of the surrounding woods had come to live in it, instead of the powdered gentlemen and brocaded ladies who had danced the stately old dances there in the palmy days of the Santee plantation country.

Year after year this yawning death-trap in this house of serpents has taken its toll of the scaly inhabitants of the place. Those that we saw — the writhing red water-snakes and the great dead rattler — were only a few of its many scores of victims, and they would not be the last. It is as strange a sepulchre as the tall grave in the woods, where, if we can trust the legend, the daughter of the old house stands upright in her shroud, awaiting the Judgment Day.

Sometimes, as if tiring of her accustomed methods, Nature beguiles her victims with novel stratagems. There is a long, narrow island, with the sea on one side and wide green marshlands on the other, which, if it were properly named, would be called the Isle of Pirate Ghosts.

Off this island, in the old buccaneer days, the black-flag fleet of Blackbeard and Stede Bonnet lay in ambush for unsuspecting merchantmen who came sailing out of Charles Town; and it is reasonable to suppose, even if there be no mention of it in the record, that more than once, on moonlight nights, the corsair chiefs came ashore here to stretch their legs and tap a cask of wine on the beach.

Like all the rest of the Low Country, the lonely barrier islands along the edge of the sea are crowded with old memories; and since most ghosts are nothing but old memories that have

taken human shape, as gray or white clouds in the sky sometimes assume the form of familiar things, it is safe to say that ghosts of pirates haunt this island. Once or twice, in the dusk, I have thought for an instant that I caught sight of them.

One morning I was fishing for channel bass in the surf on this Isle of Pirate Ghosts, when I saw something which brought back to my mind a story told to me years ago by an old negro fisherman. My attention was attracted by a shrill screaming behind me, and, turning, I saw an osprey circling high over the island woods, while just above him circled and swooped and swerved a bald eagle.

I watched the drama with interest, knowing what would happen; and presently the osprey dropped his fish, and the eagle, his body slanting sharply, slid downward through the air. Whether he overtook the fish and grasped it before it fell into the woods or the marsh behind the island, I do not know, for a tall dune behind me hid the plunging bird from view; but the incident recalled the fisherman's story — a story which, like many of the tales told by the negro boatmen of the coast, seems to me now less improbable than it appeared at the time when I heard it.

He was fishing in his small rowboat in one of the inlets between two barrier islands, when he saw an eagle overtake and attack an osprey which was flying across the inlet with a fish in its claws. The birds were not very high in the air,

and the hawk, instead of holding on to his fish for some minutes and circling upward, as the osprey often does, apparently in an effort to get above the eagle, gave up the struggle quickly and dropped his prey.

The eagle plunged after it; but so short was the distance that the fish fell into the water before he could seize it. The big bird checked his descent and hung poised for a moment. Then, half closing his wings, he shot down again and struck the water in a shower of spray.

That was the last of him. Seen dimly through the spray for a fraction of a second, his dark wings had seemed to beat the air desperately; then the place where they had been was empty. Sharks were very abundant that morning, the fisherman said. He had caught a number of small ones, from a foot and a half to two feet in length, and had seen several large ones swimming close to the top of the water near his boat. It was his belief that the poised eagle, scanning the water for the fish that the osprey had dropped, saw a dark object just beneath the surface and, plunging instantly, struck his talons into the back of a large shark and was carried down.

A fitting death for the king of the air, cut off, in the prime of his splendid powers, in combat with the king of the sea. But I remember, that, when the old man told me the story, I hoped with all my heart it was not true.

WHAT ARE COLLEGE GAMES FOR?

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

THERE is one obvious and outstanding fact about the younger generation, viz., that the older generation made it. The marks of its makers are upon it. These young people who torment us, who baffle us, who seem so different from ourselves — these are our children. Whatever they are they owe to us. We gave them birth; we gave them training; we gave them the social order which shapes and fashions them. If they have virtues, the cause is in us; if they have vices, it is we who brought them into being. In every proper causal sense they are ours. If then we wish to understand our children we must examine ourselves. If we would prescribe for their diseases or cultivate their virtues, we must find the sources of these in ourselves and in our world. Just as the fathers, whom we approve, made us, so we made these who follow us, whom we often condemn. But the approval on the one hand and the disapproval on the other seem to clash when they meet together in us who stand between. Why so ill an effect from so good a cause?

The principle just stated holds good, I think, for many present situations. But more specifically, for our immediate purpose, it throws light upon what is known as 'The Athletic Situation in the Colleges.'

It may be worth while to discuss that situation in the light which the principle will give.

A few days ago, the postman brought us a letter of a type which is fairly familiar. It reads as follows: —

Sept. 5, 1922

DEAR SIR: I would like to enter Amhurst College, on behalf of my athletic ability. I have played football for the past five years. I played three years for — High School, selected in — all scholastic team in 1919. I have been a scrubb at — College for the past two years. One varsity season under — and the other in my freshman year. My weight at present is 165 lbs. and play the position of an end. I also participate in baseball.

My past record at — is highly graded due to my boxing ability. I boxed the past two seasons for — Varsity. I realize the fact that your College does not have this sport, but I do promise to make good on my football ability. I would like to hear from you at your earliest convenience, anytime before your registering days or the first day of school.

I would gladly except your must legitimate offer towards a scholarship in helping me get an education.

Very truly yours

Now in the spirit of our principle we are bound to ask, 'What have we done to deserve this?' Here is a young man rejoicing in the fruits of two years of teaching in a well-known American college. Presumably he has been under the instruction of school and college for fourteen or fifteen years. Presumably his achievements have been accepted as sufficient basis for promotion by school and college throughout that period. And yet he is apparently untouched by what a school or college ought to give. And this appears at two points. First, he cannot write an English sentence. If his skill in ath-

letics were equal to his skill in English composition, what chance would he have of 'making the team'? With such equipment a football coach would look upon him as kindly as upon a man with wooden legs or bereft of both his arms. Upon the field men must have speed and strength and wits; and they must show that everything they have is forced up to its highest point by constant, faithful practice. But in the world of books, what are the standards? This case suggests that in the training of the mind standards are very low compared with those which dominate the training of the body. If so, who is at fault; what can be done to clear away the fault?

And second, the writer of this letter offers services for sale. 'What will you pay,' he asks, 'if I will come and play upon your teams?' There is a blunder in his mind when he asks such a question: what is it? No one can blame him for offering services for sale. We all do that who earn our livings. The blunder lies in thinking that any proper college would buy such services. He thinks of us as hiring teams, as paying men to 'represent' the college in its games. Who taught him things like that? Where did he get his notion of what a college is, and what a game, and what a football fight between two groups of undergraduates? Someone has led him astray, has robbed him of the meaning of college sport. Who is the guilty person? We need to fix the guilt because such robbery, such spoiling of our college games must stop. And we can stop them only by finding out just what they are and how they came about. Somewhere in what we are, in what we have done or left undone, in what we think and feel and teach, the cause of our vexation will be found. And we must search until we find it. Then having found it we must act accordingly.

I

I have said that the truth about our college games needs to be discovered and stated. May I add that it should be stated very carefully? The truth is, I think, that our athletic situation is fundamentally dishonest. But 'dishonest' is a dangerous term. It needs to be defined.

This charge of 'dishonesty' is very commonly made just now, especially by younger people, against our established institutions. And, in large measure, I think, the so-called revolt of youth is based upon this charge. Older people seem to say one thing when they mean another, to give one reason for an action when they are really moved by another. How much of truth is there in the charge? Is the management of the world just now unusually dishonest? Or is the resentment against dishonesty unusually keen? Both factors, I think, enter into the situation.

Men have always been moved by more than one motive at a time. And they have always been tempted to show one motive to one person and a second motive to another in order to secure the favor of each for a common cause. When men say that trade follows the flag, they hope to link together, sometimes in strange conjunctions, both patriots and moneymakers. When they add that trade follows the missionary, they are seeking to add religious people to the combination, or vice versa. And the creation of just such connections is sometimes called administration. Are we unusually clever in such duplicity or multiplicity just now? Many younger people think we are — and they hate it. My own observation is that we are at present unusually mixed up by a complicated world. We have more motives to correlate, more interests to manage than we are ready for. And I doubt very much whether

the younger generation in the same situation would have done any better with it than we have done. But, however that may be, the two elements in the situation seem to me to stand out with striking clearness. First, we have had in our world — and still have — perplexities and hesitations and concealments and devices. And second, out of these has come a hatred of them, a demand for straightforwardness in motive and action.

If that demand can be met without breaking the social machinery, the younger people will have a better world in which to live than had their elders. If they can get it they are welcome to it even though they state their discovery of it in terms of a condemnation of those who have made their achievement necessary but who also have made it possible. If they succeed they will record us as 'dishonest.' Perhaps a more sympathetic judgment would call us 'complicated.'

II

Now this general social situation is strikingly illustrated in the field of college games. College sport has been mixed up with other college interests, has been administered into connection with other college enterprises, has been used for other purposes. What it needs is just to be freed from this mixture. It must be made and kept pure sport, played for its own sake, and for nothing else.

The mixture of which I speak appears in the letter which is our text. The writer hopes for a chance to play. But he also hopes for payment in return for good playing. He thinks that, for some ulterior reason, we of the college want and need good playing, and are therefore willing to pay for it. Are we? If so, why?

I should like to try to separate the original and the secondary motives

which together make our complicated situation.

There are two primary motives from which college games spring, out of which the essential spirit of the games is made. The first is a desire of the players and of the undergraduate community which they represent; it is the desire for fun, for the sheer joy of competition with another college and its team. Taken all in all, there is no 'outside' interest of the undergraduate years which is so compelling or, within proper limits, so worth while as this.

The second motive is the desire of players and communities for victory in the games. This too is essential. There can be no game without it. If one does not wish and strive for victory, then one does not play at all. To play is to play to win.

These two motives are, I think, the stuff of which college sport is made. They are not its only values, but they are, I think, its dominating intentions. Do they give us an explanation of our letter? Evidently not. Any undergraduate knows that to pay a man to play on his team is not good sport, to hire a man to be a member of the college in order that he may 'represent' it, is a contradiction in terms. I do not mean to suggest that undergraduates are immune to self-contradiction. But I do think that, if undergraduates were free from our complications, they would escape this sort of contradiction. The young American is a good sport if he gets a fair chance at being one. But the sting of this letter lies in the fact that it is addressed to the college authorities, that more specifically it asks for a scholarship from the college funds as payment for athletic service. Evidently it presumes that president and faculty are interested in winning teams. Are they? And if so, why? What are their motives in relation to college sport?

My own experience in such matters has been, I think, a very fortunate one. And yet experience as well as observation compels me to give to this question an answer which one would rather not give. 'We' are interested in winning teams, not only because we like to win, but also because life is easier for us, administration is more smooth, when teams are winning than when they lose. I have heard it said that the turn of a game would have much to do with the success of a drive for endowment. I have seen lists of figures eagerly compiled and scanned to show that under one administration the percentage of victories was quite as great as under another. What are the secondary motives at work here? Why does administration care for victories more than for defeats?

The answer is that victories are supposed to win for the college the favor of men who without them would be indifferent or antagonistic. To put it quite bluntly, the college needs the favor and support of men who are not sufficiently interested in its essential values to care for it because of these. It therefore makes appeal to them on other grounds. It hopes that in the fact that one football team has beaten another they will find reason for endowing the scholarship and teaching with which the first team is 'connected.' It offers an insult to their intelligence as an appeal to their favor.

There are two groups of men to whom this appeal is especially made, the 'public' and the 'athletic alumni.' In the first case, it is hoped that the news of the winning of games, if properly spread abroad, will make a good impression upon people who do not know the college in other ways. In this sense, winning teams are 'good advertising.' It is believed that, wherever the news of victory goes, 'boys' will be attracted to the college, their friends

will be impressed by its strength, and so the numbers and the prestige of the institution will be increased. In the period of building-up since the early nineties, this notion has been widespread and sometimes very powerful.

The appeal to the 'athletic alumni' is very similar. These men are the graduates and nongraduates of the college who value athletic victories very highly. In some few exceedingly crude cases, they seem to care for victories and for nothing else. For these men a college is an athletic club with certain other very irritating appendages. But the greater number of the group are not so dull as this. They commonly believe first, that victories give 'good advertising,' and second, that victories indicate better than anything else the quality of the undergraduate life, and even of the college instruction and administration. For lack of other standards, they judge the college by this, with which they are familiar.

Now the essential feature of both these appeals is that the college is attempting by indirection to win the favor of men for one cause by meeting their interest in another. And this is simply one phase of the fact that those who are carrying on educational work in America must or do depend for support upon men who, in large measure, do not understand or do not care what education really is. In dealing with such men we use our games as a way of using them. It is a natural thing to do. But is it either wise or fair? My own conviction is that the procedure in all its forms is radically bad and unwise, that it defeats its own ends while seeming to gain them. In the remainder of this paper I should like to try to point out the harm which this administrative complication of motives has done to education and to the games. That it is harmful to both seems to me beyond question.

III

If anyone doubts that our double dealing is harmful to education, I would refer him to the letter with which this discussion began. The case is extreme but it is representative. Do we suppose that we can surround our students with a persistent and powerful misrepresentation of what they are doing in college and yet expect them to understand their task and to do it well? If we tell them that a college with good teams is a good college, what do we expect them to choose as their own college purposes? The business of 'advertising' a college needs very careful scrutiny. I have yet to see any college undertake to 'attract' boys by appeal to the lesser values of the college life without at the same time making it probable that the boys had better go elsewhere if they wish to get an education. We are under obligation to advertise our colleges in the sense of explaining what they are, what they have to give. But we are under even greater obligation to stop misrepresenting the college and its work in order to make it attractive to those who are not interested in it. At its best, this procedure is an attempt to catch young men unawares, to give them an education while they are thinking of something else. At its worst, it is crude and vulgar deception. But in either case it is essentially hostile to the work and the spirit of a place where learning is, where truth and knowledge are to be sought and found.

With respect to the alumni who have judged the college by its athletic victories we have, I think, genuine ground for encouragement. I say this not for administrative reasons, but because it seems to me true. Any alumnus who stops to think knows that a good team does not prove a good college. When all is said and done, it is clear that the

surest and best way to get a good team is to buy it, to hire the players and to hire good coaches to train them. This has been shown very clearly in many striking cases. And in less striking cases it is equally true according to the measure of the dishonesty and lack of sportsmanship. In the face of facts like these, no one can continue to think that a college may be judged by its teams. And in general I believe that the graduates of our colleges are learning better standards, are judging not so much by petty and lesser values as by the essential things. It is at least to be sincerely hoped that this is true. Surely every president and every faculty should be busy in trying to make it true. We need from our friends, support and favor, but, far more than these, we need from our own graduates genuine and sympathetic understanding of what we are trying to do. Whatever hinders that, harms our work. Whatever increases it, makes good education more nearly possible. That athletic misrepresentation has done grievous harm to the American college, its students, its teachers, its graduates, its outside friends, no one can doubt. That it must be stopped is equally certain.

IV

But what harm has been done to the games themselves by the use of them for other purposes? What has administration double-mindedness done to sport and to sportsmanship? It has not wholly destroyed them. Young men in college are still young and still men; and hence games are still games. But it has allowed the games to be shockingly changed for the worse.

When, however, one examines the damage, it appears to be due not so much to positive offenses by presidents and faculties as to the failure of these guardians of the college to take oppor-

tunities, to meet obligations with clean and decisive action. The task of understanding and placing games in the general scheme of college life is not an easy one. We have many excuses for failure to accomplish it; and yet the fact remains that we have failed, that the collegiate administration of games is on the whole a rather pitiful failure.

The difficulty of the task has arisen chiefly from the coming-in of an external factor. We first thought of games as the play of students, as competition between colleges. But during the last thirty or forty years these contests have taken on very great interest for people outside the colleges. The general public, collegiate and noncollegiate, is so eager to see our contests that it is willing to pay well for the privilege. And so it has come about that more and more we have provided on our fields places for lookers-on; until now the largest 'crowds' are mounting to fifties or sixties of thousands, and the gate receipts of a team for a season may be counted by the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Here then are the elements of a rather difficult situation. Our primary purpose is that our students play games with the men of other colleges. But other people wish to see the play and are willing to pay for the privilege. What shall we do? Shall we refuse to admit outsiders? Shall we admit them without payment? If we take payment, on what scale shall it be and what use shall be made of the money taken? Now to each of these questions our practice has given the easiest answer, whether right or wrong. If people wish to see, then of course they must be admitted. If people offer money, of course we will take it — take as much as they are willing to pay. If the money is taken in as profit from athletic games, then of course the proper use of it is for

athletic purposes. These are the easy natural answers; but within them lies the cause of our disaster.

The first answer is, I think, valid. It would not be wise or friendly for us to exclude the public from our contests. From our own immediate standpoint such exclusion is desirable. If the games were not public spectacles we could have better sport, more fun, better sportsmanship than is possible with our present publicity. And yet it would be socially wrong for us to seek such seclusion. The college is, in all essential features, a public institution. Here is a 'complication' from which we cannot generously or honorably escape. The public must come if they wish and we must make them welcome; and then make the best of our situation.

The second answer is not so clearly or so completely true. I think we have a right and even an obligation to make a charge for admission to the games. It would hardly seem proper to use the funds of the college to pay for the providing of accommodations for spectators. One cannot very well use scholarship or library funds for the building of 'Bowls' and 'Coliseums.' But why should the charge be anything more than that of the actual additional cost of providing space and seats for those who ask us to provide them? I can see no justification for anything more. Surely we are not in the business of making profits from the games of our students. Nor are we willing that they should be in that business either. But in some way or other we have gotten into that business, have built our fields and used them for extracting all the money which the traffic will bear. Here is a commercialism which must be stopped. Young men, as well as old, must see that it is not always necessary to take money when it is offered. Taking money usually implies a bargain. And in this case, the spirit of sportsmanship

stands in the way. We are playing, not for money, but for fun.

But it is the third answer which is most clearly and wickedly wrong. If we assume that gate receipts are to be charged and thereby large sums of money are to be made available, who shall take them? The answer given is, that if money is made by games, it should be used for games; if it is made by teams, it should be used for teams. Why? What is the connection?

As matter of fact, it is the exact opposite which is true. There can be no proper connection here. Everyone knows that in such sport as ours, the money earned should not be given to the individual players. But it is equally true that it should not be used for the teams. If this is done, then the winning of games and the making of money are linked together in ways which are inevitably destructive of the whole scheme of college play. If the team wins, it makes more money; if it has more money, it is more sure of winning.

And so the wheel goes spinning round and the games which we began to play for fun become great financial struggles between managers and supervisors and coaches, and scouts and other outsiders, while the players are more and more the puppets used by the machine in fashioning its successes.

Here is, I am sure, the radical blunder which has been made by our double-minded administration. We have put together play and money-making when every interest of play demanded that they be separated. When it appeared, thirty years ago, that our games were arousing public interest and could therefore be made sources of revenue, what did we say? More or less clearly two statements were made. First, this public interest, though bad for sport, is good for other reasons, and must be

cultivated. And second, the amounts of money involved are too large to be managed by undergraduates; we must establish Boards of Control to see that proper management is given. And so we took from undergraduates the management of their own games — much to their delight as they saw our more 'efficient' administration. In their place we have established great systems of administration which have built Stadiums, Bowls, Coliseums, have increased gate receipts, have aroused public interest, have 'developed' teams, until the whole system has become an absurd travesty of the motive from which it sprang, the impulse of play which it was intended to serve.

Nothing seems to me clearer than that it is essential for us to cut the connection between players and teams on the one side and gate receipts and expenditures on the other. If undergraduates wish to have games, they should furnish the players from their own ranks, should arrange their own schedules, pay their own expenses, carry on their own play. If on the other hand, people wish to come to the college grounds to see the play, the college may charge for this such payment as it thinks best. My own opinion is that it should charge the expense of the field and nothing more.

But whether the income be large or small, it should be taken and used by the college and not by the team or its management. The interests of the sport demand that the money be kept apart from it.

When one suggests that such a change as this be made, the officers of the 'system' reply that under existing circumstances a change is impossible. But the officers of a system usually say that. There is no inherent difficulty in making such a change. The interests which the system is intended to serve demand that it be made.

V

The absurdity of our present administration of games reaches its climax in the institution of the coach, the armies of coaches. These are men who are brought in to develop the playing skill of the team to the highest possible pitch. They are given full and complete charge of the players and the play; far more than anyone else they are held responsible for victories or defeats. In return for this they are paid large, exceedingly large salaries, as judged by the standards of the college community. Now the growth of this institution is of course directly traceable to the administration of the gate receipts. If large sums of money are available, then many and good coaches can be secured by paying for them. If good coaching is provided, the level of play is raised, more victories are won, and the gate receipts are still further increased. The making of the money enters directly and essentially into the winning of the games. The sport is commercialized at its very centre. It is not too strong a statement to say that undergraduate responsibility for the winning or losing of games has very largely disappeared.

Now here again it seems to me imperative that we go back to first principles and escape from our double-mindedness. There is no real fun, no genuine sport in hiring a man to furnish the wits, the skill, the discipline, the control by which you attempt to win a game. If undergraduates are to have real games, they must do their own coaching, take charge of their own teams, develop their own strategy, work out their own discipline; the team must be theirs, and they must win or lose on their own efforts. I know nothing more depressing than the conversation in a college community at the end of a season, when, having won or

lost our games, we speculate what the result would have been, had we hired these men rather than those to take charge of the chances of victory. I am not here attacking the character or personal quality of coaches. They range in this respect from crude and vulgar outsiders to men whose friendship is gladly welcomed in any academic community. What I am saying is that with the coming-in of coaching, real undergraduate competition has gone out. Students should play their own games. To see them turning to a coach who will tell them whether to hit or to wait, whether to circle the end or to plunge at the tackle — to see the giving-up of the very fun of the game itself, that is a sight to make one's heart weep. It is time that we should ask, 'How have we come to this?'

To the suggestion that coaches be abolished, objection has been made that 'since in our intellectual work we furnish the best teaching,' in the field of sports 'we should give the very best teaching that there is.' The objection rests, I think, on two misapprehensions. It fails to recognize the destruction of undergraduate responsibility which coaching has brought about. And, perhaps for this very reason, it hopelessly confuses 'coaching' and 'teaching.' We have departments of physical training which are teaching in the field of athletics. And it is our hope that through them every student in the college may be given some appreciation of the joys and advantages of athletic games. But the difference between 'teaching' and 'coaching' is one which no genuine teacher will allow to be obscured. The teacher develops the independence of his pupil; the coach takes away that independence. The teacher is preparing the pupil in general by trying to give him understanding of the field in which his activities may lie. The coach is preparing him for

specific tests, specific occasions, is getting him ready for a particular contest which is coming and coming soon. For the winning of that contest the coach takes responsibility, whether it be an entrance examination or a game of football. The coach studies the actual situation, finds out just what the factors are, determines what shall be done with respect to each, issues his orders as to what shall be done and what not done. It is the business of a teacher to develop a pupil into power and intelligence; it is the business of a coach to win a contest. I know few things more amusing than a college debate in which a 'coach' has told his automata what to say. But quite as tragic is the spectacle of a group of boys using their arms and backs and legs at the command of another man's wits, and supposing at the same time that they are playing a game.

As to the prospect of improvement here, there is some reason for encouragement. The suggestion that no one be allowed to coach unless he be a member of the faculty is being very favorably considered. It is perhaps somewhat invidious to suggest that the first step toward nonexistence is membership in a faculty. But at least the suggestion does mean that we are considering the problem. My own impression is that the days of double-mindedness are going by.

VI

I have dealt in this paper with the effects of administration upon college games. And one does this because, after all, the attitudes and actions of faculties and presidents are the most important factors in any matter of college activity whatever it may be. That there are other sources of diffi-

culty need hardly be said. Especially is it true that small groups of undergraduates and, more often, of graduates, with no proper sense of what a game is, persist in hiring men to play upon our college teams. As to such men one can only say that, if a cad comes into your company, you cannot very well escape the effects of his cadishness; but you can wish that you were free from his company.

VII

If it were not for repeated experiences to the contrary, it would hardly seem necessary to say that this paper is not intended as an attack upon college games. I do not think that college students play too many intercollegiate games. I do not think that they have too much interest in athletic sports. I should like to see every student in a college playing some game and learning to play it well. And here it should in fairness be said that in some cases the income from intercollegiate games has been used wisely for the providing of fields and equipment for just such general enjoyment of athletic play. But, quite apart from this, I believe in the intercollegiate games of students both because of what they are and because of what they do for the communities which take part in them. Athletic sport is a fine and splendid thing in the life of any young man, of any community of young men. This paper is written in protest against the spoiling of that sport by using it for other purposes.

I believe in college education but I do not believe in furthering it by the abuse of the play of students. My observation is that when that attempt is made we spoil not only the play but also the education.

COMMUNISTS AND PLOUGHSHARES. I

BY LOUIS LEVINE

I

AMONG my many duties as foreign correspondent in Moscow, the one that gave me most entertainment was my daily call at the Anglo-American division of the Foreign Office. As the lift was out of order most of the time, I would climb hopefully to the sixth floor of Kuznetzki Most 5/15, — formerly the headquarters of the largest insurance company in Russia, and now the seat of the Foreign Office, — and, panting, get myself into the little office. The secretary was an amiable and expansive fellow, with a bias for doubtful witticisms. After exchanging greetings, I would ask for the news. And invariably I would get the reply that there was nothing new; everything was as usual — quiet and fine. Russia was, at least, happy in this — it had no current history.

But occasionally something would happen to me personally. Either my mail would go astray and come back marked with the comments of half a dozen bureaus where it had been opened by mistake and examined, or my foreign newspapers would not arrive. Usually the difficulty lay in the fact that some official, or his subordinate, failed to show the required energy, or to take a little trouble to attend to the matter. One could quite patiently bear with these trifles; but once in a while, one could not resist the temptation to point out that a little more effort at the right time and place — a little more efficiency — would prevent most of the

troubles and inconveniences. Strangely enough, such an innocent remark would be like fire to fuel. The director of the Anglo-American department would invariably get excited, and in a shrill, high-pitched voice would shout: 'What do you expect? Everything cannot run smoothly. We are in the midst of revolution.'

The mental processes in Russia are still governed by the peculiar laws of revolutionary psychology, — or, if one prefers, pathology, — and any attempt to measure events and facts by the yardstick of normal times cannot but lead to complete failure of comprehension.

At the same time, the outsider who observes Russia to-day soon comes to the conclusion that this feeling of the Communists is the last smouldering spark of a dying blaze. Russia is not in the midst of revolution, but at the end of a revolution. The tempo of political, economic, and social life is slowing down to normal. The people are anxious to forget the past, and to discard the future for the possible enjoyments of the present. The feeling is asserting itself that an epoch has come to an end; that whatever it has brought in its trail is here to stay. To the outsider this feeling of the masses seems truer than the last spasms of Communist psychology. For it is clear that the unusual processes which began in March, 1917, came to an end in March, 1922, with the invitation to Genoa.

In these five years the fundamental purposes and the possibilities of the Russian Revolution have unfolded themselves to their logical end.

The next phase of Russian development is, therefore, predetermined. Russia is entering upon a period of slow reconstruction, in accordance with the principles, ideas, and interests for which the Revolution has cleared the ground. Destruction in Russia has been so thorough, that a political or economic restoration is out of the question. Whatever group or party comes into power in the near future will be able to maintain itself only by recognizing the tendencies of the Revolution and making room for their positive expression. The Communists realized this a year ago, and veered around at once, in order to keep themselves in the lead of the new development. It still remains to be seen whether the Communists are by temperament, tradition, and ideology capable of maintaining themselves in their new rôle.

As in the pre-war Russia, so in the new Russia, slowly and painfully rising out of the wreck of revolution, the tone of economic and social life will depend on the position of the peasant. Not only because the peasants still form, and will continue to form, the majority of the population, but also, and chiefly, because, regardless of the industrial bias of the Communists and of other parties, Russia is destined for a long time to come to centre her efforts on her agricultural resources. Not only the well-being of the people, but the international position of the country, will depend on the rapidity with which Russia again becomes the granary and source of raw materials for the rest of Europe. At the same time, the international policies of Russia will be largely determined by the interests of the agricultural population and the

manner in which these interests are pursued. Even should the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat persist, it will have to derive its power and meaning from the consent and demands of the peasant. This has already gone far in the last few months, and is proceeding more rapidly every day. In other words, the reconstruction of Russia depends basically on the reconstruction of her agricultural industry and of the economic and social relationships in which this industry is to be carried on. An understanding of the Russia that is to be depends on a clear grasp of the agrarian changes which have already taken place, and of the direction in which these changes are likely to continue during the historically discernible period.

II

Five years of revolution have revealed the mind of the Russian peasant, at least negatively. Not even the ghost of Marx, which has been made to stalk the Russian villages, could stir the Russian peasant to Hamletian doubts. He wants 'to be,' and in his own way, which is not at all the communistic way. The Communist party has had to recognize this fact — hence the law concerning the use of the land, passed this summer.

The Communists to-day are inclined to deny that they had entertained the idea of an immediate reorganization of Russian agriculture on a communistic basis, or that they had hoped to introduce Communism in industry. Forced by the stress of circumstance to change their policy, they are now trying to reinterpret the past, to make the break seem less discouraging. In this light the communistic measures of the years from 1918 to 1921, they say, are to be regarded as phases of 'military Communism,' which was the result of

civil war and foreign intervention. These measures were intended, not as steps toward Socialism, but as means of defense and military protection.

The psychology of this interpretation is understandable, and there is considerable retrospective truth in it. But it is out of harmony with the mental state of the first period of the Revolution. The fact that they have had to abandon that programme proves, not that they had not tried it in all sincerity, but that the conditions necessary for its success were lacking.

The efforts of the Communists to carry out their ideas in the villages were modified by several facts. In the first place, the Bolsheviki did not make the October Revolution single-handed, but in coalition with the various anarchist groups, and with the party of the Left Social Revolutionists. The Communists, who were more familiar with the problems of industry, practically left the agrarian problem in the hands of the Socialist-Revolutionists, who became the leading element in all the local land committees, and in the central committee, which was intrusted with the task of preparing the new land laws. The law on the Socialization of Land, prepared by this committee under the chairmanship of Marie Spiridonova, is imbued with the ideas and conceptions which for two generations had been advocated only by Populists and Social Revolutionists, not by Social Democrats and Communists.

Secondly, the Bolsheviki felt that their success depended upon unloosening as much as possible all the revolutionary instincts of the masses in city and village, even though they themselves could not, for the time being, control the exploding forces. Their first act was to declare all land expropriated for the State, and to tell the local land committees to seize all the private lands in their districts. Throughout the

winter of 1917-18, they directly and indirectly encouraged the peasants to take hold of the former landlords' estates and demesne lands. But they went one step further in the summer of 1918, after they had broken with the Left Social Revolutionists. They organized the so-called 'committees of the poor peasants,' and inaugurated a merciless class-war in the village. The poor peasants were allowed and encouraged to expropriate the richer peasants, to force distributions and redistributions of land, and to terrorize the village politically. Under these circumstances, it was out of the question to attempt a systematic programme of reorganization in the village.

Thirdly, the Communists soon became aware that, though the support of the poor peasants was valuable as a means of terrorizing the village, its economic value was doubtful. The poor peasants were not equipped for production, and whatever grain was produced came from the fields cultivated by the middle peasants. While the Communists did not hesitate to take from the middle peasants what they could, by force, — under the policy of requisition and state grain monopoly, — still they realized that such a policy was full of dangers, and that it was necessary for them to play for the favor of the large mass of middle peasants. That policy was recommended by the party at its eighth congress in March, 1919.

But, with all these limitations, the Communists made a decided effort, not only to preach Communism to the peasants, but to introduce as much of it as was possible in the country. Already, in the law on the Socialization of Land, which in its main features was not communistic, the Bolsheviki succeeded in putting through several articles creating a system of state farms and agricultural communes, and nation-

alizing the trade in agricultural implements and seeds. With the summer and fall of 1918, the Communists began a drive for the collective cultivation of the land. At the first All-Russian Congress of the Land Committees and Committees of Poor Peasants, held in December, 1918, Lenin said: 'We are now passing to the task of true socialistic construction. . . . An energetic fight for the common cultivation of the land is now before us. . . . The war has caused so much destruction, that we have not enough cattle or implements to reestablish individual small-farm economics. . . . The chief task of this conference is to prepare measures for the gradual transition from private economy to collective economy. . . . I repeat, we must accomplish this transition gradually. . . . The peasants will not accept it at once. . . . The middle peasant will be with us when he is convinced of the superior usefulness of collectivism . . . when he sees how well and successfully the state farms and the collective farms are conducted.'

In accordance with these ideas, the Communists tried hard to organize state farms and agricultural communes. Between February, 1919, and October, 1921, the number of Soviet economies, or state farms, increased from 35, with 12,000 *dessiatins*¹ to 3100 farms, with 1,700,660 *dessiatins*; the number of collective farms increased to 11,000, with 760,000 *dessiatins*, of which about 2000 were agricultural communes. The Commissariat of Agriculture published leaflets and pamphlets — how to organize state farms, artels, and communes.

But the movement did not take root, and whatever development it had was artificially stimulated. The commune became an example, not of higher technical methods, but of inefficiency and mismanagement. The Communists

themselves realized this after a while, and tried to explain the situation by the fact that they had been unable to attract the better peasants to the state farms, and also that the Government, harassed by civil war, had neither the time nor the means to put these farms on a model basis.

Whatever the cause, the wretched condition of these farms was brought home to me when, in August, 1921, I had occasion to visit one. It was an agricultural commune, organized according to the by-laws of the Commissariat of Agriculture. It consisted of several hundred acres of land about ten miles from Tsaritsin up the Volga. I was invited to see this commune by Kalinin, the President of the Soviet Republic, whom I was permitted to accompany on his tour of the famine districts. We landed at a point where the river was low, and after taking a swim in the Volga — it was a very hot day — we climbed uphill about a mile and a half toward the farm. The land had evidently belonged to some large estate, and had been used partly as a summer resort, partly as a truck farm. At the time we visited it, it was a communistic farm, where over two hundred men, women, and children lived in a common house, ate in common, and worked the land in common. The elected managers of the commune met us gladly, and proudly showed us around the lands, which were planted with melons, cabbages, potatoes, and the like. There were but a few acres of rye and wheat. Of the two hundred acres, only forty had been planted. As compared with the usual Russian field, the land looked fairly well kept, and the melons had grown to considerable size. Kalinin was especially pleased with the large cucumbers that he picked, and each one of us was presented with the largest cucumber he could see.

As we walked back toward the main

¹ A *dessiatin* is equivalent to 2.70 acres.

buildings, the women, some of whom were about to become mothers, complained that they had to work very hard all day long. A meal was served for all — cabbage soup, black bread, and *kasha*: there were the usual wooden and tin spoons and dishes.

After the meal, the children gathered in the large room of the main building, in which a piano was all that remained of the former glory, and sang the *Internationale*. The children were in ragged dresses and trousers, and looked sickly. Many of them seemed to have malaria, from bathing in the so-called 'pond,' which was really a stagnant mud-puddle. The water, hauled from a well, was also bad. There was no doctor in the commune, and the girl who was in charge of the education of the children seemed too underfed and too disheartened to do much teaching. There was the lack of harmony which comes of too close living together.

Kalinin and his associates were highly pleased with their visit, and were disappointed that their foreign guests did not share their enthusiasm for this model of communist life. However, the best that could have been said for this commune was that it was not much worse than the average peasant household in the poorer Russian villages. At that time it offered security to two hundred people, who might have swelled the ranks of the famine-stricken.

By the end of 1919, the Communists themselves realized that they were not on the road to winning the middle peasant, and since 1920, they have overhauled their entire agrarian programme. The idea of a communistic agriculture in Russia in the near future is no longer entertained.

III

Having failed in their own programme, the Communists are deriving

consolation from the fact that the peasants, too, have not lived up to the hopes and expectations of the Populist-Socialists. 'Life has rejected as an empty shell the reactionary Utopias of the Socialist-Revolutionist' — writes Kuraev.

The land law, drafted mainly by the Socialist-Revolutionists, which went into effect in September, 1918, was based on the idea of socialization. Negatively, the law abolished all private rights in land and other natural resources, and expropriated, not only the land, but also the live stock and farm-equipment of the landlords and of all private nonpeasant landholders. Constructively, the law aimed at three things. First: to apportion the agricultural land equally among the peasants. The basis of division was both productive and consumptive, namely — each peasant family was to obtain as much land as it could itself till without hiring labor, and at the same time sufficient to secure the local standard of living. Second: to decentralize the administration of the land law. The local land departments were given the power to distribute the land, to create a land fund, to regulate migration, and so on. Third: the law was to establish the idea that the only right to the use of the land was derived from labor. He who worked the land under the conditions laid down by the state, which were necessary to ensure efficiency, had a right to its use. But this right was not transferable by sale or by bequest, or in any other way. The land thus was to remain under the continuous jurisdiction of the local and central land committees, which could always distribute and redistribute it in accordance with the law. Under such provisions, private property in land was abolished; every person willing to work the land was supposed to be guaranteed access to it; and yet the cen-

tralized and bureaucratic control of the land, which might result from nationalization, was supposed to have been forestalled.

In the mind of the Socialist-Revolutionists, this law was the culmination of the century-long efforts of the Russian peasant to regain the land, and to lay the foundations of a just system of life in the village, which would be a stepping-stone to a coöperative socialist agriculture. But, as the Communists correctly point out, these hopes have not been realized. From the very beginning of the revolution, the agrarian movement got out of the hands of the parties that wanted to direct it. The local land departments and committees stood helpless in the face of a general land-grab. The old peasants' saying, that 'the land is God's and not man's,' evidently had been a subconscious fighting-motto against the landlord. The peasant felt that he himself had a right to the land by the grace of God.

To the extent that the mist of chaos enveloping the movements of 1917-18 has been lifted, three main tendencies can be seen. In some places, the peasants threw all the lands of the village, or *volost* (county), — those formerly belonging to the landlords, or other private owners, as well as their own, — into a common lot, and redivided them all. The peasants gave full gratification to their century-old craving for a 'black redistribution,' and each family received an allotment of land according to its number of 'eaters.' This took place chiefly in the northern and central black-earth districts — those that had suffered most from over-population, and where the agrarian movement had for years been bitterest. In other parts of Russia, the movement was more limited. All that the peasants did was to try to equalize land-holdings by increasing the allotments of the landless

and the small holders at the expense of those who had large holdings. In such cases, the middle peasants remained unaffected by the process, keeping their farm-holdings unaltered. But the more common procedure, followed over a wider area, was to seize all private and landlords' estates, and to divide them among the peasant families with as near an approach to equality as was possible under the circumstances.

The chief gainer from this general land-grab during its first phase was the middle peasant. Having a fair equipment and a sufficient number of farm animals, he was able to claim an additional allotment, on the plea of productive capacity, and thus to round out his holdings. The discontent of the poorer peasants aroused by this result was utilized by the Bolsheviks in the summer of 1918 to organize the 'committees of the poor,' which let loose a second agrarian movement. This lasted intermittently throughout 1919 and 1920. In the villages that I visited in the summer of 1921, I found lingering traces of these committees. But the policy of the Communists had changed, and the poor peasants were now out of favor. But while the movement lasted, it was effective in helping a number of poorer peasants to equip themselves with implements and working animals at the expense of the richer peasants. Though the poor peasants did not entirely disappear from the villages, the leveling had taken a wider sweep.

With the subsidence of the revolutionary wave, it became clear that the small and middle peasants were the prevailing element in the village. None the less, differences in land-holding have not disappeared. The so-called *kulak*, or rich peasant, can still be found everywhere. The poor also are still there. Besides, the leveling movement in land-holding is being counterbalanced by a process of differentiation,

which is breaking up the village into marked groups, and which is based on the ownership of working capital. Large numbers of peasants are finding that the allotment of additional land avails them little, because they are unable to obtain, or to hold, the means of working the land. As a result, there persists the time-old distinction of peasants without sowed land, without cows, and without working animals.

Although, in the general redistribution of 1918, it was everywhere said that the division of the land would be temporary until a more equalized disposition could be arranged, the peasants now regard with reluctance the idea of an early redistribution.

In my travels through the Russian countryside in the summer of 1921 and the spring of 1922, I came in contact with peasants from all parts of Russia. The predominant state of the peasant-mind seemed to me to be uncertainty. Everything had happened so quickly, and had swept over his head in such a tumult, that he could not feel certain of anything. But the undercurrent of feeling and thinking in the village was to hold fast to whatever one had got as a result of revolution. The more fortunate peasants of the southwest were not any too eager to share their good harvest with the starving peasants of the Volga. The peasants with larger allotments and more working animals no longer saw any reason for dividing up with their poorer neighbors.

The Revolution has thus disappointed, also, the Socialist-Revolutionists. It brought into being, not 'a just socialism,' but a class of small and medium landholders, who, under a nominal law of nationalization and socialization, regard the land as inalienably theirs, and who in every other way show a marked spirit of economic individualism.

IV

Summing up the results of the redistribution of land among the peasants, Scheffler, one of the leading Soviet agricultural experts, is forced to conclude that 'it has not solved the agrarian crisis.' One more of the century-old illusions, shared by all brands of revolutionists, shattered by the experience of the last three years!

Had the agrarian movement been less radical, it might have been said that the new situation was the result of half-measures. But, as a matter of fact, the peasants have appropriated, as a result of the seizures in 1917 and 1918, practically all the private lands and estates. In the thirty-six provinces as to which information is available, the peasants have divided among themselves 21,407,000 dessiatins out of a total of 22,848,000 which had belonged to noble landlords or nonpeasant private owners. In these thirty-six provinces, the peasants have increased the area of usable land in their possession from 80 to 96.8 per cent of the total available. In other words, the peasants have realized their long-cherished desire of driving the landlord from the land. At last they are in sole possession of practically all the available land under cultivation.

But the striking fact is that the amount of additional land per capita which the peasant population received as a result of the Revolution is very small indeed. In twenty-nine provinces for which figures are available, the per capita amount of land in the hands of the peasants has increased from 1.87 dessiatins before the Revolution to 2.26 dessiatins after. But this average conceals the variety in per capita distribution,—one of the characteristic features of the situation,—which varies from 125 square feet to nearly two acres.

As a result of the disintegration that has come in the wake of war and revolution, there is, at the present moment, enough idle land for anyone who has the means and the desire to work it. But as soon as agriculture is restored to a normal condition, the inadequacy of the quantitative gains will become evident.

In another respect, also, the agrarian movement has not led to any definite results. The violent seizures of land and the subsequent redistributions were made in accordance—not with any specific conception of the needs of a higher agricultural economy, but with local ideas and conditions.

As a result, the village has come out of the Revolution in a state of confusion as to forms of land-holdings. The tendencies inaugurated in the decade before the Revolution by the reforms of Stolypin continue in unregulated form. In some villages, the peasants are trying to get their strips of land allotted to them all in one place. In other villages, homesteads are in favor. Still elsewhere, the majority of the peasants hold tenaciously to the 'village commune,' with its accompanying features of periodic redistributions and compulsory three-field system. In addition to this, the division of the meadows and pastures has not been carried out, and there is much misunderstanding as to their use.

The strips of land held by the peasants have, as a result of the desire to equalize, become narrower than before. They are more widely scattered, making the distance between the peasant's home and his land greater. The land departments are swamped with complaints about the land, and the villages are in continuous excitement as a result of quarrels as to the proper delimitation of land-holdings and fields.

All these difficulties were admitted by Ossinski, the Commissar of Agricul-

ture, in his report to the ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, held in 1921. What Ossinski said then is now accepted generally. There are few who do not realize now that the old agrarian problems were not washed away, but have been carried by the tide of revolution to the shores of post-Revolutionary Russia.

The opinion prevailed in Russia for a while—and is held by some even today—that the Russian peasant gained in wealth and comforts as a result of the Revolution.

From Odessa, Cherson, Nikolaev, Kiev, and other famine-stricken places, people were carrying money, clothes, kitchen utensils, articles of luxury,—everything and anything that they had,—to the Volynian and Podolian villages, to exchange for bread. The peasants of those provinces were clearly enjoying prosperity and comforts they had never known before. In some of the other provinces also, where the harvests had been good, the peasants had improved their condition—eating more and better, acquiring things, and hoarding money. The peasants of the villages near Moscow, for instance, were better off than before, as the improved condition of their houses testified, and the many articles of comfort which they continually carried home from the city, after selling their milk or potatoes.

But these are mere islands in the vast sea of misery which has enveloped the Russian village. Without exaggeration, the present agricultural crisis has no parallel in modern history.

The most striking evidence of this crisis for the world to see is the terrible famine of 1921–22, the horrors of which have been sufficiently depicted. I visited the famine districts of the Volga in August and September, 1921, just when the bony hand of hunger was seen outstretched toward its victims. I spent two weeks in the famine-stricken

districts of the south — Odessa, Cherson — in February, 1922, when the grip of that bony hand had tightened fast on the miserable population, and was strewing the land with the dead. Nothing that can be said about it will ever convey the horrors of the scene. For the greatest horror of famine is the passive shrinking of human beings into lifeless strips of flesh and bone.

But the extent of the agricultural crisis in Russia is not fully measured, even by the famine. For, in addition to the eight millions of starving, who are fed by various relief organizations, many more millions are barely managing to keep body and soul together. The entire nation is underfed.

To measure this crisis more concretely, one must resort to comparative figures. Before the war, Russia had an average production of 4,500,000,000 poods of grain. In 1921, the whole country, including the Ukraine, Siberia, and Turkestan, gathered a total of 2,170,000,000 poods or less than 50 per cent of the pre-war amount. The drought which struck the Volga region, the northern Caucasus, and other parts of the country, was responsible for the loss of 400,000,000 poods. The far greater loss of two billion poods is due to the disintegration of the agricultural industry in Russia.

The immediate causes of this extraordinary fall in output are the decrease in the area of sowed land and the fall in the yield per dessiatin. Conservatively estimated, the area of sowed land in Russia between 1913 and 1921 decreased, on an average, about forty per cent, varying from seventeen per cent in the southwest to fifty per cent and more in the southeast.

The decrease in the area of sowed land has been accompanied by a steady fall in the yield per dessiatin. Russia has always stood low in productivity, but the war and revolution have ag-

gravated the situation. Only in Siberia is the situation reversed, showing an increase. In 1921 the yield fell more strikingly, as a result of drought and locusts.

The decline in productivity has been determined by several conditions. Russia has suffered a terrible loss in working animals and farm animals. The loss is especially great in the famine-stricken regions, where the population slaughtered the farm animals for food. From many parts of Russia come reports that peasants had to harness themselves bodily to pull a plough; and the population in some districts is so exhausted by famine and continued underfeeding, that it takes a dozen and more to pull one plough.

The loss in animals resulted in a great decrease of manure, — from twenty-five to fifty per cent, — in no way compensated by increase in artificial fertilizers.

In addition, the exhaustion of the soil was aggravated by the lack or deterioration of seeds, by the destructive effects of locusts, grasshoppers, and other insects, and by the deterioration of, and reduction in, the supply of farm implements and machinery. Between 1917 and 1920, the loss in ploughs was eighteen per cent; in sowers, thirty-one per cent; in mowers, fifteen per cent; in threshers, twenty-one per cent. The implements used all over Russia are in a frightful condition. It is quite common to see primitive methods of sowing by hand, of using a stick instead of a plough, and so on.

In this picture of Russian agriculture, another feature must be noted: that is, the decline of specialized cultures and of the industries closely allied with agriculture and animal husbandry. For instance, areas planted to cotton in Turkestan fell from about 900,000 dessiatins before the war to 110,000 dessiatins in 1920, and the harvest from

12,000,000 poods to about 1,500,000 poods. A similar decline took place in the area planted, and in the yield per dessiatin of flax, hemp, sugar, beets, potatoes, clover, alfalfa, and other crops. In addition to this, the decline in animal husbandry has resulted in decreased production of hides and bristles, and in the deterioration of the dairy industry.

V

The heavy economic losses described above do not measure all the costs of war and revolution. One must add the social and cultural costs. I had occasion to observe some of these during my trip into the heart of Russia in the fall of 1921, when I visited the district between Moscow and Samara and then went down the Volga as far as Astrakhan. We were on a special train, which was in charge of Kalinin, the President of the Soviet Republic, who, in the company of some sixty experts and of as many Red Army men, armed with rifles and a machine-gun, was on an inspection tour of the famine region.

Our train was called 'The Train of the October Revolution.' It consisted of fourteen cars, specially fitted up with large and comfortable coupés, in which were desks, wardrobes, electric drop-lights, connecting telephones, and other conveniences for work and travel. One of the cars was equipped with printing-presses; another with an apparatus for receiving radiotelegrams. The outside of each car was painted, in somewhat futuristic style, with drawings which told the story of the October Revolution and what it aimed at. On one car was a picture of a large, fat, coarse village kulak, in the act of being kicked out of his privileged position by the rising and hard-working small peasants. On another was a picture of a future idyll — a tall, well-dressed peasant companioned in a neat

and comfortable home by his wife and two little children (a boy and a girl), who were listening with delight to the telephone conversation carried on by the father. On still another there were scenes showing the village of to-morrow working in common in the fields, using electric ploughs and the latest mechanical appliances. On still another there was painted the scene of a model village school — neatly dressed children taught by an intelligent, friendly teacher.

At every station where our train stopped, old and young would crowd about the cars, to look at the pictures and to read the inscriptions which clinched their moral. But even greater crowds would form at the car which was fitted up as a combined library and bookstore. This car carried a large stock of newspapers. Besides, a special paper was set up, printed, and published on our train, in one of the cars fitted up for the purpose. The paper was called *Toward Victory*. It gave a summary of the news of the day received by radio; but its chief purpose was to relate what had been done by Kalinin and his expedition to relieve the famine situation. The editor and writers who were on the train tried to cheer the peasants, and to stir up hope of something better in the near future. This paper was also distributed in large numbers from the library car to the crowds standing in line, or was thrown out through the windows at the smaller stations, which our train passed without stopping. It was touching to see the hands outstretched for a newspaper, or the barefoot, barely covered youngsters at the wayside stations running after the car to catch the paper thrown to them.

'How these people must be starved for news, for some word from the outside world!' I remarked to the girls in charge of the library car.

They smiled, and one of them said:

'Yes, they are eager for the paper. They are so starved for something to roll their *machorka* in.' (Machorka is a cheap, bitter weed, which the peasants smoke instead of expensive tobacco.)

As I traveled through the country, I realized the full force of that somewhat cynical remark. The thousands of refugees who fled from famine and crowded the railway stations, the streets, the banks of the river, and any open space where they could congregate, had no thought for anything except finding food for the day and getting on a train which might take them to districts where bread, according to rumor, was more abundant. There could be still less interest in anything but food in the villages, where those who remained felt shut up and doomed to a slow death by starvation. But what struck me most, as I went through the villages, was the fact that the young generation — the boys and girls under sixteen and even up to eighteen — were mostly illiterate. I could not quite believe that the Revolution had not given the people what was their most elementary demand. But the more I questioned the people, the more I realized that it was so. As a result of revolution, civil war, famine, and all the other evils, a generation was growing up in those villages that had not seen the inside of a school. Throughout the entire country, — in the cities as well as in the villages, but especially in the latter, — the schools have perhaps suffered most from the turmoil. Millions of children of school age are without schooling.

A clear picture of the condition in which the Russian village finds itself to-day is given in the letters which are regularly published in the Soviet papers. As these papers are all published under the auspices of the Government, there can be no question as to bias.

A writer in the *Pravda* of January 27, 1922, whose style betrays a peasant,

and who signs himself 'nonpartisan,' complains of the ignorance still prevailing in the villages. 'Is it not remarkable that, in the course of four years of revolution, you urban people could not realize that ninety-five per cent of the villages did not see a single newspaper in the course of the year? The paper *Poverty* has a circulation of 600,000 copies; but have these copies really reached the peasants? The editors of *Poverty* themselves sadly state that no more than five per cent of their papers reach the mass of the people. In my opinion, not even that proportion. At best, the paper is sent to the executive committees of the volosts, and there it is thrown, together with letters from Red Army men, on the window.'

The most frequent complaint in these letters is about the younger people, who, left without schooling, are abandoning themselves to rowdiness, thievery, drunkenness.

From the Province of Ivanovo-Voznesensk, a correspondent of *Poverty* writes, on February 23, 1922: 'Our province is considered one of the most revolutionary — a Red province. This is all true. . . . But it is also true that it is one of the most backward culturally, one of the poorest in spiritual life. In one of the largest factories, formerly Kuvaev, out of every hundred women, seventy-five can neither write nor read, and out of every hundred men, forty-three are illiterate. The union of leather-workers reports that sixty per cent of the members are illiterate; in the union of paper-workers, sixty per cent are illiterate; in the union of land and forest workers, fifty per cent; in the union of miners, forty per cent. This condition,' continues the writer, 'exists in the city, in the heart of the Red province. What then is the condition in the village? Profound, impenetrable, hopeless darkness.'

One of the staff correspondents of

the *Izvestia*, Neradov, complains that 'since the new economic policy, not a book or a newspaper finds its way into the village. People read nothing.'

VI

'Everything in the village is as before. Nothing changed.' Such is the pessimistic refrain of Communists and other revolutionists, who not only are discouraged by the conditions described above, but are especially disheartened by the trend which has set in since the inauguration of the new policy. But this pessimism, which to-day denies all gain from the revolution, is as unfounded as the optimism of yesterday.

The fact is that the Russian Revolution has achieved as much as any revolution ever can. It has let all the combustible and inflammable social material accumulated in the course of centuries burn itself out in a blinding blaze of fury and glory. Basically, the revolutionary fire swept the ground clear for future work.

Applying this idea more completely to what has happened in the Russian village, one of the most important results of the Revolution is the elimination of the last vestiges of feudalism. The great majority of Russian landlords had lost all economic *raison d'être* long before the Revolution. Not only immediately after the Act of 1861, but to the very last days the Russian noble landowners displayed no capacity for directing agricultural industry.

In sweeping away this condition, the Revolution transferred to the peasant class a considerable amount of actual and potential wealth. It has been estimated that five billion gold roubles would have been required to buy out the land which the peasants have seized in a revolutionary way. The peasants, as a class, have, as a result of the Revolution, wiped out the interest charges

and the rents which the private ownership of this land imposed on them. For the time being, the actual value of the transfer to the peasants is counterbalanced by the losses which have been caused by revolution as described above. But the potentialities of the acquired wealth are there, and in time cannot but serve as a basis for a more prosperous peasant economy.

But the most important result is the change in psychology which all this implies. Having expelled the landlord, the peasant can no longer blame him for his own economic troubles. Having appropriated practically all the land, the peasant can no longer look longingly at the private estate of the landlord as the solution of all his difficulties. Having discovered that the division of the estates can add only a few dessiatins to his allotment, the peasant cannot but begin to reconsider the whole question of 'landlessness,' upon which his thoughts have run for centuries.

In other words, the Revolution has swept away the foundations on which rested the economic backwardness of Russian agriculture. A new line of thought and action must be sought by the peasant. Not more land, but better cultivation of land already his. Not extension, but intensification.

Of course, the meaning of this change is only beginning to dawn upon the peasant. But it must become the central point of his economic thinking, as the implications of the revolutionary change become explicit. Even though this generation may have to die in ignorance and squalor, the minds of the younger generation have been thoroughly shaken up. When the wave of rowdiness and unsettlement subsides, — as it must, — there will be found a new mental attitude, which will reap the fruits of the Revolution and will put to good use all that has been learned in pain and upheaval.

REVOLUTIONIZING RELIGION IN EUROPE

BY KENNETH D. MILLER

I

It is an interesting and significant fact that, in all the discussion which has taken place concerning the reconstruction of Europe, but little has been said concerning the part that religion might play in it. At Versailles new political boundaries were drawn, new States established. At Genoa, and again at The Hague, the economic reconstruction of Europe was under discussion. But there has been no conference concerning the religious reconstruction of Europe. Nor, apparently, has any great weight been attached by students of European affairs to the influence of organized religion. The natural inference is that such influence as the Church exercises upon the destinies of the nations of Europe to-day is insignificant and negligible.

If this be true, a momentous change has taken place, which, in itself, would be worthy of attention and study. For nowhere in the world has organized religion played such a dominant part in the making of history as in the British Isles and on the Continent of Europe. The Protestant churches of Germany and England, heirs of the Reformation, and the Greek Orthodox churches in Russia, Serbia, Rumania, and Bulgaria have, as well as the Vatican, exercised a very real 'temporal power,' in that their influence over temporal affairs has been in many cases determining. Is that power gone, and has that influence been dissipated, so that we can now afford to ignore religious ques-

tions in discussing European affairs?

Several instances occur immediately to the most superficial observer of European conditions, in which organized religion would seem to occupy a rôle of paramount importance. Certainly a settlement of the Irish question, for instance, cannot be reached without reference to the religious question involved. One wag has described this situation most aptly. 'The trouble in Ireland,' he said, 'is that the folks in the north of Ireland are Protestant, and those in the south are Catholic. Now if only they were all atheists, they might be able to live together like Christians.'

The Greek Orthodox Church of Russia is destined to play a much more important part in the settlement of that vexed question than is indicated in the reports of the confiscation for famine purposes of the gold and jewels of the cathedrals. Such really insignificant incidents are given wide publicity, but we hear nothing of the grip which the Russian Church still has upon the hearts of the moujiks. The Bolsheviks have called religion an opiate; they may find it to be a stimulant to the conscience of the Russian people, productive of effects most disagreeable to them.

The storm-centre in central Europe to-day is Hungary. The political events of the past year in that country have kept the neighboring states in almost constant process of mobilization, and have consequently considerably de-

layed a return to 'normalcy' in that part of the world. But the political future of Hungary will be determined by the forces of organized religion, voting en bloc, the general alignment being Roman Catholic (Hapsburg royalists) versus Protestants and Jews, who are working for a non-Hapsburg constitutional monarchy — preferably with Admiral Horthy, a Protestant, as king — or for a democratic form of government.

The political situation in Jugoslavia is most complicated, and not altogether reassuring; and here again one of the dominant factors is organized religion. The Serbs are Greek Orthodox to the core; but the Croats and Slovenians, who are now included in the enlarged kingdom, are equally ardent Roman Catholics. Serbs and Croats speak the same language, only using different alphabets; they are of the same racial stock, but religion divides them. This is one of the reasons why the Croats are now playing the rôle of obstructionists, and threatening the unity of the new state. Again, Jugoslavia includes among its peoples thousands of Mohammedans from Bosnia and Herzegovina, who also form a political as well as a religious bloc.

Again, in Czechoslovakia, the religious question has to be taken into consideration in dealing with the mooted question of autonomy for Slovakia, where the Catholics are separatists, and the Protestants unionists, and with the disposition of Russia, where the population is of the Greek Catholic and Greek Orthodox persuasions.

The religious question in Europe would seem, therefore, to be of some importance; and a study of the religious life of new Europe should be not only interesting, but fruitful, for those who desire the new Europe to be better than the old.

One of the most marked changes in the position of the Church in Eu-

rope to-day has been effected by a modification, in a great many countries, of the relation of Church and State. This has been caused, on the one hand, by the downfall of the three governments in which the closest possible affiliation of Church and State has been a long-established tradition. These countries are Russia, Austro-Hungary, and Germany. It matters little that in these three countries the State Churches represented the three great branches of Christian faith — the Greek Orthodox Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Protestant Church. All these churches were so closely affiliated with their respective governments that the fall of the government inevitably involved a loss of power and prestige for them. The Church had constituted one of the main bulwarks of the old régime; consequently, the new would have none of it.

In Russia we have a notable example of the fate that awaits any religious organization which too closely identifies itself with any political or economic order. The Tsar was not only the Tsar of all the Russias: he was the 'little Father,' and, as such, was almost deified. And yet his murder called forth no such expressions of horror as one would expect from a devout people who revered their ruler almost as a saint. The Church proved to be powerless to check, much less to guide, the forces of revolution. All it could do was to take the position of passive protest, which Gandhi in India has made famous. But even the huge parades of protestants against the Bolshevik crusade upon the Church proved quite ineffectual. The priests were denounced as parasites, and set to menial labor. The church buildings, which used to be crowded to the doors on Sundays by unusually devout congregations, were, in many places, confiscated by the Soviet and turned into barracks for the Red Army.

At the present time in Russia the Church has no status with the government. It is dealt with as is any other private organization. The 'religious freedom' granted by the Soviet government means about as much as the 'freedom of the press' which flourishes in the land. The people are 'free' to support the Bolshevik government, and to worship as they please, so long as the priests are loyal to the Communist régime. But even the Bolsheviks are unable to drive religion out of the hearts of the Russian people. With the great masses of the people it is the only remaining link with the past and the only guaranty for the future. The priests of the Orthodox Church have in their hands one of the most powerful instruments in Russia; and it may be that they will learn how to use it so as to bring better days to that unhappy land.

II

Then again, in the new states created by the peace treaties, the question of Church and State had, of course, to be taken up *de novo*. Nowhere in Europe is the religious situation more interesting or significant than in Czechoslovakia, the leader of the 'succession states.' Here the question of Church and State has taken a most acute form. Here also we may go for an illustration of other characteristics of religious life in Europe as a whole. Everywhere in Europe the old hard-and-fast lines which have kept people true to the faith of their fathers from time immemorial are being broken down, and fresh alignments are being sought. This is supremely true in Czechoslovakia. Then, the growth of extra-ecclesiastical religion in Europe as a whole has been especially noteworthy since the war, as may well be illustrated by the case of Czechoslovakia. Therefore a study in some detail of the religious situation in

Czechoslovakia may reveal to us something of the status of religion in Europe as a whole.

The constitution of the Czechoslovak Republic calls for absolute separation of Church and State; but it was left to the Parliament to decide when and how this should be put into effect. Thus far, however, nothing has been done; and although the question is under debate at the present time, the outlook for an immediate and decisive solution is not bright. It is difficult for anyone to understand the present religious situation in Czechoslovakia without some reference to the history of the peoples who now find themselves, after three hundred years of alien rule, citizens of the Czechoslovak Republic.

Whenever central Europeans begin to talk of the present status of their country, they invariably go back at least five hundred years into their history. The columns of our daily papers nearly every day contain communications from nationalists of one or another of the succession states, in which the claims of that state in the present are advanced or defended by reference to the long-distant, and by most Americans forgotten, past. But my incursion into ancient history will at least have the virtue of brevity.

The dominant elements in the population of the Czechoslovak Republic are the Czechs (8,000,000), and the Slovaks (3,000,000). The minority nationalities — Germans (2,000,000) and Magyars (1,000,000) — have religious problems of their own, which, however, affect but indirectly the policy of the government.

The religious situation prevailing among the Czechs is quite different from that which obtains among the Slovaks, and that for reasons partly historical and partly temperamental. The Czechs were originally Christianized from the east by the Slavic mis-

sionaries, Cyril and Methodius, who were sent out from Saloniki by the Eastern (Orthodox) Church. Accordingly, even after the Czechs came into the fold of the Church of Rome, they continued to maintain a rather close association with the Eastern Church and the type of religion which it represents, and assumed an attitude toward Rome more independent than that of the nations of western Europe.

Thus the ground was prepared for the reform movement of Jan Hus and Jerome of Prague, and by them for that radically Protestant movement instituted by the Bohemian Brethren, which made Bohemia the first Protestant country in the world. The ensuing Hussite wars constitute the glorious period in the history of the Czechs; so that all good Czech patriots connect the Golden Age of their nation with that heroic stand of the Bohemian Protestants against the invading armies which were sent into the land for the express purpose of wiping out the 'Protestant heresy.' Similarly do the Czechs associate in their minds the dark age of their history with the assumption of political power by the Hapsburgs, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic faith. This was an era of political and religious persecution for the Czech nation, and continued with but little abatement down to the outbreak of the World War.

Students of Bohemian history foresaw that the fall of the Hapsburg power and the reestablishment of political independence for the Czechs would involve a break with Rome. And such indeed has been the case. The official government census of 1921 indicates that no less than 1,100,000 Czechs have left the Church of Rome since the establishment of the Republic. Instead of 96 per cent, the Roman Catholics now represent but 76 per cent of the Czech population.

A large percentage of those who have left Rome have gathered around a group of ex-Roman Catholic priests, to form a new ecclesiastical body, called the Czechoslovak Church. The story of the origin and development of this church forms a unique chapter in modern church history. In 1920 a number of Roman Catholic priests banded together to demand from the Vatican certain reforms — principally, the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy, the right to administer the communion in both kinds, and the use of the native tongue in the Mass. When these demands were categorically denied by the Pope, a large number of these priests seceded from Rome, and proceeded to form their own church. Excommunication held no terrors for them, or apparently for their people; about 800,000 people flocked to the standard of the new Church. This great mass movement was at the outset something in the order of a political or patriotic demonstration; but the religious motive plays a much more prominent part in it than was the case with the German *Los von Rom* movement some decades ago. In some districts, the entire parish followed their priest. In others, all the people left the Catholic Church except the priest, his housekeeper, and the sexton, who have retained control of the church building, and constitute the entire congregation at Mass. Feeling runs high, and in some villages there have been regular pitched battles between the Roman Catholics and the seceders, over the possession of the church property.

The leaders of the new movement were astonished at the success of their efforts and overwhelmed by the problems involved. They have had to face and solve practical problems concerning the forms and ceremonies to be used in this non-Catholic church, the members of which have known no other

form of worship than the Catholic. A dogmatic basis for this new Church had to be established. They had to thresh out with the government the question of their legal status. They were compelled to decide whether they should align themselves with the Protestant Church, or with the Orthodox Church, or remain independent.

As it was manifestly impossible to solve all these knotty questions at once, during the initial period each congregation was pretty much a law unto itself. Most priests retained the Mass, with its attendant ceremony, but administered the cup as well as the wafer to the communicants. The adoration of the Virgin Mary was also continued, but given a subordinate place. National heroes, such as Jan Hus, were added to the calendar of the saints. But everywhere the mass and preaching were in the Czech language, and the Scriptures were given to the people to read and interpret for themselves. After wavering between Protestantism and the Eastern Church, affiliation was finally made with the Greek Orthodox Church of Serbia. Reverend Pavlik of Olomouc was consecrated as first bishop of the new Church by the patriarch at Belgrade, thus assuring the apostolic succession and the support of the national Church of a friendly State.

Nevertheless, the relations with the native Protestant Church have remained most cordial. In many places both churches use the same building; in some the Protestant minister serves both congregations, and gives religious instruction to the children of the new church as well as to those of his own. A proposal has even been made that the recently organized Protestant Theological Faculty of the University of Prague admit to its courses candidates for the priesthood in the Czechoslovak Church, and join in the training of such candidates.

In matters of dogma, the Athanasian Creed and the decisions of the first six Œcumenical Councils were adopted as a creedal basis. But lest this should be too conservative for some, a declaration was made that these creeds were to be interpreted in the light of modern thought, and even of the results of Higher Criticism! So the church has been made all things to all men, that it might by all means save some!

But the new church has secured not only the recognition of the government, but even some measure of financial support, it being dealt with on the same basis as the other churches which, pending separation of Church and State, are partially supported by State funds. Undoubtedly the government will also grant to the Czechoslovak Church the right to use former Roman Catholic Church buildings for their services of worship in places where their numbers warrant it. Some of these buildings were originally Protestant, but as the Catholics have been using them for three hundred years, they will scarcely give them up.

The native Protestant churches and the mission churches established by the Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist churches of America have all profited largely by this movement away from Rome. The Evangelical Church of the Czech Brethren, the natural heir of the old Protestant traditions of the land, has nearly doubled its membership. New congregations are springing up all over the country, and the church authorities have been unable to provide pastors to care for them all. In fact any sort of religious meeting in Czechoslovakia is sure to be crowded to the doors; and instead of the ministers having to think up new ways of inducing the people to come to church, as is the case here, it is the people who are hunting for ministers to come and preach to them.

Naturally, the Roman Catholic Church is viewing all these developments with some alarm, and is marshaling all her forces to hold her position. Although the trend among the Czechs is against Rome, she is still very powerful and is well organized politically in what is known popularly as the Clerical Party.

The Roman Catholics have a valuable political ally in the Slovak People's Party, which is led by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hlinka, and largely composed of his coreligionists. Hlinka and his party are not only devout adherents of Roman Catholicism, but the most active protagonists of Slovak autonomy. Although the government is committed to autonomy for the Slovaks as a matter of principle, it does not feel that the time is yet ripe for it. Hlinka is, on this account, bitterly anti-Czech, and is conducting a very noisy and not altogether ineffectual campaign for autonomy for the Slovaks. The situation is not without some elements of danger to the integrity of the Republic, for the Magyar irridentists, who would restore Slovakia to Hungary, are aiding and abetting the Slovak autonomists to the best of their ability, and seeking to widen the breach between the Czechs and the Slovaks. Under these circumstances the government is obliged to deal most diplomatically with Hlinka and his followers, and diplomacy dictates that it is not wise to go too far or too fast in the separation of Church and State, which would operate more to the disadvantage of the Roman Catholics than of any other church, because of their large property holdings. Furthermore, the Slovaks, being conservative by nature, are adhering to their old religious affiliations. But while the government is seeking to conciliate all parties concerned, and to avoid any defection on the part of the Slovaks, the breakdown

of the old religious affiliations among the Czechs goes on apace, and religion is a topic of vital interest and constant discussion.

But although the people of Czechoslovakia are ardently seeking a positive solution of their religious questions, many of them are as yet unaffiliated with any ecclesiastical organization, and are finding satisfaction of their religious needs and interests outside of the organized churches. Spiritualism is in great vogue, over two hundred séances being held each week in Prague alone. Theosophy and New Thought have thousands of adherents. The Salvation Army has made a place for itself. *Volná Myšlenka*, or the Free Thought movement, although anti-Church, is not nearly so anti-religious as the name implies. Many thoughtful men claim to be religious, but do not work with the churches. Among these is the great President of the Czechoslovak Republic, Thomas G. Masaryk. Although a nominal member of the Czech Brethren Church, Masaryk has never been a churchman, and seldom, if ever, attends church services. Nevertheless, he is a deeply religious man, and has often declared that a positive answer to the religious question is of paramount importance to the Czech nation. In one of his earliest addresses as President he declared that the Czechoslovak nation must choose between the ideals of Jesus of Nazareth and the ideals of Caesar. Himself a total abstainer, President Masaryk and his able daughter, Dr. Alice G. Masaryk,¹ have been most active in the furtherance of the cause of total abstinence. Formerly a Professor of Sociology at the University of Prague, and for many years a close observer and careful student of both social and international problems, President Masaryk has become one of

¹ Author of 'From an Austrian Prison,' *Atlantic Monthly*, Nov. and Dec., 1920.

the great statesmen of Europe. There is no one who has a firmer grasp of the problems which beset Central Europe. In the solution of these problems he believes that religion has a great part to play. His lack of coöperation with the existing churches may be attributed to his conviction that too many of their activities resemble an ecclesiastical goose-step on the parade-ground, instead of a march against the enemies of national and international welfare of a host which would enroll as brothers in arms men and women from all classes of society. To gain the interest and active allegiance of men like President Masaryk, the Church must prove itself to be socially effective. The new conditions now prevailing in Czechoslovakia give the Church an unprecedented opportunity to prove its worth.

The future of the churches in Czecho-

slovakia depends upon their ability to convince, not only the intellectuals, but the Socialist workingmen as well, that theirs is the organization best fitted to inculcate the spirit of the Nazarene in the life of the nation and in the life of Europe. For the first time in its history the ability of the Church to speak with authority and to lead with effectiveness in the moral and spiritual regeneration of the nations of Europe is being seriously challenged by large groups of people in each nation. If the Church can meet the challenge and prove its right to leadership, organized religion will have a momentous part in the construction of that better Europe of our dreams. And nowhere has the Church a better opportunity really to lead than in Czechoslovakia, for there religion is popular, and the people are clamoring for religious leadership.

IRISH BACKGROUNDS

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

I

It is the business of a contemporary historian to describe events as he sees them. He may also, if he wishes, analyze the contributing causes that gave rise to those events; but it is a dangerous business. Subsequent historians will discard his analysis, — for it is the proper business of an historian to disagree with every other historian, — and will end by discarding his data in favor of supposititious facts that support their own theories. Generally, the contemporary historian is dead by the

time this occurs, so it does not matter one way or the other.

To marshal in their proper perspective the events which go to form an historic episode — a war, a political crisis, an industrial upheaval — is not a difficult task for the trained observer. To explain how and why it all happened is another matter. There are one thousand and one contributory causes for each event. Some will be apparent to the philosopher, others to the politician, others to the soldier. The biolo-

gist, the moralist, the financier, and the sentimentalist will take, each, a different view of the matter. The historian who combined all these and a good many other rôles would make an ideal chronicler — but his chronicle would never get written.

In the *Annals of the Four Masters* it is stated that, in the year of the world 3330 — that is, about 2000 B.C. — the Danaans arrived in Ireland and subjugated the Firbolg. Queen Taltiu, in whose honor the Tailteann games were founded by her foster-son, was the wife of Mac Erk, the last Firbolg king. The Danaans were the Kelts. They had the knowledge of working in metals and of the arts, and came to Ireland in search of gold. The Firbolg were a neolithic race — wielders of flint-axe and bone-needle — which found its way into Ireland from the Iberian Peninsula, and dispossessed the Formorians, or palæolithic aborigines.

At a much later date came a second invasion of Kelts, the Milesians, who arrived in Ireland via southwest Europe. The Kelt was an aristocrat and an adventurer. He became the 'upper crust' of the Irish people, much as the Normans became the 'upper crust' in Saxon England. The Normans, however, were absorbed by the native population, which was as civilized as themselves. The Kelts in Ireland were never absorbed by the Firbolg. The two races are as distinct to-day as they were in the time of Lugh of the Long Hand. The Kelt is still the aristocrat. The Firbolg is still the bag-man, the slave. The Kelt was always an emigrant. If he could not be a boss at home, he went in search of a free-and-easy time elsewhere. The Irish Kelt provided useful mercenaries (the 'kerns and gallowglasses' of Macbeth) for both British and Scottish armies in the pre-Reformation days. In later days, he appeared as a brilliant soldier

at all the courts of Europe (the 'wild swans' of contemporary sentimentalists). Finally, he emigrated in vast numbers to the United States, where he is to be found to-day following his accustomed rôle of boss in many walks of life. The educated Kelt had no need to emigrate to America. In the British army and the British administrative service, in India, China, Africa, British Guiana, wherever, in a word, there has been room for a determined administrator, the Irish Kelt, the world's most successful autocrat, has been, and is still to be, found.

But the Kelt was an individualist. Organized coöperation was beyond him. So the Anglo-Saxon, his inferior individually, but a dominant race, came to Ireland and conquered it. The Kelt either remained an aristocrat by siding with the conquerors, or continued to fight them as occasion offered. Sometimes he did first one and then the other. Occasionally he contrived to do both at the same time. But his numbers dwindled. Incoming settlers — Normans, Huguenots, Cromwellians, French Catholic refugees from the Revolution, Scotch planters — were absorbed, and eked out the Keltic population; but foreign service and emigration continued to deplete the stock.

While the Keltic aristocrat was dwindling, the Firbolg increased. It did not fight, and it did not emigrate to any extent. But it remained the 'masses' par excellence of the Irish population. It had no mass consciousness of being the under dog, and it retained that position simply because it was incapable of doing better for itself. Dreamy, idle, superstitious, kindly, but capable of appalling savagery, devoid alike of ambition and of civic morality, the Firbolg remained, and is to-day, a mixture of child and savage.

Immediately prior to the War, the predominantly Keltic strain in Ireland

was in the minority. But those who were left possessed everything worth possessing — the farms, the shops, the public houses, the Government jobs. Ireland outside Belfast was an Iberian pie, with an Anglo-Keltic crust. The latter rode to hounds, hunted, and fished, played politics and drank port wine. The former held the horses' heads, poached, voted as they were told, drank porter, and hoped for the best. When the Keltic bosses told them to rebel, they rebelled. When they were told to keep quiet, they kept quiet. Porter, the Catholic Church, and the R. I. C. kept them in order; but poor as was their state they never really rose and struck a blow for themselves. There were agrarian revolts and Home Rule agitations, but nothing in the nature of a proletarian movement, until James Connolly and James Larkin came upon the scene.

It was merely an accident of history that in Ireland there was a racial as well as a class division between the 'Have's' and the 'Have not's.' Very few, indeed, knew that there was such a division, much less reckoned on its effects. The aspirations and the passions, the ignorances and the grievances, of the Irish masses were exactly the same as those of the masses elsewhere.

Connolly, who was the Communist pur sang, wished to arouse the Irish masses against their masters, the Capitalists. The Irish masses unconsciously preferred to rise against their masters, the Anglo-Kelts. Connolly wanted an industrial revolution. But the very factor — the war — which, owing chiefly to the stupidity of the British, enabled the Iberian revolutionaries, with the help of the Catholic Church,¹

¹ When the Nationalist Party decided to secularize Irish Education the Catholic Church definitely decided to smash the Nationalist Party by throwing its weight behind Sinn Fein. — *The Author.*

to snatch political power from the Anglo-Kelts (the Unionists and Nationalists), made a successful proletarian rising impossible by introducing high wages and universal employment.

In 1916, Connolly launched his rebellion, but, though Sinn Fein as an organization funked it, leaving the Citizens' Army and the bold spirits gathered together by Patrick Pearse and the Anglophobe McBride and such theatrical self-advertisers as De Valera and Madame Markiewicz to peter out miserably in the Dublin Post Office, the thing was no sooner over than Liberty Hall discovered, to its disgust, that Sinn Fein had seized all the credit for the performance. It is estimated that, since Easter, 1916, something like thirty-one thousand Sinn Feiners have claimed to have participated in the Rebellion, mostly as occupants of the Post Office.

II

But time brings its revenges. In 1919, a more successful rebellion began to be waged. Liberty Hall sided with the Republican movement, but made it clear that, although it was prepared to take advantage of any rebellion, it had no intention of being identified with what it regarded as a Capitalist rebellion. But Liberty Hall largely misjudged the condition of affairs. The Sinn Fein rebellion was a Firbolg, and, therefore, however unconscious all parties concerned might be of the fact, a Bolshevik, rebellion. (One uses the word 'Bolshevist,' of course, in its wider significance, that is, of the man who is prepared to overturn society in order to get something for himself out of the wreckage.) The leaders, outside of the foreign adventurers, belonged either to the petty bourgeoisie, or to the proletariat. And, as the thing progressed, more and more of the lowest elements of the community began to

seep up toward the surface. These men were doubtless the pick of the stratum of society from which they came.

But it was the lowest stratum. The educated classes did not figure in the movement at all. Michael Collins was a postal sorter, Arthur Griffith a compositor. Daniel Breen was a track-walker, Harry Boland a bicycle repairer; Boland's brother Jerry was serving a sentence for robbery at the time of the truce. De Valera's father was a Maltese horse-boy and his mother in domestic service. Mulcahy was a medical student in the National University, Pierce Beasley a country reporter, Darrell Figgis a remittance man, Charles Burgess a drummer, McKeon a blacksmith. These provided the brains of the organization. The lesser leaders were farm laborers, grocers, curates, shop-boys, and the like.

A few half-educated national schoolteachers were active in the republican movement, and more would have been if the still less educated priests had been less energetic in the same direction. For in Ireland the national schoolteachers have been long struggling to throw off the domination of the parish priests, under whom they precariously and rather miserably held their jobs. Badly paid schoolteachers are a prime nursery of revolution the world over, and the Irish national schoolteachers were no exception. Those of them who joined the Sinn Fein movement joined as revolutionaries rather than as rebels; and now that the former rebels and the former revolutionaries have taken sides against each other, the schoolteachers will be found in the ranks of the latter.

There were always a few well-educated men, like Count Plunkett, Gavan Duffy, the MacNeills and others, in the republican movement, whose ability was respected by what one might call the moderate section, but who were

always looked upon with some suspicion by the extremists. They, and not a few others of the lesser lights of Sinn Fein, — which, it must be remembered, was a literary and intellectual movement long before it became a political movement, — were the relicts of an attempt to revive Gaelic culture. But these men were for the most part pamphleteers rather than pistoleers, with the result that they bulked only moderately in the eyes of the real leaders of the rebellion, and not at all in the eyes of the rank and file.

In a different category from all other Sinn Fein leaders must be reckoned Erskine Childers. He has no Irish blood in his veins. He served with distinction and gallantry in South Africa and in the World War; indeed, he led the flying squadron that bombed Cuxhaven in the early days of the war. Childers was a clerk in the House of Commons. He wrote a first-rate yarn called *The Riddle of the Sands*, and also an excellent book on Home Rule. Starting as a doctrinaire Home Ruler, he ended a flaming Irish Republican.

To return to the Sinn Fein leaders as a whole, the striking thing about them is that those of them who have ever earned, or could now earn, two thousand dollars a year in any civil occupation can be counted on the fingers of the two hands. And perhaps the most striking feature of the whole republican movement is that the Sinn Fein with the best-paid civilian job was the half-mad Rory O'Connor, who was, and still is, an engineer in the employment of the Dublin Corporation. O'Connor is just entering on his third six-months' leave of absence with full pay, and the Dublin Corporation have just reinstated, *with full arrears of pay covering the period of absence*, all their employees who joined O'Connor in the Four Courts, and are now — unless they have been secretly

released — prisoners in Mountjoy Jail. Is it surprising that revolution in Ireland is a popular pastime?

Sinn Fein, then, — that is to say, both the pro-Treatyite and the Republican factions, as they now are, — was recruited from a class entirely different from that which governed Ireland under the Union. To-day, the land-owners, the professional men, the manufacturers, bankers, importers, the retired soldiers and administrators, the Church of Ireland and Trinity College, all, in fact, who have anything to lose except political jobs, are entirely unrepresented in the government of the country. And official Labor is equally unrepresented. Both are, however, represented in the Provisional Parliament, which has not yet been summoned to meet, for, standing as Independent and Labor candidates, they captured nearly a third of the seats from the Sinn Fein panel.

The panel was a desperate attempt, and, as is now apparent, a weak if not actually a discreditable attempt, on the part of the Provisional Government to keep the reins of power in the hands of the political adventurers and out of the hands of those better entitled — since they have everything to lose — and better able to use it. The attempt destroyed the Sinn Fein party, and severely shook public faith in the Provisional Government. But it did worse than that: it left the Provisional Government, that is, the pro-Treaty faction of Sinn Fein, to fight the Republicans single-handed, having, indeed, the moral support of the class that they tried to jockey out of political representation, but afraid or ashamed to call upon them for material or personal assistance in putting down the rebellion. They, who have nothing to lose and know nothing about either fighting or governing, get on with the job. The class whose property is being destroyed,

and whose business is being ruined, that has had military and administrative experience and has political intelligence, looks on, unable — because uninvited — to lift a finger to protect itself, its business, or the country.

That this class, the loyal Anglo-Keltic aristocracy, should be looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the invincible republicans and their *Firbolg* following is natural. But the moment the Treaty was published, it became obvious that they would be, and must be, wholeheartedly on the side of the pro-Treatyites — in other words, of the Provisional Government. It was equally obvious that the pro-Treatyites, whatever their breed or class, having accepted a less than Republican status, were bound to draw further and further away from the extreme Sinn Fein left, — the *Firbolg*-Bolshevist-fanatic group, — and toward the non-Republican Anglo-Keltic possessing class. On the other hand, the last thing that the pro-Treatyites wanted to do was to appear to be falling on the necks of the belatedly converted Unionists, the Anti-Partitionists, and the Dominion Leaguers, and by so doing to give the anti-Treatyites the opportunity of declaring that the Provisional Government was simply the old Ascendancy gang with a new hat and a different kind of dog. And, in reality, the hostility to the Treaty of the semi-intellectual leaders of the Republican faction lies not so much in the fact that it keeps Ireland in the British Empire as in the fact that it retains Ireland irrevocably within the orbit of British civilization, which is simply the Mediterranean or Græco-Roman civilization, with Anglo-Saxon modifications.

Again we must plunge into the past for an explanation of the present. In a grave at Bray, in County Dublin, there were found in the year 1835 the

bodies of several Roman soldiers, the survivors of some shipwrecked galley. So far as is known, no other Roman ever set foot on Irish soil. Of all Western and Central Europe Ireland alone remained beyond the reach of Rome and of the great traditions of law and discipline and order and industry that the Roman left stamped for all time on the characters of the peoples that he conquered and on the fabric of the societies that succeeded his. To the scholar and the historian what Ireland has been in the past, what it is to-day, and what it may be for many days to come, are sufficiently explained by the fact that it was never Romanized. Even the Catholic Church in Ireland is Roman only in name. It remained under the Vatican in the days of Columba and his successors — instead of breaking away and becoming officially the Irish Catholic Church — largely by accident; and it has in fact remained the Irish Catholic Church ever since.

To those who believed in a Gaelic civilization, which, to their minds, surpassed — and would, if restored, again surpass — the British civilization forced upon Ireland by the Saxon oppressor, the Treaty read like a death warrant. With a stroke of the pen, it swept into the discard the bards and the prophets, the high priests and sibyls, the bearded vaticinators and the hirsute cymbalists of the great Gaelic cult, and left only a colluvies of fifth-rate litterateurs, dabblers in enamel work and stained glass, and sentimental historians, to warm their derelict limbs at the cold hearthstone of the United Arts Club and in the ox-be-deviled committee rooms of the Royal Dublin Society.

The opposition of these people to the Treaty was expected, but was regarded as of small importance, just as their adherence to the republican movement had been regarded as largely academic.

It is to be noted, however, that this group produced Rory O'Connor, — a young man of education and some æsthetic culture, but coming of a family with much insanity in it, — who had sat as a disciple at the feet of Count Plunkett. How much Count Plunkett has had to do with the revolt against the Provisional Government is not known. He has always hovered more or less on the fringe of the republican movement, debarred by his education and refined tastes from intimacy with its bourgeois and rustic leaders, but having a strong pull with them by reason of his son having been shot for treason, — he went to Germany to get help for the Easter rising, — in 1916. Plunkett, senior, however, never managed quite to get himself taken seriously, and he is known in Provisional Government circles as 'the man who thinks he was shot in Easter Week.'

III

So vociferously had Sinn Fein proclaimed that it would never, never even look at anything less than a republic for the whole of Ireland, that only those who knew the Irish intimately, and also knew something of what had been going on behind the scenes during the months preceding the Truce, ever expected the Treaty to be signed. To everyone else it came as a vast surprise. Some had prophesied that the negotiations could not possibly come to anything; others that the British Government would ultimately concede the republican status, and leave Ulster to look out for herself. The two things at which the Catholic Irish were supposed to baulk were Partition and the King. By the Treaty they accepted both. Had they accepted them in 1914, they could then have had all the self-determination that they are now getting. In the narrow sense, therefore,

the anti-Treaty leaders were right when they declared that the Treaty represented, not victory, not compromise even, but complete defeat.

The ink was not dry on the paper before it became evident that there was trouble ahead. The Treaty dispersed the new Gaelic civilization into the thin air from which it came. It finally disposed of the republic of which the real Britain-hating Irishman, the heir of the Fenian tradition and the Invincible tradition and all the other traditions, dreamed — a republic envisaging nothing more practical than an endless and heavenly twisting of the British lion's cringing tail. Worse still, it definitely disposed of the Ireland of pistols and commandantships, of commandeered motor cars and hero-worship, of the easy workless life of the flying column, and the promise of advancement and after-shop-hours adventure of the city ambusher. It disposed of the Ireland of the Irish Workingman's Republic, of the rural Bolshevik and the landless man, the Ireland in which everybody had twenty acres of his own (selected from his employer's holding), a couple of nice milk cows (stolen from the local dairy-farm), a cottage provided by the National Land Bank, and a testimonial presented by Colonel Morris Moore: an Ireland in which the potatoes apparently planted themselves. Finally, it disposed of the Ireland of the young Firbolg-Maynooth priests: in which the cassock controlled Trinity College and the crozier conducted the Royal Dublin Society; in which cardinals unmade ministries, and bishops presided at Boards, and the parish priests controlled everything else; an Ireland strewn as thickly with convents and monasteries as a pumpernickel loaf with caraway seeds.

It was obvious from the start that there would be Treaty-breakers as well as Treaty-makers. Nevertheless, every-

body in Ireland who had anything to lose, and eighty per cent of those who had votes, wanted the Treaty and wanted it badly. And there need never have been any serious trouble if Griffith and Collins had played their cards boldly. With the exception of Arthur Griffith, who never, in his enthusiasm for the organization, forgot his duty to the Irish people, the 'plenipotentiaries' left Ireland as the representatives of the Sinn Féin organization. As the result of some powerful but mysterious political alchemy, — whether Griffith's, or Winston Churchill's as some say, or someone else's, is not known, — they signed the Treaty as representatives of the Irish people. But, instead of coming back and inviting the Irish people to confirm their action at a general election, they crept back and invited Dàil Éireann, which represented Sinn Féin, and by no stretch of the imagination represented the Irish electorate, to confirm it. And Dàil Éireann reared up and screamed, while a bored but impatient universe begged them to desist.

Finally, even Miss MacSwiney ran down, and the Treaty was ratified by a majority of seven votes. It was not a working majority and did not represent the opinion of the people; but, instead of going at once to the country and asking the electors to confirm the Dàil vote, which they would have done by a thumping majority, Arthur Griffith carried on, while the De Valeristas seceded and started to stump the country against the Treaty.

The blame for this failure to act promptly does not lie wholly with the Provisional Government. Even the *Irish Times* solemnly assured its readers that, of course, the Provisional Government could not go to the country without something definite — that is, the Constitution — in its hands. As if the Treaty was not definite enough

for anybody! Instead of going to the people, however, the Provisional Government went to the Sinn Fein National Convention; and, to appease that anti-Treaty and non-representative body, agreed that there should be no general election until after the Constitution had been drafted, and that the draft Constitution and the Treaty should be submitted to the people together. It was also agreed that the I. R. A. should remain subject to Dàil Eireann and not to the Provisional Government; but as the Provisional Government also had a majority in the Dàil, and was, except for the President and Minister of Defense, synonymous with the Dàil Eireann Cabinet, this arrangement was a paper one only.

Moreover, the Republicans had, since the signing of the Treaty, commenced an intensive campaign to turn the I. R. A. against the Treaty and against the Provisional Government. In this they were highly successful, because the Provisional Government could find jobs for only a small percentage of those who thought they had earned them, and all the aggrieved lent a ready ear to the Republican propagandists. And when one remembers that all the gun-youth in the I. R. A., including thousands who had joined that organization only since the Truce, were firmly convinced, and had in many cases been expressly assured, that their future on the government pay roll was secured, it can be imagined that disappointment was widespread, and that disaffection was easy to propagate. Even those who got jobs were, in many cases, dissatisfied. Pay in the new I. R. A. was good, — a private got about fourteen dollars pay and separation allowance, his uniform and full board, — but some discipline had to be attempted, and the minute it was attempted the gun-youth began to get restive and took to turning Re-

publican at a moment's notice. The entire Bray garrison, except five, turned Republican one day, because their pay did not arrive on the morning it should have come. The 'Irregulars,' as the Free State people insist on calling them, came to the barracks and jeered at the 'Regulars,' pointing out that they themselves did no drill, obeyed no orders, and commandeered all the food and motor cars they wanted.

By the time the Limerick crisis arrived, this sort of thing was going on all over the country, to a greater or lesser extent. Meanwhile, the Provisional Government, or, rather, the Dàil Eireann Cabinet, had to continue recruiting for the I. R. A., or, as it was called in communications to the British Government, the National Army; and it is no wonder that they went out of their way to avoid the politician gunman as far as possible, and to recruit the sort of lad who could be made into a real soldier, and who would obey his superior officers without political question. So far as the rank and file were concerned, this was not a difficult thing to do; but in the case of the officers, while a certain number of men who had served in the British and American armies were available, the bulk of the commissions had to be bestowed as the reward of services rendered during the fighting against the British. Many of these commissions fell to out-and-out Republicans, violent politicians with no military aptitude whatever. In some cases, such men were deliberately given commissions because the Provisional Government thought that they were less mischievous holding commissions in Dublin than holding political meetings in the country. In other cases, the young officers took no definite political stand, but subscribed to the doctrine now assiduously propagated by the republican politicians, that the I. R. A. alone had

the right to say what sort of government Ireland should have, and that the sooner it exercised its paramount authority and brought the Provisional Government to heel, the better.

Matters approached a climax. Both sides were holding political meetings at this time, and the anti-Treatyites not only adopted violent methods of breaking up and interfering with the pro-Treatyites' meetings, but announced that they would not allow the elections to be held. At the same time, the Republicans repeatedly charged the Provisional Government with trying to turn the I. R. A. into an army loyal to the Free State, while the Provisional Government replied that it was doing nothing of the kind, that it was keeping the I. R. A. faithful to the Irish people, and that the Republicans were trying to set up a military dictatorship.

IV

Matters came to a head at Limerick. A military barracks there was vacated by the British. Richard Mulcahy, the Minister of Defense, sent down troops from Dublin to take it over. The Mid-Limerick Brigade of the I. R. A. should have taken it over — or so the Republicans claimed; but they refused to take it over on behalf of the Provisional Government, and insisted that they should occupy it simply on behalf of the Irish Republican Army. Bands of 'Irregulars' — that is, revolting members of the I. R. A. — appeared suddenly in Limerick City, seized and fortified hotels and school-buildings, and sent a peremptory order to the 'Regular' I. R. A., who had occupied the vacated barracks, to clear out. The Irregulars were led by a man called Barry, and comprised units from various counties in the South and West of Ireland. They were a scrubby-looking lot of corner boys, utterly devoid of

discipline or military behavior; but a good many had rifles, and the rest were festooned with revolvers of various patterns.² No fighting occurred, though a Regular officer was seized by the Irregulars, and subsequently released.

The Irregulars arrived at the beginning of the week. On the Friday, they sent a note to Commandant Brennan, in command of the Regular troops, to the effect that they would attack him next morning at eleven o'clock. He replied, 'Attack away!' On Saturday, another note arrived from the Irregulars, saying that, in view of the presence of the 'common enemy' in their midst (that is, a detachment of British troops that was on the point of vacating a second barracks), the attack would be deferred until Monday.

In the meantime, the usual clerics and lord mayors had rushed post-haste to Dublin, and the usual peace parleys had begun. Commandant Brennan sent word, urging the Provisional Government to allow him to settle Barry and his sans-culottes once and for all. General MacKeon took the same attitude, which Michael Collins also inclined to. But Mulcahy favored a compromise, on the ground that to down the Irregulars would be to turn Irish public sentiment in their favor. And a compromise was made, which was really a complete victory for the rebels and, as matters have since turned out, a most expensive defeat for the Provisional Government. The barracks, it was agreed, should not be occupied by either side. In other words, they should remain empty until the Irregulars were ready to take them over, and there should be no pro-Treaty troops at the strongest strategic point in the whole Southwest of Ireland.

When he arrived in Limerick, Barry

² One youth paraded with seven revolvers — five disposed about his person, and one in each hand. — *The Author.*

issued a proclamation, of which I have a copy before me — a most illuminating document. It professes to explain 'What the I. R. A. crux in Limerick means'; and begins by reciting that Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defense, solemnly guaranteed, at a meeting of Dáil Eireann, to 'keep the Irish Republican Army intact' until the elections; that he 'has not kept his word'; and the reasons alleged are, first, the aforesaid refusal to allow the Mid-Limerick Brigade of the I. R. A. to take over the military barracks at Limerick; secondly, that he 'drafted troops into *Republican areas* [italics mine] in the interest of the *Free State Party*'; and, thirdly, that 'He has officered these troops by men who will obey his instructions, without questioning whether such instructions are a subversion of the republic or not.'

Mulcahy certainly wanted to have Beggars' Bush troops on whose obedience he could rely at so important a strategic point as Limerick, instead of Republicans; but he wanted them there in the interests of the Irish people, whose vote on the Treaty (still to be registered) he had no intention of opposing. And he certainly was trying at the time to officer the troops in Dublin and elsewhere with officers who would likewise act as servants of the people, and not of the I. R. A. or any other body. And it is a great pity that he did not persist. But he had greatly weakened his position, very shortly before the Limerick episode, by a foolish and inexplicable move.

Barry's proclamation goes on to make this final charge against Mulcahy: 'He has not kept his word because he seeks to ensure that *no matter how the coming I. R. A. Convention decides*, the Government will hold all areas for the Free State Party.' Here we get the whole Republican intent and contention — that the I. R. A.

must be the arbiters of Ireland's political destiny. What possessed Richard Mulcahy to agree to call the I. R. A. Convention demanded by the Republicans, the sole purpose of which was to give a concrete form to this assertion of military dictatorship, nobody knows. But he did so agree, though later, after the Limerick episode, he forbade the convention to be held, and declared that any officer attending it would automatically cease to be an officer of the I. R. A.

Nevertheless the Convention *was* held in Dublin, openly, a few days later, and the Provisional Government made no attempt to interfere with it. At that convention, which was attended by over two hundred officers (though these represented only about a third of the I. R. A. units), and the proceedings of which were held in private, an I. R. A. Executive Council was chosen, and a subsidiary Military Council. A resolution declaring that the I. R. A. forbade the forthcoming election to be held, and would prevent it by force if necessary, was withdrawn, upon its being pointed out that it might result in British military action.

The Provisional Government circulated a synopsis of the proceedings at this Convention to the Dublin newspapers, but only one of them, the *Freeman's Journal*, printed it. The *Journal* office was burned down a few nights after, by men from the Four Courts. Rory O' Connor issued a statement declaring that the burning had taken place at his direction, but the Provisional Government did nothing. They were presumably waiting for the election.

In the meantime they had made one more effort, and a very discreditable effort to avoid coming to grips with the Republicans. The date of the election was set; but long before it arrived, it became evident that it would be held only in the face of widespread terrorism

and intimidation throughout the country. Then a document appeared, signed by ten pro-Treaty and anti-Treaty I. R. A. officers, — an inspired document, obviously, — calling upon Dàil Eireann to arrive at some agreement over the election, on the basis that the people as a whole clearly favored the Treaty. After the usual wrangling, a Dàil Eireann committee was appointed to find a basis of discussion. As it comprised some of the most intransigent members of Dàil Eireann, notably Liam Mellows and Dr. Kathleen Lynn, it naturally could not agree on anything.

Finally, it was announced that Collins and De Valera had come to an agreement between themselves. This agreement was propounded to, and accepted by, Dàil Eireann without discussion, much to the surprise of the public, which was expecting Arthur Griffith, who had strongly opposed it, to resign. In effect, the agreement was to divide the seats at the forthcoming elections between the pro-Treaty and anti-Treaty Sinn Feiners in the existing proportions, that is to say, giving the Provisional Government a majority of seven, the existing members to retain their seats (except members who held more than one seat, who should retain only one). In other words, the existing Dàil Eireann was to continue to function, and the people were not to have a chance of passing on the Treaty or Constitution at all.

In actual fact, however, this agreement was a diplomatic victory for Collins. By reducing the pro-Treatyites' claim to two thirds of the seats in the Provisional Parliament (which was also to be the new Dàil Eireann) to the existing majority of sixty-seven to sixty, he managed to get embodied in the agreement the pro-Treaty proposal that any other interests outside Sinn Fein should be allowed to contest seats,

and also to get omitted from it the anti-Treaty clause specifically stating that the election was not to be considered as deciding anything. Collins perhaps guessed that the public, incensed at the attempt of the Sinn Fein organization to prevent a free election with its panel of hand-picked candidates, would arise and set up Independent candidates, and that these would dislodge Republicans and not pro-Treatyites. And so it turned out. Nevertheless, Collins's acceptance of the Sinn Fein panel was discreditable, just as every failure of the Provisional Government to assert the sovereignty of the Irish electorate since the signing of the Treaty was discreditable; and it is stated by some who ought to know, that Collins accepted the panel agreement as a life-raft on which to escape from the treaty ship, which he believed to be definitely unseaworthy.

The panel agreement was no sooner signed than it became apparent that almost any candidate who chose to run was sure of election against a Republican, and reasonably sure of election even against a pro-Treaty Sinn Feiner. Sinn Fein's political stock, indeed, had never been so low. The Republicans, however, did not wait to enjoy their discomfiture at the polls before deciding on other measures. Indeed, the agreement was hardly signed when the I. R. A. Executive Committee formally decided to rely on its revolvers to beat the Treaty and the Constitution. For some time they had been openly maintaining themselves by armed force, seizing buildings and motor cars, raiding banks and shops, forcibly billeting themselves and their relatives (disguised as Belfast refugees) on Protestant Loyalists, and otherwise behaving as masters of all they surveyed.

Occasionally, they came into collision with the Provisional Government troops, but no real fighting ensued.

The sham battle of Kilkenny was the most important event of this kind. The Republicans had seized Ormonde Castle in Kilkenny City — an impregnable stronghold against any force lacking artillery. After three days of terrific battle as described in the Irish papers, in which storming parties advanced through a 'hail of bullets' and by means of 'terrific hand-to-hand fighting,' the Republicans were driven from their positions. The 'Regular' casualties were seven slightly wounded, five of them in the seat of the emotions. The Irregular wounded lay in heaps — one heap of three and another heap of one. For the most part, however, the Republicans were permitted to hold the buildings they seized, nor were their depredations in and about the Northern border, professedly in pursuance of the Ulster Boycott, — a purely Republican institution, — interfered with by the Provisional Government.

In Dublin, however, the performances of Rory O'Connor and his banditti in the Four Courts were becoming an intolerable nuisance, and included, in addition to the seizure of the Four Courts and the complete disruption of the legal business of Southern Ireland, — for the Four Courts included the Probate and Record offices, — the taking of the Port and Docks Board's office, which, however, was later vacated, and other buildings at which business, mostly that of Protestant Loyalists, was being carried on. Motor cars were being seized, also, and money from the banks and food from the shops and markets. The best was good enough for Rory O'Connor's following, whose personal habits were so filthy, that seven of them died of typhus after they had been in the Four Courts a few days. At one time O'Connor was joined by a detachment of Republicans from Tipperary under Daniel Breen; but they left the next morning

V

While this sort of thing was in progress, the election took place. Either because they had determined to ignore it in any event, or because they never dreamed that any but a Sinn Fein panel candidate could possibly be elected there was no organized intimidation or terrorism. One or two independent candidates in the country were frightened into retiring, but only one or two. There was personation — there is in every Irish election. Miss Mary MacSwiney polled fifteen hundred personated votes in Cork. One lot of ballot boxes, also in Cork, was opened by the Provisional Government's I. R. A. guards, the ballots removed, and all Michael Collins's first-preference votes bestowed upon Republican candidates. In the Dublin County election, a detachment of the Cuman na Mban, the Republican women's organization, marched up to one of the polling booths in fours, each Amazon clasping to her bosom a paper containing the names of seven absent Unionists, whose votes she had been instructed to cast. When told by a doubting election officer that they would all have to be sworn, they marched away again, saying that they had not come there to be insulted. At the National University polling which is done by mail, each voter signing his ballot, it was found that, in a large number of cases where the voters were members of religious orders, the Father Superior had taken the precaution to sign the members' names himself. As the result of all these ballots being thrown out, the count was over about two hours sooner than Rory O'Connor and his second in command at the Four Courts, Liam Mellows, had been advised that it would be; and when these worthies arrived with their gunmen, and carried off the ballot boxes, the

count had already been announced.

The election was a crushing defeat for the anti-Treatyites and a severe blow to Sinn Féin. It may, indeed, be considered to have rung the curtain down on that organization, which had performed its task. The election displaced nearly one third of the Sinn Féin members, all but one of the displaced being anti-Treatyites, the Labor and Independent candidates capturing nearly four fifths of the contested seats. And it made clear the fact that, at the next election, the rest of the Sinn Féin candidates, pro-Treaty or otherwise, would, with one or two exceptions, pass into the discard. It was a notification to the Provisional Government that they must banish from their minds all ideas about the unity of the I. R. A. and the preservation of Sinn Féin's political domination, and act as representatives of the electorate, or they would quickly follow their intransigent brethren into innocuous desuetude.

Both parties took the hint. The Republicans proceeded feverishly to organize their gun-youth for the fray. The Provisional Government prepared to deal drastically with Rory O'Connor. Doubtless they would have preferred to combine firmness with caution, and so save, if possible, a vast amount of material destruction; but three incidents forced their hand. The first was the murder in London, by two Irishmen — of whom nothing was ascertained except that they were or had been members of the I. R. A. — of Sir Henry Wilson. The second was the meeting in the Dublin Mansion House of the Republican I. R. A. officers, summoned by the Executive Council. At this meeting a resolution was passed by a vote of something like one hundred and twelve to one hundred and six, declaring 'immediate war on England,' and the next day Rory O'Connor's men in the Four Courts commenced sniping at

British troops passing down the quays. The third incident was the arrest by the Provisional Government troops of a number of Irregulars while in the act of seizing a motor-garage in Baggot Street, Dublin, and the kidnapping and imprisonment in the Four Courts of Major-General 'Ginger' O'Connell, formerly of the United States Army, the most energetic and experienced of the Provisional Government's military leaders. When the news of this kidnapping reached the Provisional Government, it gave Rory O'Connor twenty-four hours to leave the Four Courts.

Such was the history, such were the *dramatis personæ* and the setting of the stage of the drama, whose opening lines were spoken by eighteen-pounder guns shelling the Four Courts in the small hours of a July morning, and whose last lines have still to be spoken. This semi-military rebellion represents many things, but it does not represent either patriotism or the pursuit of an ideal. The Republicans may claim to wear the jewel of consistency in their heads, but it is consistent egotism and consistent self-assertion which they exhibit.

But the significance of the rebellion is wider than the personalities of the rebel leaders. It represents, primarily, the revolt of the *Firbolg*, of the under dog, of a generation filled with divine discontent and a divine dislike for work, thrown up to a life of adventure, adulation, and comparative importance, by an eruption of society, and determined not to seek the depths from which it sprung unwept, unhonored, and unsung, without a struggle. If too many of the numerous contributory causes have been dealt with, or too few; if more potent causes have been ignored and insignificant events stressed, the writer can only plead that Ireland still is, as it always has been, a very difficult subject.

BRITAIN AND ISLAM

BY ARTHUR MOORE

I

It is a commonplace nowadays to say that Great Britain is the greatest Mohammedan country in the world. There are over one hundred million Muslims in the British Empire, whereas Turkey and Persia between them probably cannot muster twenty millions.

For long the Muslim element in the Empire was a harmonious color in the wonderful mosaic of might, majesty, dominion, and glory that commerce, arms, and destiny contrived in the name of Britain and flung across earth's seven seas. The English carried respect for religion and custom with them, but, with this quality to lighten their hand, they ruled and the old Islam bowed to rule. Fortune also favored Britain in its foreign relations with Islam, for twice in the nineteenth century she stood forth as the armed champion of the Sultan of Turkey, himself greatest of Muslim rulers and revered by the great majority of Sunni Mohammedans everywhere as the Caliph of Islam, the vicegerent of the Prophet, the Protector of the Holy Places of pilgrimage — Mecca and Medina.

When the War came the bond held well. The Muslims of the Empire everywhere regarded King George V as their lawful sovereign to whom they owed allegiance. That he was at war with the Kaiser was sufficient stimulus to their warlike patriotism. Their response in men and money was spontaneous and magnificent. The entry of Turkey on the German side was re-

gretted, but made no difference. Turks and Germans suffered disillusionment when even the proclamation of a Holy War against Britain and the Allies failed to shake the loyalty of British Muslims to the British throne and polity.

Four weary years of arduous war followed. The Indian Muslim saw the world. He went to France, to Saloniki, to Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Africa, and from these strange places he sent letters to the parched villages of the Indian plains and the green valleys folded in the hills. Many strange sights he saw, the telling of which he perforce put off till the longed-for day of his return. 'Arms and the man' were founding a new epic of East and West, of which only the stormy opening has yet been seen. The bond held. The War ended, leaving it strained but proven.

Four years of a peace that is no peace have followed, and have been more disastrous to the Islamic aspect of the Empire than the four years of war. The loyalty of the Muslims of the Empire has been seriously shaken, and the Muslims outside the Empire have come to regard Great Britain as a restless, scheming Power, whose word is not her bond and whose colonial ambitions are a menace to the weakness of Islam. In this situation lies grave danger. There is a danger for India and the British Empire, and there is also a danger for Europe and for America

and for the world. Americans feel in their bones the coming of a great struggle between East and West. Englishmen do not, for they have hitherto often played the rôle of mediators between East and West. But the East shares the feeling of America. Orientals everywhere are tuning their minds to a note of struggle. The East is awake. Actively and definitely it is resentful of the West. The Western business brain; Western 'push'; Western capital; Western military superiority and skill in invention; above all, Western patronage and unspoken assumption of an essential difference between European and Asiatic humanity — all these have at last turned Asia's blood to gall, and produced a solidarity of venom that can unite even Musulman and Hindu in a prayer of hate. Can this hate lead anywhere? Is the East strong enough to challenge the West?

II

This is not the place to ponder the future of China or the secret that she holds nor to speculate upon the aerial navies that may some day be launched into the central blue above the Pacific. But it is clear that, if ever the East challenges the West, the British Empire will be a central factor. And for the British Empire two issues of supreme importance are covered by the words India and Islam. India stands for over four hundred millions of Orientals, and for the vast permanence of Hinduism, a living and moving creed. Islam stands for a powerful and warlike minority in India, and for the heart of Central Asia. From China and from Bokhara and Samarkand the secret thread of the Prophet runs through many a restless tribe, across Afghanistan, the Persian plateau, and the Arabian sands, to Africa and Europe. In Africa it is probably the most vital creed, and its mis-

sionaries make black converts at a pace which turns some Christians green.

Before the War Turkey had long been a decaying Empire. Wide lands had been lost in the nineteenth century, and the West regarded the Ottoman Empire as a ramshackle and crumbling concern. Sympathy was stirred in 1908 when the Young Turk movement, long hidden underground, came out into the open and from Saloniki and Monastir successfully challenged the despotism of Abdul Hamid. But the Young Turks came too late, and their enemies were too numerous and too powerful. The dread of their success brought into the field against them those who had hoped to profit by Turkey's decay and disruption. First Italy and then the Balkan Confederacy engaged them in successive wars, and wrested from them Tripoli in Africa and all their lands in Europe, save a foothold in Thrace.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, six years of Young Turk effort appeared to have but diminished and impoverished the Empire. The great era of reforms promised in 1908 had been checked at its opening, and the stress of struggle against foreign foes had prevented the experiment of Parliamentary government from bringing popular liberty or greatly freeing the expression of public opinion. There is no doubt that Islam throughout the world was struck by the spectacle of the Young Turks battling against fearful odds at this period. During the Balkan War, in 1912 and 1913, collections for the Red Crescent became popular in India, and I well remember the expression of dismay on the face of an old peasant in a Persian village near Persepolis, when I told him that Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro had declared war on Turkey. 'Ai Khoda! Hamah rikhtand ru-yi-Rum?' (O God! Have they all fallen upon Turkey?) was his cry. And in the last stages of the second Balkan

War, Enver Pasha forever secured his fame throughout Islamic Asia, when, in defiance of European diplomacy, he marched a Turkish army back into Adrianople.

Then came the Great War, and Turkey, panting and buffeted, plunged within three months into a new struggle, compared with which all that had gone before scarce counted. Why did she abandon neutrality, and why did she side with Germany against her old allies, France and Britain?

The short answer lies in a word—Russia. There were contributory causes of which some shall be mentioned, but Russia's presence among the Allies was the main reason why Turkey ranged herself with Germany. That Imperial Russia desired Constantinople and meant some day to possess it, was not doubted by the Turks. Russia was the enemy. It was in vain that the Allies offered assurances that, if Turkey would but be neutral, the Ottoman Empire as it existed in 1914 would remain undisturbed. And in fact what were such assurances worth, though given in all good faith? The Young Turks felt that, if there were an Allied victory, Imperial Russia emerging victorious would bestride the East, a greater colossus than ever. France and Britain might restrain her Oriental appetite for a time. But the break-up of Central Europe could bring her little territory that she could profitably assimilate, and the promised liberties of Poland would leave the war without much obvious recompense for victory. Inevitably Russia would swing to the south and the east, seeking warm water and the less developed peoples whom her Emperor could reconcile to his sway more easily than the politically impassioned artisans and peasants of modern Christian Europe. When that day came, the guaranties of France and Britain would be worth little or nothing.

VOL. 130 — NO. 5

ing. Since the Balkan wars of 1913 the Serb and Bulgar had come striding forward. The Slav was already on the Ægean; his net was tightening round Stamboul.

It was in truth the fear of Russia that had driven the Young Turks slowly away from Russia's friends, France and England, whom in their revolutionary days they ardently admired, and forced them to the embrace of Germany, whom they had at first disliked and distrusted as the friend of Abdul Hamid and of the despotism they had overthrown. When the Young Turk Revolution broke out from Saloniki, in July, 1908, and won swift success, its leaders were all Germanophobe. Their enthusiasm for France as the mother of the Revolution and for England as the mother of Parliament was unbounded. Baron Marschall von Biberstein, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, fell overnight from the position of being the most powerful envoy at Abdul Hamid's court to the bottom of the diplomatic ladder. Izzet Pasha, a favorite instrument of the Sultan, and popularly supposed to have ill gotten a fortune from the German-Turk finance of the Hedjaz railway, fled from the wrath of the Young Turks to the shelter of the German embassy. Thence he was smuggled aboard a British boat conveniently sailing from the Golden Horn to a Western port.

'That is a German trick — to try to throw the odium on the British,' said Enver Bey, as he then was, to me in Saloniki. 'But we are not deceived. We recognize the parting kick.'

Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador, died and at the critical moment of the Revolution there was no British envoy. When Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Barclay arrived as chargé d'affaires this was the occasion of a great demonstration of enthusiasm for England. When the new Ambassador,

the late Sir Gerald Lowther, reached his post in the autumn, the Young Turks dragged his carriage from the station to the Embassy and crowds serenaded his windows. The opening of the Turkish Parliament brought Anglophile enthusiasm to its height.

Unfortunately for Britain, Baron Marschall von Biberstein was a far abler man than Sir Gerald Lowther. He had the advantage of understanding and liking the Turks, whereas Sir Gerald Lowther made no concealment of his dislike of political progress in the East and of Young Turks in particular. He was a fine type of English squire to whom a stationary, stagnant, and 'picturesque' East made a strong appeal, and he genuinely disbelieved that any good could come of democratic and revolutionary catchwords in the air of the Bosphorus. To him the serenades and the enthusiasm of which he was the object as British Ambassador — he was, moreover, brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons and therefore doubly commended to Young Turk hearts — were but a bore, and he soon made it clear that he asked nothing better than to be left in peace.

In time his wishes were gratified. A succession of snubs convinced the Young Turks that the British Ambassador was not their friend. When the counter-revolution came, in March, 1909, he was misguided enough to show it open favor. He actually sent a member of his staff to San Stefano to meet the Young Turk Committee's troops, hurried from Saloniki, and to attempt to dissuade them from entering Constantinople. That act finished Sir Gerald Lowther's reputation in twentieth-century Turkey. Thereafter his usefulness had ceased, and he was a danger to his country. But the British Foreign Office, unfortunately, had never understood the Young Turk movement. It began by regarding

Young Turks as sound Liberals, the local equivalent of the Eighty Club, and it ended by concluding that they were only a parcel of corrupt adventurers — a view which still prevails. So Sir Gerald Lowther was not recalled.

III

Since Turkey entered the War against the Allies, it has been a natural fashion to belittle Enver Pasha. He has been represented as a vain swash-buckler, a would-be Napoleon, and a greedy and corrupt adventurer. In his youthful revolutionary days I knew him well, and, though I have not heard from him since 1911, I find it hard to accept this harsh portrait of him. Ardent and disinterested he undoubtedly was in the great days at Saloniki, in 1908, when the Committee of Union and Progress came into its own and directed the fortunes of the Turkish Empire. Enver was the idol of the mob, the eponymous hero of street and square; but for all the adulation he received this *beau sabreur* remained a simple, modest soldier, content to do the spade work of the cause in a bare and cheerless committee-room up a back street of Saloniki. He might have been a candidate for any post in the Empire; but he was keen on his own profession and asked only to be sent to Berlin, retaining his rank of Major, as military attaché. I asked him why he selected Berlin, and he replied that it was not because he loved Germans but because he believed that their army would best repay his study. Turkish and French were the only languages he knew at this period, but in Berlin he at once set himself to study English, and in two years' time he was writing me admirably expressed letters in English.

When the counter-revolution broke out, at Abdul Hamid's instigation, in March, 1909, Enver Bey took the first

train from Berlin to Saloniki, put himself at the head of the troops there, marched to Constantinople, deposed Abdul Hamid, and quietly returned to his unostentatious post as military attaché in Germany. There he remained, remote from politics and working hard, till Italy plunged his country into war for Tripoli in 1911, when once again he answered the call. Since then he has known no rest. He has ever been a 'last ditcher,' to whom compromise is unknown and whose spirit cannot be broken. It was he who organized the final guerrilla of the Senussi and played hide-and-seek with the Italians in Africa. It was he again who shot Nazim Pasha with his own hand, in 1913, rather than accept the terms the Powers wished to impose on the vanquished in the Balkan War; and by his boldness he won back Adrianople and held it till the débâcle of October, 1918. And today, in far Bokhara, he plays a lone hand in the Eastern Highlands. He has broken even with Angora, apparently for its alliance with Soviet Russia, which has proved more than Enver could accommodate himself to; and now in the ancient home of his race in the heart of Central Asia, surrounded by dwindling bands of Turkomans who have never seen Stamboul, he flies the forlorn flag of the Crescent in the face of Communist Russia.

In the spring of 1910 Enver Bey came from Berlin to pay his first visit to London. It was clear to me that the orientation of the Young Turk policy was changing. Enver spoke with frankness of the coldness of the British Embassy, and of the clearness with which Marschall von Biberstein had pressed upon the Committee the view that though Abdul Hamid might have been a disastrous despot at home, he was a master of foreign policy. Even as Abdul Hamid had seen that Germany was his only real support and that Rus-

sia was always his enemy, so would the Young Turks be forced to see the truth. Enver spoke of this as a disagreeable necessity, declaring that all Turks would prefer a fast friendship with Britain.

At that time we had no substantial entente with Russia, and the Anglo-Russian agreement over the *corpus vile* of Persia was the subject of much hostile criticism in England. Enver Bey said roundly that in his view it was in the nature of things that Russia under the Tsars should be the enemy both of Turkey and of the Power that held India. These two should be in accord, and he emphatically affirmed that the Young Turks were prepared at any moment to conclude a defensive alliance, whereby Turkey would undertake to fight Russia in the Caucasus if Russia went to war with Britain.

Fear of Germany's aggressive designs, however, dominated the policy of Sir Edward Grey (such was then his title), and rightly so. He might have insisted on a totally different atmosphere at the Embassy in Constantinople, and he gained nothing but wonder and contempt for his country when he made the British National Bank of Turkey withdraw from an arranged loan to the Young Turk Government because the Bank was competing with his French friends, and thereby allowed the German bank to obtain the loan transaction. It is possible that with better fortune and greater sympathy Turkey might have been kept neutral in the War. But it cannot be said that it was open to Great Britain to accept Turkey instead of Russia as an insurance against Germany.

Good fortune was certainly not ours. When the War broke out one of the first acts of the British Government was to requisition the two dreadnoughts almost completed for Turkey in British yards, and to hand Turkey in exchange a huge check which could not be cashed.

In the light of the wisdom that comes too late we can see now that it would have been far simpler to keep the ships in dock till Turkey's attitude had been decided, and make the urgency of war a reason for not putting the finishing touches to vessels in building for a neutral country. It was more important to keep Turkey neutral than to gain a 'windfall' of two dreadnoughts for the Admiralty. But alas! there was no one to impress upon the Admiralty that these ships were a very special case, and not just a Turkish Government order, as they were paid for by public subscription in Turkey and were a subject of tremendous enthusiasm. An intensive Navy League campaign had been carried out to secure them. The country had been roused by the Italian and Balkan wars to a sense that its fleet was antiquated and unserviceable, and, as Treasury funds were not available, money was contributed to secure modern battleships. Their importance was greatly accentuated by the fact that Greece had purchased two cruisers from the United States, and with these she would outclass Turkey. As luck would have it the Greek ships were delivered at the very moment when war broke out. They got through the Straits of Gibraltar in the critical hours of the end of July. The eyes of Turkey were, therefore, turned eagerly toward the English shipyard where lay the great battleships that would enable her to speak with her rival in the *Ægean*.

The abrupt announcement that the British Admiralty had requisitioned the vessels was an unexpected blow, and a fierce storm of indignation followed. It was raging in Constantinople when news came that the Goeben and the Breslau, racing hard from the unhealthy waters of the Mediterranean, were making for the Dardanelles. In this passionate moment the decision was taken to let pass the German ships, and

when they steamed into the Bosphorus, leaving the baffled British Admiral in the *Ægean*, they were regarded as a miraculous compensation sent by Allah to console Turkey for the loss of its own dreadnoughts. The German ships definitely turned the balance against us. It was soon seen that if they were not to be friends, they might be dangerous enemies. The Sultan's palace and Constantinople's treasures lay at the mercy of the Goeben's guns.

In this wise Turkey entered the War against us. Opportunism there must always be in war, and it is inevitable that a certain cynicism should now be apparent in the Allied attitude toward her. We were prepared to guarantee her security in Constantinople as the price of her neutrality. When she went to war with us, our Allied diplomats divided the bear's skin and allotted Constantinople formally to Russia. In January, 1917, the Allies publicly pledged themselves to drive Turkey from Europe, and, without reference to the future ownership of Constantinople, declared Turkey unfit for human society in Europe. In January, 1918, the British Prime Minister threw a fly toward the Sweet Waters, and suggested that if Turkey would seek peace the Allies would treat her kindly and secure her adequate territories. Turkey, however, though bleeding and buffeted, stumbled along by Germany's side, till Bulgaria's defection at the end of September. This, combined with Allenby's new advance in Palestine and the German retreat in France, forced her to ask for terms. She found no mercy.

IV

Turkey's day in Europe is, of course, done; and the present writer has no sympathy with the suggestion weakly put forward as a sop to Indian Moslem opinion — which on this point much

exaggerates the sentimental value of Adrianople to the Turks — that Adrianople and a section of Thrace should be restored to her. Nor again need we attempt to palliate the inhuman crimes committed upon the Armenians. But we must recognize that the Allies made two glaring errors in their Armistice-period attitude toward Turkey. The first was that they cynically used Armenia's sufferings as a stick wherewith to beat the Turks, without themselves being able to do anything whatever to secure the Armenians better treatment. They talked much of creating an Armenia, but have done nothing save to exasperate the Turk still further against the Armenian. No one, in fact, has in a political sense stirred a finger for Armenia except Soviet Russia, which has saved a little Armenian Republic in the Caucasus, whither at least Armenians can betake themselves and feel that they have a country. The Allies left it to its fate, which would have been obliteration by the Turkish Nationalist Army in 1921 but for the determined intervention of Russia.

The second error was that they fundamentally misunderstood and underrated the Turkish Nationalist movement, which has its centre at Angora. For nearly three years they mistook the Kemalists for mere brigands, the desperadoes outstanding from defeat who must in time be tidied out of the way, but were meantime no more than a tiresome, half-laughable complication. The deep roots of despair and the hold of the Kemalists on the heart of Anatolia, the home of the best and bravest Turkish peasants whose military virtues we have ourselves so often recognized, escaped comprehension. For long Venizelos, a man too great for the Greek political stage, hypnotized the Allied statesmen. But he did his own country no service when he smiled away the permission of Clemenceau and

Lloyd George to land Greek troops in Smyrna and make of Greece the Allied sword of punishment in Asia Minor. The laurels King Constantine sought to snatch from Venizelos have withered. Greece is faced with the bill for folly.

Up to this point Britain had acted only with her Allies and Islam had little opportunity of singling her out for reproach. Until the summer of 1919 France had taken up a sterner attitude in Constantinople than Britain, and the French in Northern Syria and Cilicia were vigorously championing the Armenians and punishing the Turks. But thenceforward the situation altered to Britain's disadvantage. The British Prime Minister became a pronounced champion of the Greek cause, the French disentangled themselves from Cilicia, and their difficulties in Syria with the Arabs and the English drove them more and more to seek an understanding with the Kemalists. When King Constantine returned to Greece the transformation was made definite. The French publicly advocated 'sanctions' for 'Tino' and his country. The British, though refusing to recognize the king, continued to find kind words for the Greeks, and the British Government did its best to enable Constantine's Cabinet to raise money in London. The City would not follow Mr. Lloyd George on this point, and the Greeks got nothing; but the French supplied munitions to Angora and both Italians and French gave practical recognition to the Angora Government. Italy has always been anti-Greek where Asia Minor is concerned.

Thus the Allies went their several ways in the Near East. Beyond question the Musulmans of Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and — most important of all — India, are convinced that France and Italy have shown themselves more friendly to Islam than Great Britain, and that the London Cabinet has im-

peded the efforts of the Latin countries. In all these countries I have received the clearest testimony on this point, but so remote are Eastern questions from the more exciting clashes of domestic politics that the British public at home is as yet without realization of the alteration in Britain's position.

The handling of Arab questions has been equally disastrous to our popularity. There was nothing to choose between France's eagerness to obtain the exploitation of Syria and British determination to have the mandates for Palestine and Mesopotamia. Until 1920 Britain had the advantage of comparative popularity with the Arabs, whereas the French had no friends but the Maronites of the Lebanon and some Syrian Christians. The British movement to obtain a Pan-Arab leadership for Feisal, and the intrigues of the Sharifian family, forced the French to expel Feisal from Damascus, and when the British then shipped Feisal round to Mesopotamia, nothing was left for the French except to seek the friendship of Angora as a measure of insurance. The British have put in Feisal's brother, Abdulla, in the new principality of Trans-Jordania and have told him that from there he may one day move to Damascus if he can bury the hatchet with the French. That the French will be forced to recognize the impossibility of their Syrian mandate, and will finally rid themselves of an adventure in which there is neither honor nor profit but only loss, is highly probable. That when they leave they will hand over not to Abdulla but to the Angora Government — perhaps it will by that time be the Constantinople Government — is also probable.

The Sharifian family which has successfully enlisted British sympathy and support is almost universally hated throughout Islam. The Sharifs of Mecca have long been known to the

pilgrim world as harpies who use the advantage of position to extort money from the devout thousands who annually visit Mecca. Three members of the family have been enthroned by England for war services. The Sharif of Mecca is now King Hussein of the Hedjaz, and the fact that he has unfortunately become intermittently insane has complicated the issue with a difficult question of regency and succession. Two of his sons, Feisal and Abdulla, have been set up in Irak (Mesopotamia) and Trans-Jordania respectively. This has stirred the resentment of Ibn Saud, the greatest chieftain of Central Arabia and head of the Wahabite sect, who finds his desert home now surrounded on all sides by his hereditary enemies, the Sharifian family. The heart of the Palestine and Jordan Arab has been turned cold by the discovery that there is some reality behind British support of Zionism, and that a Jewish High Commissioner rules in Jerusalem. Mesopotamia turned against us in 1920, and is now against both us and the alien ruler, Feisal, whom we have put over her. The High Commissioner of Irak, Sir Percy Cox, finds that Feisal is a *mauvais coucheur*. For a year negotiations have dragged on between Irak and Britain for the conclusion of a treaty, which should make a mandatory instrument unnecessary, but wherein Britain has vainly insisted that her mandatory position should be recognized. The negotiations have now broken down hopelessly: King Feisal has become ill. The Irak Cabinet has resigned. The British High Commissioner has been insulted, and has retorted by deporting one of the resigning Cabinet Ministers, and suppressing political parties and newspapers. When the smoke has cleared away it will be seen that all hope of concluding a treaty has been lost, and that a popular mandate cannot be

obtained. Great Britain has cut down her military force in Irak far below the safety point, yet at the present moment she can rely only on naked force. The moral position has frittered itself away, and no longer exists. Whether there is sufficient reality in the League of Nations for it to insist on a frank facing of the facts is now a most important question for the future. The average British citizen asks nothing better, as he lives in dread lest he find himself some day soon committed by his government to wading once more into a morass of expenditure, on the ground that the Mesopotamians and the Kurds have insulted him, or have attacked his provocatively weak military positions.

V

The Anglo-Persian agreement was another nail in the coffin of our popularity. It has been torn up with contempt by the Persians, who could not be got to see in it anything but a cover for British peaceful penetration into their diseased body politic.

The tragedy is that in the victorious flush of the Armistice period we were too intoxicated with success to grasp the import for the Near and Middle East of the disappearance of Tsarist Russia. Nations know in their bones the elements of their great dangers. The world of Islam has known, since Turkey began the long retreat that led her through centuries from the gates of Vienna to the Maritza, that the Cross was too strong for the Crescent. To Turkey, to Persia, and to Afghanistan the problem of self-preservation presented itself always in its crudest form as a balance between Russia and the Power that held India. If left to deal with one of these alone, or with the two united, they knew themselves lost. Germany was to the Turks a newcomer who might be a factor in the game, as of

old the French had been; but in neither Persia nor Afghanistan had Germany obtained a single solid interest of any kind. Russia was the near danger. The English held India, the ultimate wonderful prize, and as *beati possidentes* were the more sated and contented and the less to be feared. To cultivate British friendship as an insurance against Russian aggression was simple sense, and if ever a despot in any of the three countries was so far beguiled by personal bribes and flattery as to show favor to Russia against Britain, the sentiment of the people made itself felt in hostility to its ruler. To the people, Russia was the friend only of despots — a ruthless advancing Power, inimical everywhere to popular liberty; Britain, on the other hand, was the champion of constitutions and the friend of progress.

Then almost overnight the terrible spectre disappeared. Russia was rent with civil war, and her formidable armies seemed to degenerate into mobs. Imperialism had no advocates, and the most powerful party in Russia publicly washed its hands of all privileges and prerogatives in the East.

Those who directed British policy unfortunately saw in this no more than a happy event in Eastern politics. Their rival and enemy had disappeared. Now, they argued, was the golden moment to consolidate their influence. Had not they always had the popular sympathy? Bolshevism was a new danger to replace Tsarism. England, armed and victorious, must make the Eastern mind see that Bolshevism, though not yet a military danger, was a social one. England must, in short, be extremely active.

Few people stopped to consider how the Oriental regarded the disappearance of Russia. Yet his point of view was quite different and would have repaid consideration. His affection and love for England had been entirely due to

his fear of Russia. With the disappearance of Tsarist Russia, he saw himself alone with England and knew himself utterly unable to cope with her if she should display activity. At this unpropitious moment England displayed prodigious activity. Not content with occupying Palestine and Mesopotamia and becoming the sole arbiter of Arab politics, she poured political officers into Kurdistan and Persia, and meddled actively in tribal affairs; aeroplanes and soldiers went with the politicals, and, until the English taxpayer rebelled, England had troops right through the Musulman Caucasus, by Batoum, Tiflis, and Baku, and across the Caspian in Russian Merv and Persian Meshed, and with them a web of secret-service men. Northwest Persia was likewise occupied, and considerable tracts of Turkish Kurdistan. There was much talk of protecting the East from Bolshevism, but, when the Bolsheviks came south, the British withdrew from contact, and they seemed solely concerned with the semicolonization of the tracts they occupied. For the Oriental the situation was completely reversed. To him, Russia now appeared the most advanced and liberal Power on earth, a country in fact ruined by a parcel of idealists whom Islam had no desire to imitate but through whom she might reap profit. Britain, on the other hand, was the greedy, grasping 'capitalist' colonial Power. And, as if to assure him that he was right, Great Britain transferred the affairs of Mesopotamia and Palestine to the Colonial Office!

All this post-Armistice madness is passing. Hard financial facts and our failure to obtain a popular vote will force us from Mesopotamia as they forced us from Persia. In Palestine, also, the Zionists will have to pay their own piper. In the British Empire we have a marvelous and mysterious gar-

den and the possibility of one of the widest and most wonderful fraternities for which the world can yet hope. *Il faut le cultiver*. 'Back to the Empire' is the only possible motto for us in these troubled days. When Islam realizes that we have forsworn new adventures in Asia, and when the good fruit of the new high statesmanship at last displayed in India, Egypt, and Ireland has had time to grow, the old confidence in Britain may return. But above all we must withdraw our protecting hand from Arabia. What Islam does not forgive is that, at present, we have committed the folly of which the Kaiser vainly dreamed. It is idle for us to pay lip service to the Sultan and for Lord Curzon to call him Caliph. The Caliph is the Protector of the Holy Places, and Islam knows that the Sultan is no longer Caliph because we have abolished Turkish suzerainty over Mecca and Medina and made the mad Hussein a puppet-king of whom we ourselves are the overlords. We have given the Sharifian family its chance. It must now make good or fall without us. Britain must withdraw from the Arab lands, and leave Islam to settle the question of who shall be Caliph.

As for the oil of Mesopotamia, I hazard a prophecy that it will remain in the earth till Mesopotamia has hammered out or thrown up after our departure some indigenous or Eastern government. It will then be possible for an international combination to convince that native government that it has the means of enriching the government, the country, and the combination, if it be allowed to develop the oil. The present argument between England and America is a waste of breath. So long as Britain occupies Mesopotamia, it is impossible for her to obtain a constitutional mandate or concession for herself, or to allow it to another.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHALL I RUN FOR CONGRESS?

I HAVE been urged by a number of prominent leaders of the political party with which I have voted for the past two years to become the candidate of the party from my Congressional district. The district has been represented for the past twelve years by a gifted and popular man of the opposite party. Our politicians scent the possibility that a woman known in the district for disinterested work along civic lines might stand a better chance than a man of making a successful race.

At times, the idea of running for Congress has appealed to me strongly. When I last stood in the House of Representatives and listened to a debate, I decided that a woman used to managing women's clubs, missionary societies, classes in college English, and household expenditures for a family of seven, could introduce an element of coherence and unity into the *Congressional Record*, and see that needed legislation is expeditiously put through.

Again, to-day I am mightily minded to run for Congress, because the postman has just brought into our home the usual packet of seeds from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The packets this year are augmented by a number exactly equal to the newly qualified voters in the family, information as to the increased number of these voters having evidently been conveyed to Washington. I should like to stop forever the blighted hopes and family quarrels resulting from the efforts of congressmen to remain popular with their constituents by reason of an annual gift of seeds.

I speak thus bitterly of these seeds from an experience of three years, during which I have confidently followed the directions on the backs of the packages and sowed Congressional seeds, only to reap a harvest of family bickerings and tough vegetables. When our radishes, beets, and lettuce have reached the table, I have been in the habit of blaming my husband for not having provided fertilizer and hoes in sufficient quantities to sweeten the vegetables. I am informed that in the families of my neighbors in this rural section of Virginia the joys of spring are lessened every year by heated discussions: whether to plant the Congressional seeds or destroy them. We are of Scotch-Irish stock and the strain on our consciences — having to put into the kitchen range seeds that cost money — throws us into a state of nervous tension almost as severe as the disappointment we experience if we put the seeds into the ground. Besides, it is impossible that family needs and gardening space should come out even with the little packets. We always have an annoying surplus of onion and lettuce seed. Does anyone ever really plant onion seeds, when onion sets can be 'swapped' with friends across the fence?

Too late I learned that no well-informed gardener, no matter how thrifty his heredity, plants Congressional seeds. Instead of being raised, as I had fondly supposed, under the eye of the Secretary of Agriculture, these seeds are bought by Congress from the lowest bidder, at an annual expense of about \$300,000. The impressive caption — 'U. S. Department of Agriculture. Please report the result of your trial

to this Department'—means nothing, nothing whatever. Congress maintains no experiment station which utilizes the reports of gardeners who plant their seeds. No Secretary of Agriculture watches with paternal solicitude such horticultural efforts. Far from it. These seeds are sent out to obtain votes, and not to further the interests of the agricultural sections of the United States.

The sum of \$300,000 spent for seeds—most of which will never be planted, and none of which ought to be allowed to usurp good soil that might be devoted to carefully selected seeds from reputable gardeners! I regard this annual expenditure with the same emotions that I should feel if our missionary societies should vote to cut salaries in the foreign field and buy Persian rugs and Jacobean chairs for the office of the General Secretary.

In addition to saving this \$300,000, and enacting legislation for rural schools, and putting a few friends into post offices, I should like to be at the heart of our national life in order to measure my mental powers with those of the great statesmen of to-day. I should like to know once for all whether a middle-aged woman of mediocre ability, the mother of five children, a fairly successful teacher and housekeeper, may measure wits with the men who are running the government, and may get done the obvious things that the common people of the country want to see done.

These motives and others urge me to yield to the 'flattering importunities of my friends' and to run for Congress. What restrains me? Is it that organized system of emotional complexes which we call sentiment, or is it an instinct shared with the pig and the pigeon? Whichever it be, the simple truth is that I find that I cannot leave home—the old house where my children and

my mother's children were born; the old barn made over into a garage; the small town, which is growing so fast that I no longer know half the people in it; the first call of my husband and children as they open our front door, 'Where 's mother?' The countless small tyrannies of the home, the habitual trivial duties have forged for me chains of triple brass. For so many Sunday mornings have I risen early and gone into the kitchen to get breakfast, while my husband read the Sunday School lesson to me; for so many nights have I watched the children roll back the music-room drugget for a little dancing (it was only yesterday that I mended the bust of Beethoven which had fallen into four pieces when 'nobody was anywhere near it'); for so many years the creative instinct, working blindly in me, has wrought a home; and now I find that I am going to give up the most dazzling opportunity of my life, because I cannot leave home—even though I am no longer greatly needed, as in the old days when I was obedient to the 'heavenly vision.'

A GUILT-EDGED CONSCIENCE

Is it because I am the miserable sinner I humbly confess (one day a week) to be, but who I frankly confess (on the other six) that I am not, or is it because I am a good New Englander, that my conscience gives me the same sort of irritating discomfort which is produced by the presence of a stone in the shoe? Are other good New Englanders afflicted in the same way? I use 'good,' not in any self-righteous sense, but rather as expressing the quality of being true to type—as representing that absence of viciousness which reduces the brotherhood of the innocuous to the colorlessness of water clouded by a few minims of the milk of human kindness.

If my conscience could, like a good little child, be seen rather than heard, it would resemble, I fancy, that unpleasant putty-like ectoplasmic substance which, we are told, melts into invisibility when exposed to light; but my mushy, dirty-gray conscience is protected from its own elusiveness by a guilt-edged rim, inexorable and indestructible.

A conviction of sin is much too metaphysical a term to describe the rasping sense of wrong-doing which accompanies my every action; and the complex of guilt is intensified by well-intentioned suggestions and criticisms from my family and friends, all of which I try to follow, thus making of my earthly pilgrimage an expedition as unsatisfactory as those restless travels with a donkey of Æsop's old and young man.

I should like to exhibit a few specimens of the metaphorical stones in my shoes, and see if others can produce equally pain-giving pebbles.

For example: I go to lunch with a friend who is a perfect housekeeper, and her domestic excellencies sting me with such a sense of remorse that I slink home, through the valley of humiliation, determined to lead a more methodical life. For a few days, existence is rendered intolerable for the family by my orgy of clearing-up, throwing-away, taking-down, and putting-back. The Salvation Army saves my reason, if not my soul, by removing all problems of bric-à-brac and domestic débris; but as I see Great-Aunt Deborah's haircloth trunk, full of yellowing papers, unrecognizable daguerreotypes, and family photograph-albums, being carried out by reformed criminals who are improving this shining opportunity to make good, my conscience aches so that I groan aloud. Then a soothing little voice (from inside the margin of guilt) whispers

that they are not Soldiers of Destruction who are bearing away my dead past, but an Army of Salvation; and I am so uplifted by the thought, that I turn to a basket of very holy stockings, and try to fill, with lumpy yarn, the vacuums which—like nature—I abhor. Does this virtuous action meet with the reward of a quiescent conscience? By no means. Having got a stitch in my side for every two in the sock, I pause for a moment to have a chat with a neighbor, who, on seeing me at the window (like poor old Hannah binding shoes), runs across the street to drop the following bomb in my work-basket:—

'I should think that in these days of unemployment you would feel that it was not right for you to do your own mending. There are so many women who really need the work, that I think people like us ought not to do it ourselves. I should think you'd want to cultivate your mind a little. If you don't read books or magazine articles, you won't be a fit companion for your husband. You'll become a mere sewing-machine.'

I recognize the danger, and for the next week, in a panic of repentance, I give employment to the unemployed, while I rush to the circulating library and consecrate my days to mental improvement and enlightenment.

My next critic—a woman of the world, to whose wise words I always turn attentive ears—tells me that it is very narrowing to live only in books: first-hand experience is necessary. I should 'go out' more; and she offers, as a tonic for an atrophied intelligence, a mixture of social work and social play—a solution warranted to turn a grubbing bookworm into quite an agreeable butterfly. I recognize the truth of her criticism, close my books, send the magazines to the missionaries, take my cardcase out of moth-balls,

and feverishly issue and accept invitations. Then (to avoid being socially lop-sided) I tie myself to various uplifting Causes, so that, when I am not working at my play, I am playing at my work. But behold, it is all vanity, and guilt is eating into my conscience again.

'Don't you think it is a mistake to keep on the go so incessantly?' my gentle husband inquires. 'I believe the Eastern philosophers are right. A certain definite division of time should be set aside daily for meditation. Repose would quiet your nerves, and then I think we should all feel less irritable.'

A good idea! I decide to contemplate. I go into the Silence. I breathe deep, and invite my soul. Alas! my soul does not accept the invitation, but sends a substitute! — a frivolous little spirit, who whispers trivial comments into my ears while I am trying to concentrate on Nothingness.

'I wonder whether that old gray satin is worth turning,' a worldly minded imp ruminates; and while I push the idle question down into the depths of my subconscious mind, where it belongs, another inanity pops out of a neighboring hole, and has to be suppressed before it gets over the threshold of the mind I still endeavor to control. In fact, I am so busy slamming down lids on foolish notions, which stick their heads out of my subconscious wastebasket, that remorse again submerges me.

I cease trying to contemplate, and go out into the street. Perhaps in the world of men and women I can moralize more normally, and concentrate my thoughts better, than when I attempt it in my closet.

But I come upon a hurdy-gurdy playing a jazz-tune, and under cover of the passing of noisy vehicles I find myself humming the meaningless air, even when I have passed beyond the sound of the jingling stimulus to syn-copated song. A strange lady whom I meet looks at me in shocked surprise, and says reprovingly, 'I think, madam, you cannot realize how loud you are singing.'

So home I go, humiliated and conscience-stricken, to take up again the trivial round, the common task, with no joy in the performance of either pleasure or duty.

'What I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.'

With deep humiliation I have laid bare my weaknesses, distorted into sins by the magnifying lens of a New England conscience. This self-abasement is offered to other sufferers, in the hope that they may realize, before it is too late, that a conscience is not functioning normally when its possessor measures every deed and every feeling with the rule of duty. The person who feels guilty whatever he happens to be doing, because he is not doing something else, is permitting a delicate spiritual balance to degenerate into a morbid excrescence.

In the disease of *Consciencitis* the tender part of the conscience is inflamed with the poison of imagined sin; and unless a practical practitioner, with no New England blood, will remove the guilt-edge from the ecto-plasmic substance, and let the sun of reality shine upon it, the conscience will cease to be an Indicator, and will become a Dictator.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Is Heredity the most important item in one's character? By the laws of nature it takes two people to make one. What is your ancestry? From which ancestor do you get your special character?

Generation	Number of ancestors in each generation	Total number of ancestors
1	2	2
2	4	6
3	8	14
4	16	30
5	32	62
6	64	126
7	128	254
8	256	510
9	512	1,022
10	1,024	2,046
11	2,048	4,094
12	4,096	8,190
13	8,192	16,382
14	16,384	32,764
15	32,768	65,532
16	65,536	131,068
17	131,072	262,140
18	262,144	524,284
19	524,288	1,048,572
20	1,048,576	2,097,148

Which particular trait of yours do you ascribe to your two-millionth ancestor in the twentieth generation preceding yours?

Make it easier. Which do you ascribe to your two-thousandth ancestor in the tenth generation preceding yours, who might have come over in the Mayflower?

When you think that in the twenty generations preceding those already counted each of your ancestors in that last generation had another two million odd ancestors of his or her own, you begin to wonder just wherein your particular claim to special heredity differs from your neighbors.

These questions, with the very suggestive ancestral table, come to us from Mr. Edwin H. Brown, and in this number of the *Atlantic* Vernon Kellogg devotes a paper to answering them. *Atlantic* readers have known Mr. Kellogg not only as a distinguished biologist, but as a profound

observer of life in many fields. Formerly professor of biology in Leland Stanford University, he became Herbert Hoover's right hand man in the Committee for Relief in Belgium. More recently he has returned from a mission to Poland under the A.R.A. to become executive secretary and chairman of the division of educational relations of the National Research Council at Washington.

* * *

Seal Thompson, who is a member of the department of Bible study at Wellesley, is a Quaker. During a year spent as a teacher in Yen Cheng College, the women's college of Peking University, she wrote these letters to her friends. Ferdinand Reyher is a newspaper man who was a correspondent in Germany and in the Balkans prior to our entrance into the war. Poet, missionary, and essayist, Jean Kenyon Mackenzie contributes to the *Atlantic* this month her first short story. Alice Meynell, the English poet, is widely known as the author of some of the most spiritual lyrics in the language.

* * *

To analyze and to put into intelligent unity the many elements that are making American literature of to-day and to-morrow is the task that Stuart P. Sherman undertakes in his paper. He is a philosopher, a student of life, and professor of English at the University of Illinois. Edward Yeomans is a Chicago manufacturer who has written many thoughtful essays upon education. He is the author of the volume, *Shackled Youth*, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * *

Lucy Furman of the Hindman School has already published several vivid chapters of life among the Kentucky mountains. A volume of these stories will be brought out soon by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Lovers of biography, who have seen the other 'American Portraits' need no introduction

to **Gamaliel Bradford**. We recommend to all parents the poem, 'To Rebecca, Growing Up,' which **Fannie Stearns Gifford** sends us. She is an old *Atlantic* contributor, the author of 'Soul! — Soul!' which appeared in the August *Atlantic*. **Herbert Ravenel Sass** knows the treacheries of the woods through his own experience, though by profession he is a journalist of South Carolina. The opinion of the President of Amherst College, **Alexander Meiklejohn**, carries weight in academic circles. At our invitation he sends us his paper on college games.

* * *

Whatever the Russian peasant ultimately decides, that shall be done in Russia. This is the theme of the most searching analysis of Russia we have yet read. Formerly professor of economics in Wellesley, **Louis Levine** has just returned from eight months' travel and observation in Russia, as correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. Ten years' study of religious conditions in Europe has given **Kenneth D. Miller** the material from which he writes 'Revolutionizing Religion in Europe.' At present he is preaching in the Czech language in the Jan Hus Church in New York City. **C. H. Bretherton** is a member of the staff of the *Irish Times*. He writes also for the *Morning Post*, 'not reports of events,' he tells us, 'but criticisms of them and forecasts, pessimistic, but, so far, painfully correct.' He knows Ireland possibly better than anyone who is not a native of it and perhaps better than most natives, although he never set foot in it until 1918. From the early part of that year until the close of 1919, he had charge of all the British Government contracts in Ireland and was constantly traveling through the country, supervising contracts and placing new ones. He writes, 'wherever there was a sewing-machine or a loom or a circular saw, there was I, trying to get stuff made for the British and American armies.' **Mr. Arthur Moore** has served as correspondent of the *London Times* in the Balkans, in Russia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in Persia. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and author of *The Orient Express*, a brilliant book of Eastern travel. **Mr. Moore**, who has journeyed to Kabul from

Peshawar by way of Jelalabad and Nimla, attended from the Khyber Pass by an escort provided by the Afghan Foreign Minister, is the first nonofficial British visitor to the Afghan capital.

* * *

We have seen pages in the *Atlantic*, telling of war and famine, that 'froze one's blood.' We have never known them before to warm one's toes.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You may be amused to hear of a lowly use to which your pages were put this summer. On a point of rocks jutting out to sea we had a room with five windows and an outside door giving on the ocean. These stood wide, day and night, through tumult of wind and wave no less than through rippling quiet. We chose an open fire and many clothes rather than to shut anything. One night of fascinating aurora that held us late, gazing at the green streamers radiating from the lambent disc, it was really cold; so the August *Atlantic*, without apology, was heated through and through before the wood fire and tucked into bed against cold toes. It did the trick as well as ever it supplied the brain. Thank you anew.

LEONORA B. HALSTED.

* * *

Memphis, it seems, has something to live up to — or to live down. Here Jazz first was.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The word 'Blues,' used to designate a certain type of song, seems to have excited a great deal of speculation as to its origin, and amateur philologists have advanced all sorts of explanations — all of them I believe incorrect.

'Blues' songs were originated in Memphis, Tennessee, by W. C. Handy, a negro musician. Handy is a typically southern negro musician, with a more than average education, and a decided flair for harmonization.

I remember a few years ago, when I was living in a small town near Memphis, we young men would bring out 'Handy's Band' for our big dances. We were very extravagant, for he used to charge us a hundred dollars and traveling expenses; but in youth — there is nothing too good for us.

The first of the 'Blues' was 'The Memphis Blues,' or 'Mr. Crump,' as Handy first named it. Mr. Crump was, and is, an important political personage in Memphis, and Handy probably thought to show his admiration by composing words and music to honor 'Papa Crump,' as he was called in the song. The name 'Memphis

Blues' was taken from that of a social-military organization of that name, for whose dances Handy probably played a great many times.

Handy then produced the 'Beale Street Blues' which were named after the Broadway of the negro capital of America, 'Beale Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.'

Certainly — positively, and most assuredly, the word 'Blues' did not originate from an attempt to portray a feeling of melancholy, and an attempt to connect it with the German word *Blau*, while ingenious enough, is also rather ingenuous.

The peculiar harmony of the 'Blues' is typically negro, and can be heard in their religious songs, their levee chants, and in all their spontaneous musical productions.

Perhaps their peculiar harmonies, the sliding of their voices up and down the scale, go back to a trait described some issues back in the *Atlantic*, by a writer from German East Africa who told how natives, singing, would throw their voices into a falsetto, which they described as singing in the small voice.

We of the South love the 'Blues.' Since childhood we have heard their harmonies and when we dance or dine their playing gives us the satisfaction that Bach gives to musicians — at least when they are writing about their musical reactions.

JOHN LYNCH.

* * *

We are glad to chronicle, in view of the *Atlantic's* recent papers on 'Opium,' that the International Opium Commission has met and that Great Britain formulated and presented a world-scheme for the control of traffic in the drug.

It is mortifying to add that America, like Turkey and Persia, did not see fit to be represented.

* * *

This comes from reading the *Atlantic* — and especially George Moore — in the middle of housework.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was immediately after breakfast this morning — I was washing the dishes — when — what was it that I intended to read last night — what was — oh yes!

As I am a totally irresponsible young person, I sideswiped my hands on a tea-towel and, putting a pot of hot coffee on Susan, the tea-wagon, I trundled her into the living-room where I plumped down into a comfortable chair. Then I picked up the *Atlantic* and flicked the pages open to 'A Conversation in Ebury Street.'

Such a conversation! Farewell, my poor wondering breakfast dishes, farewell housewifely virtues (too few at best!), au revoir Madame Grundy and Father Time! '... a living thing, that wheedles, cajoles, interests, charms, lures one's thoughts from daily concerns and projects. . . .'

Somewhere in America the clock is striking twelve — which means lunch-time, and a very young lawyer husband with an amazing appetite.

Oh well — where *was* I? Oh yes, *I* am dining out — in Ebury street! You were saying, Mr. Husband . . . ?

Very sincerely yours,

MARIAN RUSSELL LOGAN.

* * *

We think the memoir writers are right. Domestic details really tell us more of the evolution of Europe — or the revolution — than do statistics. We append the following true tales, as proofs. Only those who know from bitter experience the social gulf that lies between *vous* and the ceremonial third person can truly appraise the following: —

At dinner one evening this summer, in Paris, we were discussing some of the social changes wrought by the war. Madame Z — contributed this.

'Arriving one morning this summer in the village where my family used to own a 'pretty property,' and where I now have a modest pied-à-terre, I ran into Germaine, my foster-sister, just descending also from my train. She, and her mother before her, had been for many years faithful servitors in my mother's household. Since the war she has married, and now she owns a 'pretty property' at St.-M. At the station there was but one conveyance, a handsome Panhard. Germaine came quickly over to me, to ask whether I would permit her to offer me a place in her car.

"But willingly," I cried. "I should much prefer to ride. The walk is long and it is very hot."

'As we rolled along she said, "I have a great favor to ask of Madame. If I should call on Madame, would Madame return my visit?"

"Certainly — I used to go to see you in your little house and I shall of course go to see you in your big house."

"I have another even greater favor to ask of Madame. Might I say 'vous' to Madame?"

"But, as much as you like! I don't mind at all."

"There is just one more thing: might I say in the village that I say 'vous' to Madame?"

A TRAVELER.

Shall woman abandon a career for marriage, reject marriage for a career, or try to combine them both? Mary Spencer Nimick contributes an interesting suggestion in a letter commenting on Mrs. Howes's article 'Accepting the Universe,' which appeared in the April *Atlantic*.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Is it any wonder that women lack incentives when their attention and ambition are of necessity divided? Every girl has, sooner or later, unless she marries happily very early in life, to face an inward struggle with herself, a bitter struggle which asks why she was created and what is her purpose or her use in this world. She must reason out the veracity of ideas on which society has fed her ever since she can remember. Either she must renounce the idea of marriage and throw her whole soul into some chosen career, or refusing to give up the ideal of her girlhood, she must hopefully await its consummation.

You who have talent and joy in your work may deplore your waiting sister, but she exists, exists in large numbers too, and her incentive to work is meagre. She merely wants to mark time, not to march ahead to professional achievement.

Mrs. Howes suggests that 'a deliberate, purposeful making over of conditions of women's work' would permit married women to join the ranks of working women and that as women then entered 'the field as fully and as freely as men,' 'commensurate rewards and opportunities, incentives and achievements' could be expected. Granted that the enlistment of more married women would help conditions of work for all women, there is still that dissatisfied unit among us of women working half-heartedly, working with their souls longing for the fulfillment of life's ideal.

I, therefore, would appeal to the mothers of the rising generations to change the old order of things and thereby to win over the world's attitude toward women. In the upbringing of your sons, you lay stress on the ideal of choosing a career, and making a success of it. Why not place the emphasis similarly for your daughters? Why not inspire them to wish to achieve perfection in a profession? Why not teach them that the end-all and be-all of life is, not to be married, but to be honorable, useful citizens of the world, whether in the capacity of paid workers or of wives?

Then at last would society also think more of

the importance of a woman's nobleness than of her finding a husband. In such a healthy atmosphere, the onus of social condemnation having been removed, every girl would be happier and her desire to benefit the working conditions of women and to enlarge their opportunities, would be whole-hearted and sincere. Marriage would still interrupt careers and would be just as welcome, but the unhappy period of struggling indecision between that 'persistent, vicious alternative, marriage or career,' would most surely have disappeared.

Perhaps it is unsympathetic to hope that implanting the idea of a career may be only a partial success lest, in this new world of feminine professionals, there be none to inherit and enjoy?

* * *

Here is a suggestion from Oriental India for those fathers who are blest or afflicted with large families.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Out here in India our dusky Aryan brother looks upon the strange manners of the white man with courteous gravity, and affects to regard the atrocities committed upon his language (or languages) as quite inconsequential. We, for our part, would return him the civility at all times if we could. But sometimes the training of our comparatively recent civilization breaks down. We laugh.

Here is a letter received by an official in Madras.

'Honoured Sir, —

'Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving tenderness to us worms, I tell you my circumstances. By the grace of God and your Lordship I have seven children, all babes and sucklings. Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations. What have I done that I should be blessed with such cersed trials. As your Lordship is our Father and Mother, I would request that you take this worm, and wife, and suckles and relations both male and female and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of Rs. 20/ — a month.

'Your faithful worm and beast,

'Nima Lal

'Despicable brute and unwilling father of babes!!'

This might be termed, perhaps, a conspiracy of courtesy.